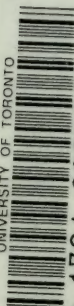
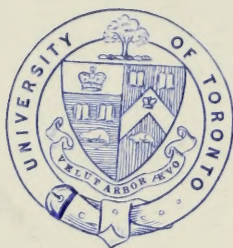


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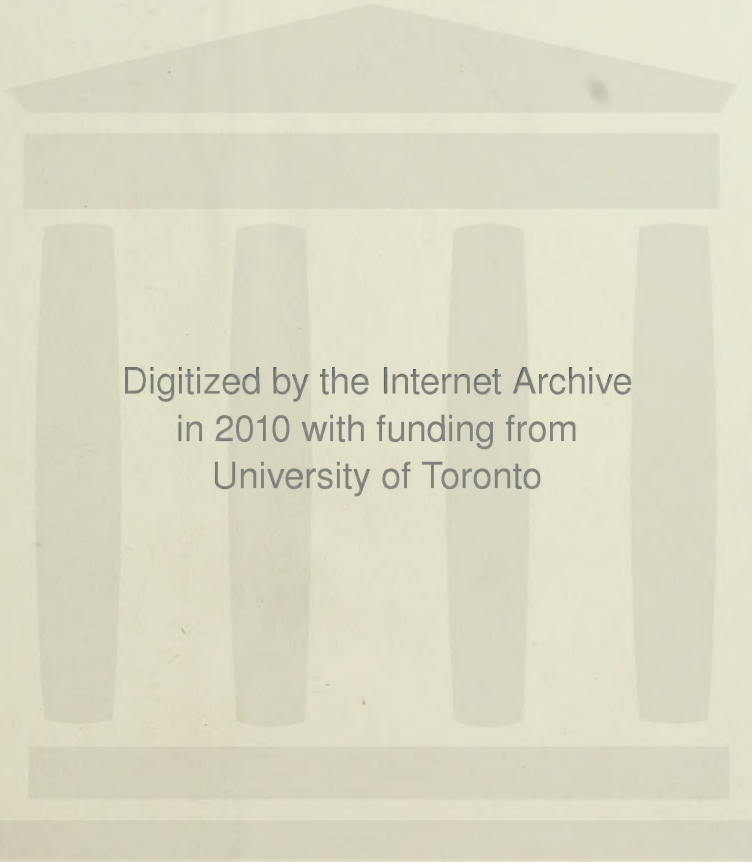


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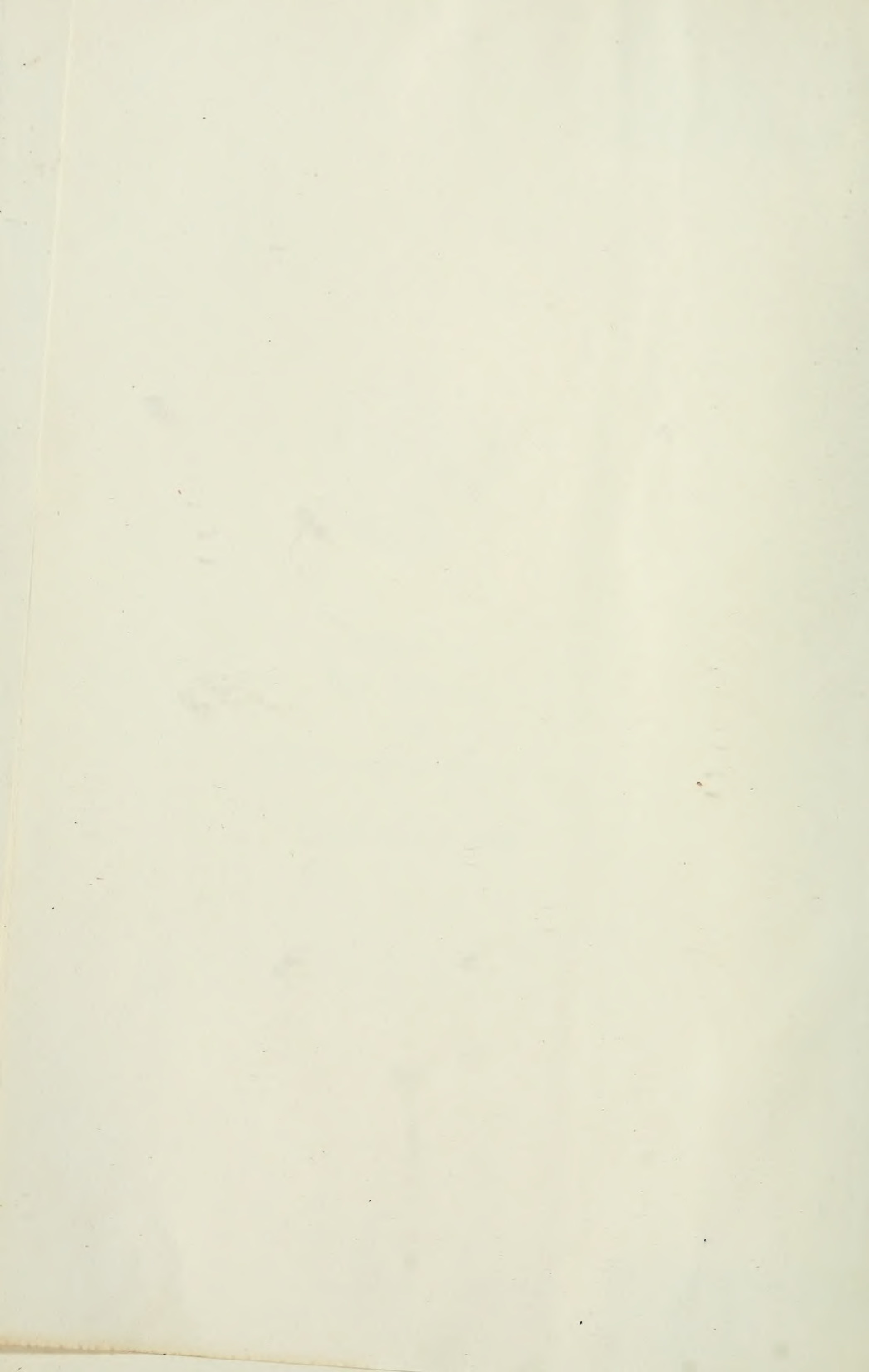




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The Drama



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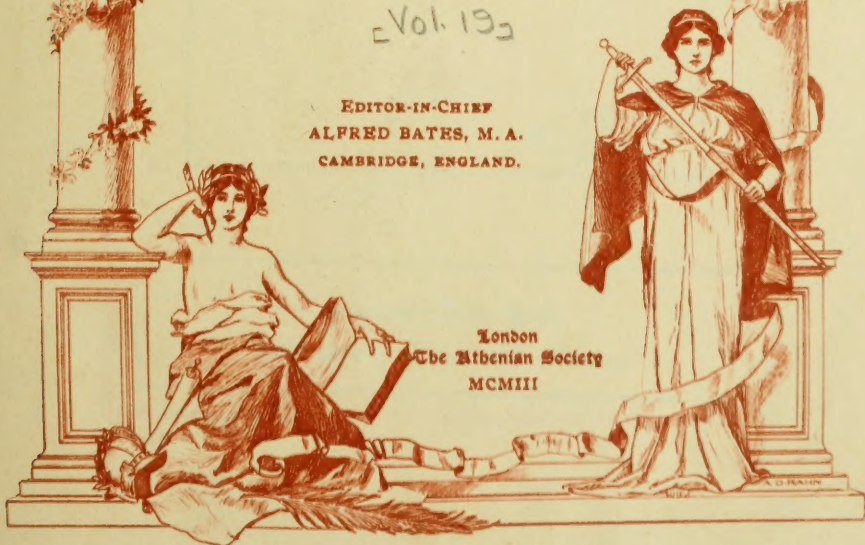
The Drama

ITS HISTORY, LITERATURE
AND INFLUENCE ON
CIVILIZATION

[Vol. 19]

EDITOR-IN-CHIEF
ALFRED BATES, M. A.
CAMBRIDGE, ENGLAND.

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MCMIII



American Drama

EDITOR-IN-CHIEF

ALFRED BATES

TRINITY COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE, ENGLAND

ASSOCIATE EDITORS

JAMES P. BOYD, A.M., L.B.

LAFAYETTE COLLEGE

PROF. JOHN P. LAMBERTON

UNIVERSITY OF PENNSYLVANIA



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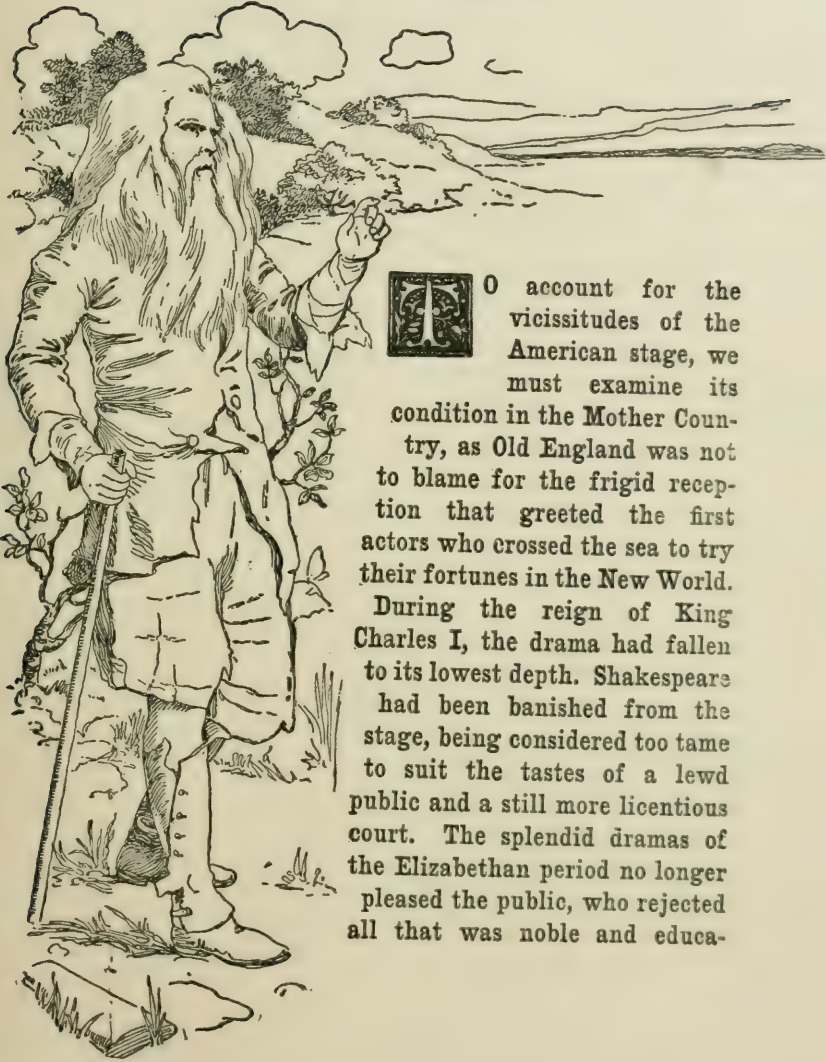
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Prologue



TO account for the vicissitudes of the American stage, we must examine its condition in the Mother Country, as Old England was not to blame for the frigid reception that greeted the first actors who crossed the sea to try their fortunes in the New World. During the reign of King Charles I, the drama had fallen to its lowest depth. Shakespeare had been banished from the stage, being considered too tame to suit the tastes of a lewd public and a still more licentious court. The splendid dramas of the Elizabethan period no longer pleased the public, who rejected all that was noble and educa-

tional in art. The plays, therefore, were of the vilest character. Ladies of the nobility attended the theatre in masks, not that they were too pure to witness these low entertainments, but that they were ashamed to reveal their identity. The stage became degraded, society scandalized, law and religion set at naught.

In the midst of this tempest of misrule Oliver Cromwell arose, the king was beheaded and the theatres closed. During the eight years of Cromwell's dictation no plays were allowed. At the Restoration, the theatres were again opened and became the leading amusement of King Charles II and his court. Shakespeare was still accounted too dull to please the "Merrie Monarch," and was seldom acted. To show the light estimation in which the great English dramatist was held we find the following note in the diary of Peppes:

"Last night it was my misfortune to witness a play called *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, by that dull rogue Shakespeare. I hope I shall never see such a miserable play again."

The comedies of Etherege and Evelyn were much in vogue, being filled with more than suggestive vulgarity, and dealing with that same kind of domestic infelicity that runs through our modern so-called Problem Plays, only that those produced in our day could not compare in obscenity with the plays given during the reign of Charles II.

There are conflicting accounts as to the date of the first introduction of theatricals in America. Dunlap gives us the 17th of September, 1753, as the opening of the theatre in Williamsburg, Va., by Hallam's company of

comedians. Dr. Francis states that Hallam played in New York in February, 1750, and the Hon. Charles P. Daly states that there was a playhouse in New York as early as 1733. While it would be more satisfactory if we could hit upon the precise date of the inauguration of the drama in America, it is a more important matter to consider the condition of the drama during its early career here, and the peculiar attitude of the community toward it. That the cavalier spirit of Virginia received Hallam and his theatrical company with great cordiality, there can be no doubt; but the number of the inhabitants in Williamsburg were so limited at that early date that Hallam was compelled to seek a larger field. Philadelphia was his next venture, where it is likely that the Quaker element was not so cordial as that of the dashing cavaliers, for we find him and his comedians soon shifting their talent to New York, where they were well received and played for quite a long time. A few seasons later the actors came to Boston, but there their reception was on the north side of friendship.

Can it be wondered at that the Puritans in America exhibited a hostile attitude when the actors from England first landed on their shore? All that they knew of the stage came through the old family traditions—traditions, too, that were naturally exaggerated from generation to generation, told on pious Sunday evenings while they were seated around the humble firesides of their quiet homes. How would these recitals sound to the inexperienced youths and maidens, delivered by some loving father after a day of prayer and fasting, ignorant of the splendid advice and sermons contained in the best plays of Shakespeare?

The law authorizing the opening of theatres in Boston contained a special clause forbidding any plays to be acted on Saturday night, it being considered that after sundown the hours were too sacred for anything but preparation for the Sunday service. This law was held in full force for many years and eventually caused the introduction of the Saturday matinee.

The early English actors held full possession of the American stage for many years. By degrees, however, the native talent, attracted by the fascination of the theatre, found small openings and appeared in the subordinate characters as the demand for actors increased. Of course, the lack of experience kept them in the background at first, and many theatrical seasons passed by before native talent dared to assert itself. The old English actors and managers naturally viewed the raw recruits with little favor, but now and then some sparkling genius would arise and demand a hearing.

The character of the present introduction must necessarily deal with important generalities rather than with trifling details; there are, however, individual cases where the names of certain actors will appear to show a marked departure from the beaten track, such as the creation of new characters and plays that from time to time made inroads on the standard drama.

One of the earliest American characters was introduced in a local comedy, called *Times of Life in New York*, James H. Hackett appearing as Illustrious Doolittle. This was among the first Yankee characters given to the public, and proved, by the excellent acting of Mr. Hackett, to be a success. The next American character played by

this gentleman was Col. Nimrod Wildfire, in *The Kentuckian*.

About this time T. D. Rice, the original "Jim Crow," created quite a sensation by his wonderful delineation of the negro character. So great was the hit that he was offered high terms to go to England and give his sketch. He repeated his success both in the provinces and in London, where he sang "Jim Crow" in two, and on some occasions, in three theatres on the same night.

Following in the wake of Hackett came Dan Marble, Hill and Silsbee. The Yankee drama became quite the rage and for a time overshadowed legitimate comedy.

Edwin Forrest was now making for himself a unique position upon the stage. While the critical never accorded to him great praise as a Shakespearean actor, no one ever disputed with him the title of being the foremost melodramatic actor of his time. In *Hamlet*, *King Lear* and *Othello*, while he was effective, his style was considered too boisterous and robust; but as "Jack Cade," "Metamora" and the "Gladiator" he was pronounced as unequalled.

The play of *Fashion*, the first American comedy worthy of the name, was written by Mrs. Anna Cora Mowatt, and originally produced at the Park theatre, the authoress acting the leading character.

The theatres were now spreading all over the country. Mitchell held sway with a fine burlesque company on Broadway, Burton with a still finer one in Chambers street, Tom Hamblin occupied the Old Bowery, and F. S. Chanfrau was delighting the town as "Mose, the Fire Boy"—a local character of the day rendered with such

truthful imitation that the well-known type seemed to stand before the audience as a living reality. The success was so great that several plays were written introducing this same character.

The demand for entertainments furnished by the stage increased as America progressed. The violent prejudice against theatricals declined, and England's finest actors crossed the Atlantic to find a warm welcome here.

George Frederick Cook, Edmund Kean, the elder Matthews and Tyrone Power were among the important visitors. Later, Macready, Charles Kean, Ellen Tree and Fanny Kemble followed the earlier importations. Their high histrionic reputations preceded them and they repeated their London triumphs here.

Theatres were gradually being built in the larger cities, and American actors were rapidly springing up, to the surprise of their brother professionals from the Old Country. Forrest, Adams, Murdoch, Eaton, Davenport and Scott, in tragedy; Burk, Chanfrau, Williams, Drew and Florence, in comedy, had made their mark, and successfully challenged the English competition. American actresses like Charlotte Cushman and Julia Dean were formidable rivals to Fanny Kemble and Ellen Tree. Among the great English comedians Burton and Reeve were the most prominent, but Warren and Burk held their own against them most successfully.

There was a well-known theatrical family—the Chapmans—who deserve special mention, as their connection with the drama in the West was of a most unique character. They fitted up a large boat as a theatre and floated it down the Mississippi river, stopping at the dif-

ferent towns along its banks and giving excellent dramatic performances. The idea was both practical and ingenious. Cairo, Natchez, Vicksburg and Memphis were quite important places, and as but few of them had regular theatres the convenience of travelling, not only with their own company but their own playhouse, equipped with scenery and an auditorium with a seating capacity of five hundred, was clearly an excellent commercial scheme. It was, therefore, a great success, and the Chapman Theatre Boat was always a welcome visitor. The exploit merits a record here, as it was one of those peculiar conditions that could only have existed in America. The Missouri and Ohio rivers also afforded them ample scope for their operations. The boat was floated down these streams in the fall, arriving at New Orleans in the winter, and towed back by a steamer in the spring, ready for the next season's campaign. By this arrangement they avoided the expense of rent, license, fitting up their scenery, and, having no boiler (beyond what was required for the tea), ran no risk of explosion.

A company of fine artists from France, The Ravels, should be especially mentioned, for though they spoke not a word, giving their performances only in dumb show, they were eminently dramatic. They gave ballets in pantomime with rare skill. No one who once saw the face of Gabriel Ravel could ever forget it. He expressed every emotion by the mobility of his countenance. There were three brothers in this company—Antoine, Francois, and Gabriel—to which were added a fine array of pantomimists and dancers. Combined with their dramatic ability, they were both rope dancers and acrobats. This remark-

able company appeared principally at Niblo's Garden, a place of amusement situated on Broadway, occupying the entire square on the east side of the street, between Houston and Spring streets. The theatre was enclosed in a board fence, and the garden was illuminated with colored lamps during the summer season. The Ravels were the great attraction here, giving some of their feats in the open air. The garden was used as a promenade during the intervals between the acts, and where refreshments were served to the audience. The Ravels made a large fortune in America and returned to France to enjoy the fruits of their labor. It has been given out that during the war with Germany, by some ill-advised speculation, they lost all of their hard-earned fortune.

The elder Booth was a most conspicuous actor during the best part of his life in America. He had been a successful rival of Edmund Kean in England, and was also a formidable rival to Edwin Forrest. Booth's Richard III and Sir Giles Overreach were masterly pieces of acting. His son, Edwin Booth, was a worthy scion of the father. No actor during his time held so high a place in the esteem of the public as this handsome and talented young man. His great engagement at the Winter Garden, where he played the character of Hamlet one hundred successive nights, gave him a strong position upon the stage. He left a large fortune to his family and gave the Players' Club to the citizens of New York and his brother actors. He was an upright, worthy man, and a devoted husband and father.

A notable event in the history of the American stage was the presentation in Washington of Richard Brinsley

Sheridan's comedy of the *School for Scandal*; as the fine cast of the play included nearly all of the great actors of America that were eligible, it bid fair to be a splendid performance. The play was witnessed by the President and Cabinet, together with nearly all the members of the United States Senate and House of Representatives. It was attended also by the wives and daughters of the principal men of the country. In giving an account of this extraordinary cast the writer begs the privilege of quoting from his autobiography:

"In 1853 I became stage manager at the Baltimore Museum for Henry C. Jarrett. He was known as the railroad manager, from a habit he had contracted of getting up excursions between Washington and Baltimore. These flying trips were both startling and inconvenient for nervous actors, as he would frequently arrange for one of his stars to play a short piece for the opening performance in Baltimore and then hasten him, on a mile-a-minute trip to Washington, in a special train, terminating the entertainment in the latter city with the same attraction.

"On one occasion he produced the *School for Scandal* at the capital with a cast so strong, including, as it did, the first comedians of the day, that some account of it here may be interesting. The characters were distributed as follows:

Sir Peter Teazle.....	Mr. Henry Placide
Charles Surface.....	Mr. J. E. Murdoch
Joseph Surface.....	Mr. J. W. Wallack
Sir Benjamin Backbite.....	Mr. I. M. Dawson
Crabtree.....	Mr. Thomas Placide

Sir Oliver Surface.....	Mr. George Andrews
Moses.....	Mr. Joseph Jefferson
Snake.....	Mr. Edwin Adams
Careless, with song.....	Mr. A. H. Davenport
Rowley.....	Mr. Ellis
Sir Harry Bumper.....	Mr. J. M. Barron
Trip.....	Mr. J. B. Howe
Lady Teazle.....	Miss Lizzie Weston
Mrs. Candor.....	Miss Kate Horn
Maria.....	Miss Mary Devlin
Lady Sneerwell.....	Mrs. Jane Germon

"Being the stage manager, of course I was delighted to have this vast array of talent under my direction. Naturally my position on this occasion was a sinecure, as there was but little to do in the way of management. These great lights had been accustomed to manage themselves, and were not likely to expect advice or to brook it from a youngster like me; so I was contented to get the credit of arranging the whole affair, which had really cost me but little thought or labor. I fancy though, from what I remember of myself about that time, that I went about with a wise and profound look, as though the destiny of nations rested on my head. I have since seen older men than I was assume this importance.

"The undoubted hero of this occasion was Murdoch in the character of Charles Surface. James E. Murdoch, as an actor, was not only extremely versatile, but entirely original. Neither the popularity of Forrest nor the fame of Booth could tempt him to an imitation of either of these tragedians, and his comedy was equally free from

resembling the style of the Wallacks or that of Charles Kemble—for the school of the latter was still lingering upon the stage. I do not mean to say that the traditions of these great actors were not worth preserving. On the contrary, they possessed, from all accounts, a dignity and finish that would be welcome at any time. I cite the fact to show that Mr. Murdoch—though I feel sure that he admired the great ones that had gone before and were surrounding him—while he strove to emulate, disdained to imitate them. He stood alone, and I do not remember any actor who excelled him in those parts that he seemed to make especially his own. He was one of the few artists that I can call to mind who were both professed elocutionists and fine actors.

“There was a manliness about his light comedy that gave it more dignity than the flippant style in which it was usually played. This method elevated the characters exceedingly. Charles Surface, Major Oakly and Young Mirabel cannot be acted with the same free and easy manner that might be thrown into Richard Dazzle, Littleton Coke or Mr. Golightly. I do not say this in contempt of these latter characters; they are natural pictures of modern men, but they are eccentric rather than elegant. I saw Charles Mathews in the part of Charles Surface, and it was a failure. He had been acting the London man-about-town style of character, and the modern air and rather trifling manners, which were admirable when introduced into those parts, were entirely out of place in old English comedy. The quaintness of the language and the fashion of the costume seemed to demand a courtly carriage which a modern swagger, with one’s hands thrust

into one's breeches pockets, will fail to give. It was the finish and picturesque style of Murdoch's acting that agreeably surprised the audience of the Haymarket theatre when this actor played there some forty years ago. The public was unprepared to see comely old English manners so conspicuous in an American actor, and he gained its sympathy at once. The modern light comedians, with a few exceptions, seem to have discarded the quaint manners of the stage, thinking them antiquated and pedantic. And so they were, for modern plays; but it is dangerous to engraft new fashions upon old forms. I should as soon expect to see *Mercutio* smoke a cigarette as to find him ambling about the stage with the mincing manners of a dude.

"And speaking of this very character, Charles Mathews told me that, during Macready's Shakesperean revivals at Drury Lane theatre, he was engaged to play *Roderigo*, in which light and frivolous part he made such a hit that Macready tried to persuade him to act *Mercutio*. He was delighted with the idea at first, but upon reading and pondering over the part he felt convinced that it was beyond him. Macready urged, but Mathews would not undertake the part. Some years afterward Charles Kemble returned to the stage for a short farewell engagement and acted *Mercutio*. 'Oh,' said Mathews, 'when I saw this elegant and manly actor dash across the stage with the confident carriage of a prince, and heard him read the lines of Shakespeare as though they had been written for him, I felt that I had made a fortunate escape in dodging this first gentleman of Verona.'

"The next important figure to James E. Murdoch, in

the powerful cast of the *School for Scandal* just referred to, was the Sir Peter Teazle of Henry Placide. It was one of this actor's most striking characters. His style, during the latter part of his career, was said to have been founded on that of William Farren, the great English actor. If so, from all the accounts we get of Mr. Farren, the model was superb. Henry Placide was considered a finished artist, but somewhat cold and hard in his manner. These features, however, though they mar the more delicate points in acting, would be less objectionable in Sir Peter than in most of the old men in English comedy. Except in the scene where he speaks feelingly of his wife to Joseph Surface, the part is stiff, testy and formal; the humor is dry rather than unctuous. The career of Henry Placide was long and brilliant. He was a strong feature of the old Park theatre for many seasons, and starred in the principal cities of America with success. He was an acknowledged favorite, whose talents as an actor made him a valued member of the theatrical profession.

"I remember that during the rehearsal of the *School for Scandal* I was impressed with the idea that the performance would not go well. It is always a difficult matter to bring a company of great artists together for a night and have them act in unison with one another; not from any ill-feeling, but from the fact that they are not accustomed to play together. In a fine mechanical contrivance, the ease and perfection with which it works often depend upon the fact that the cog-wheels have their different proportions. On this occasion they were all identical in size, highly polished and well made, but not adapted to the same machinery. Seeing a hitch dur-

ing the rehearsal in one of the important scenes, I ventured, in my official capacity, to make a suggestion to one of the old actors. He regarded me with a cold, stony gaze, as though I had been at a great distance—which I was, both in age and in experience—and gave me to understand that there was but one way to settle the matter, and that that was his way. Of course, as the company did not comprise the one regularly under my management, I felt that it would be becoming in me to yield; which I did, not, however, without protesting that the position I took was the proper and only one under the circumstances; and when I saw the scene fail and virtually go to pieces at night I confess that I felt some satisfaction in knowing that my judgment had been correct. In fact, the whole entertainment, while it had been a financial success, was an artistic failure. People wondered how so many great actors could make a performance go off so tamely."

Harmony is the most important element in a work of art. In this instance each piece of mosaic was perfect in form and beautiful in color, but when fitted together they matched badly and the effect was crude. An actor who has been for years the main attraction in his plays, and on all occasions the central and conspicuous figure of the entertainment, can scarcely be expected to adapt himself at once to being grouped with others in one picture; having so long performed the solo, it is difficult to accompany the air. A play is like a picture: the actors are the colors, and they must blend with one another if perfect work is to be produced. Should they fail to agree as to the value and distribution of their talents, then,

though they be ever so great, they must submit their case to the care and guidance of a master hand.

The early history of our stage shows us but a few theatres scattered through the country, and these only in the large cities. But to-day we find even in our smaller towns many opera houses vying in splendor with the best temples of amusement in Europe. The wings, borders and footlights of all the old theatres were composed of oil lamps. This primitive and dim condition gave way in time to gas; and, in turn, gas gave way to the electric light, which has been of the greatest service in giving brilliance to the setting of the stage.

The hardships and inconveniences of the old professionals may be imagined if we look at the trials that beset them—travelling in the West, often in open wagons; acting in the dining-rooms of the hotels with no background or scenery to relieve the dramatic picture; even the few theatres were not only badly lighted, but indifferently heated; the modern furnace was not scientifically discovered, and during cold weather a few stoves were the only comfort for both the actors and the audience. The costumes were fairly good, but the stage appointments were of the most meager description. The first carpet that was used on the American stage made its appearance in 1842, in Boucicault's comedy of *London Assurance*. The author was a man of great taste, and had a most laudable ambition to produce his plays with realistic effects. Rugs, curtains and mirrors came in with Dion Boucicault, and by his rival authors he was called the "upholsterer of the stage."

Wallack's theatre was noted for the production of the standard English comedies, which were given with

fine casts of characters. Laura Keene, an actress from London, drew much attention from her interesting personality, and was a reigning favorite in this theatre for two seasons. But she was possessed with the quality of leadership and soon became manageress of her own theatre, in which she divided the attention and audiences of Wallack's. During her second season she produced Tom Taylor's play of *Our American Cousin*. It at once hit the popular taste, and was played for one hundred and forty nights, which in those days was a phenomenal run. Laura Keene's energy in engaging new actors that were, until her reign, unknown in New York, and leaving the beaten track of theatrical management, brought her novel enterprise into great favor with the public, who were weary of the same old features at the rival houses. Wallack's was rapidly losing its prestige, when Dion Boucicault came to the rescue and revived its drooping fortunes by his great dramatic skill. He was the original inventor of what he himself termed the sensation drama. *Jessie Brown; or, the Relief of Lucknow*, and *The Streets of New York*, while they shocked the old-fashioned patrons of Wallack's, drew large audiences to the house, and replenished its treasury. The shrewd author saw the drift of the public taste and at once began to minister to its wants, producing the *Coleen Bawn* at Laura Keene's, and the *Octoroon* at the Winter Garden. The latter play was considered a dangerous undertaking, as it dealt with the negro question which was then violently agitating the country.

The sectional differences between the North and the South had caused the political condition of America

much agitation when any new phase presented itself. On the eve of a civil war, both parties were naturally sensitive on the question of slavery. The *Octoroon* dealt with this subject in all its varied characters, who discussed and argued the theme with the subtle and powerful language at the brilliant author's command. The play created so great a sensation that the authorities appealed to the managers to withdraw the objectionable drama, as they deemed it too dangerous and exciting a theme to present at this critical time. An injunction was applied for, but the court denied it. So the play was continued, and there can be no doubt that it had its influence on the subject of slavery, and did much to inflame the public.

About 1867 a new feature was introduced in America, called the Combination System. Formerly the stars went from city to city and acted their various plays, depending upon the local talent engaged in the different theatres for support. This local talent was known as the stock company, who acted in the regular standard plays between the stellar visits. The present combination system has much improved the productions of the stage. The star now travels with his own company engaged especially to act the various characters in the repertoire, and selected to suit each part. This gives full time for preparation. The appropriate scenery is also painted to be in keeping with the plays, so that the audience not only see an entire change of actors from the preceding star, but the whole entertainment is much better equipped than formerly, when the tragic star was supported by the same actors that the week before played with an opera company or a comedian. The stock actors were called upon to play

night after night a new part without having time to perfect themselves in their duties. Whatever changes may take place in the future, the old system will never be revived. Of course, there are many stock companies now, and there always will be, but not to play with the stars who to-day must travel with their own selected support.

About the year 1848, Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe's novel, *Uncle Tom's Cabin*, was dramatized for the stage, and was played with great success in all of the Northern, Eastern and Western theatres. In the South the feeling had run so high against the novel that but few attempts were made to produce the play south of Mason and Dixon's line.

The spectacular drama of the *Black Crook* was produced at Niblo's theatre in 1867, and aroused a storm of abuse from the ministers. There was really nothing immoral in the play, it being a simple fairy tale interwoven with a love story. But amidst the splendor of the scenery and gorgeous costumes there burst upon the audience a ballet of French female dancers, dressed in the shortest of skirts and pinkest of tights, who glided and skipped about the stage in graceful antics, but so scantily attired that a fastidious audience were shocked at what was deemed by them an immodest display of female agility. The press varied in their opinions; some considered that the management had gone too far in allowing the performance, while others who had been to Europe thought that the tirade against it was a display of mock modesty. The ministers warned their congregations to shun the unholy abominations, which, of course, had the usual effect of crowding the theatre. The play ran nearly the

entire season and made the fortunes of the author and managers.

Tell the public that a play is vulgar, not fit to be seen, and it will rush to witness it. Tell this same public that another play is refined, beautiful and educational, and the audience will be equally anxious to see it. The public likes a play, not because it is moral or immoral, but because it is interesting and well done. If an audience goes to the theatre expecting a refined, artistic and intellectual entertainment, it is scandalous if they should be shocked by a low and vulgar exhibition. But when the public knows what class of play it is to witness, and is even eager to see a drama that deals with domestic infelicity, and wherein the vice of libertines and the abandoned intrigues of courtesans are more than suggested, then that audience is as much to blame as the manager who presents it. Dr. Sam Johnson excuses to some extent the production of these plays in the following couplet:

“The drama’s laws, the drama’s patrons give,
And those who live to please must please to live.”

While this is particularly epigrammatic and partially true, we cannot fully endorse the sentiment. If the greed for money were the only province of dramatic art, this kind of loose philosophy might answer. But the stage has a higher mission, and while it should always entertain, it should never degrade its audience.

During this introduction the names of living actors, for obvious reasons, will not be mentioned. To record the well-deserved success of a few who would fully merit prominent recognition would only offend many others whose names were omitted.

Daly's theatre and his management deserve special mention. The careful and artistic productions of the legitimate and standard plays were always a great treat to the lovers of high dramatic art. His excellent revivals were not always commercially successful, and at times he was forced to present inferior attractions—so far as their literary merits were concerned—to replenish his means; but it must be admitted that this resort was not to his taste or liking. Mr. Daly, not being an actor, could give much of his time to the economic side of his enterprise, and he seemed to be as well qualified in the management of the business arrangements as he was in the direction of the stage.

The actor-manager has seldom been a success. There is a divided duty in a theatre that makes it extremely difficult for one person to properly conduct, and but few men possess the combined attributes of art and business; to select a company of actors and place them in the most prominent and effective light before the public; to read, digest and fully appreciate the strength or weakness of a play, and having done this, to arrange, rehearse and intelligently stage manage it, requires artistic skill and experience that seldom go hand in hand with what is technically called the front of the house. However much we may lament that this should be so, the fact cannot be denied that it requires two skillful pilots to steer that old ship called the theatre, safely into port. The artistic temperament is highly sensitive, and consequently unable to bear the worry of the pecuniary embarrassments that beset the treasurer after a costly dramatic production has failed. A stage manager should be a salaried officer whose

imagination and dramatic skill would be untrammelled with monetary obligations. Oliver Wendell Holmes once said most humorously that the greatest proof of Shakespeare's genius was the fact that he was an actor and a successful theatrical manager. If a list of the names of actor-managers who have failed were given here, like the ghostly apparitions in *Macbeth*, the "line would stretch out to the crack of doom."

The career of William Warren, in Boston, was extraordinary. For over forty years he held the first theatrical position in that city. He was idolized by the public. Those who enjoyed his acting when they were children laughed and cried over his humor and pathos when they were in the prime of life. And to this day, whenever his name is mentioned in Boston, it is accompanied with a blessing, so highly was he esteemed in private life.

Washington Irving's *Sketch Book* made as great an impression in England as it did in his own country. The story of Rip Van Winkle was first dramatized and played at the Adelphi theatre in London, Mr. Yates acting the hero. It was afterward played by Mr. James H. Hackett in America with marked success. Later on the great actor, Charles Burke, played Rip, his pathos being particularly fine. The present version is a dramatization by Dion Boucicault, first produced at the Adelphi theatre, London, in 1865, and has been acted from time to time up to the present day. Boucicault's version, while it has no pretention to literary merit, is undoubtedly an effective drama. The attitude of the principal character is intensely dramatic. The varied emotions of pathos and humor pervade the part. The domestic scene with the

two children in the first act, Rip's expulsion from his home by his wife, in the second; the meeting with the ghostly crew in the mountains, the awakening and the recognition scene between the father and daughter, must always be effective in the hands of an experienced actor. No inferior play could have held a place upon the stage for over a half of a century.

On the evening of May 10th, 1849, there occurred in New York one of the most exciting and terrible theatrical riots known to history. In Ireland's "Annals of the New York Stage" (a very reliable book as to dates and facts connected with theatrical matters) the following account is given of what was called the Macready Riots:

"Mr. Niblo and Mr. Hackett next engaged the establishment for the purpose of presenting Mr. Macready in a series of his admired personations, and announced the tragedy of *Macbeth* for the 7th of May, 1849:

Macbeth	Mr. Macready
Duncan	Mr. Wemyss
Macduff	Mr. C. W. Clarke
Malcolm	Mr. Arnold
Banquo	Mr. Bradshaw
Hecate	Mr. A. Andrews
First Witch	Mr. Chippindale
Second Witch	Mr. John Sefton
Third Witch	Mr. Bridges
Lady Macbeth	Mrs. Coleman Pope

"The performances closed at the commencement of the third act, the lives of Mr. Macready and Mrs. Pope

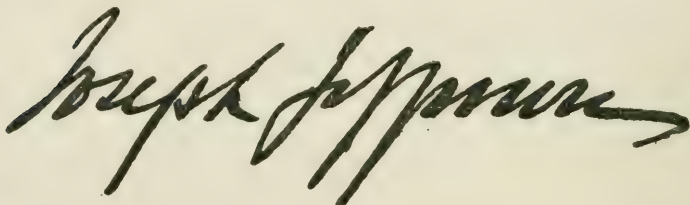
being in danger from the tremendous riot that occurred, incited by parties who appeared determined that the former should never again be heard in a New York theatre.

"A large number of eminent citizens, deeply regretting this unwarrantable insult to **Mr. Macready**, and fancying that the spirit of malice had been sufficiently gratified, strongly urged him to continue his engagement (which he had determined on throwing up), and assured him of their support and protection. Yielding a reluctant acceptance to their invitation, he reappeared on the evening of the 10th as **Macbeth**, and the performance passed off with such comparative quiet that he returned his thanks to the audience for their kindness and attention. Outside, however, a different scene was being enacted. An immense concourse of rioters was there assembled who made such violent attacks upon the building that the military, who had been called out for its protection by the **Mayor (Woodhull)**, finally discharged their muskets, by which twenty-two individuals were killed and thirty-six wounded.

"**Mr. Macready**, who had been kept in ignorance of these external demonstrations during his performance, found his life in such imminent peril on leaving the theatre, that he was obliged to escape in disguise, by wearing the hat and coat of **Mr. Arnold**. This was the last appearance in New York of the eminent tragedian, who, though strongly urged to reappear, wisely declined to further incite an opposition which had led to such horrible and sanguinary results. Time, it is said, has softened some of the asperity of **Mr. Macready's** opponents, and many have lived to regret the part they took in an affair

which has left so deep a stain upon the character of the city."

Happily, the time has long since passed when any such disgraceful scene as this would take place. Our country now makes no discrimination between native and foreign talent. The first artists from every land visit our shores confident of a welcome commensurate with their talent. And it is an honor to the American public that while it is loyal to its own artists, it is equally generous to those of all nationalities who ask a recognition of dramatic genius.

A large, elegant handwritten signature in dark ink, reading "Joseph Jefferson". The script is fluid and cursive, with a long, sweeping underline that extends to the right.

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American Drama.

PART I.

I.

The Colonial Period.

Public interest undoubtedly centres more on the future of the national drama than on its past, but the balance is likely to be rectified the more we learn of the struggles of the pioneers. The story of the early American stage, which was then the sole medium through which the drama influenced the people, reads like a romance. From the advent of the Pilgrims until half-way through the eighteenth century the dominant intellectual note was that of piety, genuine and conventionalized. The most superficial glance at the chronicles of social life in those stalwart but stern and gloomy years clears away any doubts as to the hard stoniness of the soil for the sowing of seed intended to yield a dramatic harvest.

The literary crop at the opening of the seventeenth century is to be sampled by the psalm-book then published, which must have been a welcome relief from the dead weight of theological preachments and po-

lemies. It is fair that we should recognize some glimmerings of desire, in a few regenerate but apparently extra human writers, to enliven their productions with a faint dash of the humor which betokened a leaven of original sin. John Cotton made his catechism appetizing by entitling it "Spiritual Milk for American Babes." There seems to be a foreglimpse of the melodramatic gift in Roger Williams, who constructed a "dialogue" and gave it this sensational name: "The Bloody Tenent of Persecution for cause of Conscience," which he followed up with the rousing thriller, "The Bloody Tenent Yet More Bloody," etc.

It was not until a hundred years or more had passed—the century that linked Shakespeare, Dryden, the Restorationists and Sheridan—that America laid the foundation of a native drama, which another century may see as firmly established as that of any of the older lands.

The Adverse Conditions.

Grim were the conditions and dark the prospects for the men and women of gentle upbringing who wished to introduce the world of the drama into American life. Here again, as in a preceding volume, it is vital to perceive that, for the purpose of a comprehensive literary and historical study of the drama, the stage and the play are one, and the dramatist and actor are inseparable. The history of the rise and progress of the written drama is also that of the interpreter of it.

Until the turning point, in the eighteenth century, there was not, and in the nature of the case could

scarcely have been, a native dramatic literature. The Colonial mind was dominated by the prejudice in favor at that time of imported talent and productions. We shall be surprised, as we read the most interesting chronicles on which we now enter, at the unreasoning tenacity of this prejudice, and at the subterfuges which native writers of original gifts adopted to evade it.

That our earliest professional actors were British-born was obviously inevitable, and no discredit to native talent, untrained and doomed, therefore, to "waste its sweetness on the desert air." There is something odd in the circumstance that the very first representation of the conventional Yankee was the creation of the English comedian Thomas Wignell, who played the part of Jonathan in 1787 in a New York theatre, the author of the piece being Royal Tyler, afterward chief justice of Vermont. Not until Edwin Forrest possessed the stage and the hearts of the people could it be said that America had produced a great native-born tragedian.

The English Play; Its Advent and Career.

In Mexico only was the theatre a living factor in social life on this continent prior to the eighteenth century. Not until the summer of 1752 was the drama, in its living shape, introduced by a regular company, and after a bitter conflict with Puritan and Quaker superstition, became a permanent institution. Williamsburg, the former capital of Virginia, was the place selected by the company for its first performance, and the plays, *The Merchant of Venice* and, as an after-piece, Garrick's

farce of *Lethe*. Thus Shakespeare, who belongs to all the world, and to the Americans as much as to the English—for he died only a few years before the landing of the Pilgrim fathers—was, both in time and merit, the first dramatist of the western world.

Apart from the drama proper, a history of the American theatre is a subject of importance as connected with the history of American literature and manners. Such a history tends also to mark the growth and improvement of our country, and may even be subservient to the cause of morals, whether the stage, as it exists in special instances or in special periods, exercises a moral influence or the reverse. Moreover, the people of the United States take the deepest interest in the theatre and are justly proud of it; in fact, the play is to the average American virtually a national recreation. Thus, to rescue from oblivion the leading facts relating to the drama, and combine them with personal experiences, including those of prominent actors and dramatists, is a task well worthy of accomplishment. If not so chronicled, the early annals of the New World stage would soon be swept from the memory of man; for there is yet no complete history of that stage, and there are few now living who can throw light on the old-time records of a drama that steadily advances in deserved popularity.

The First Embodiment Company.

Garrick had reached the summit of his fame about the year 1745. He had been rejected by Fleetwood

and Rich, the managers of Drury Lane and Covent Garden, in 1741, and, after a probation at Ipswich, he was received at the theatre in Goodman's Fields by his friend Giffard, its proprietor and manager, whose successor, William Hallam, is deservedly called the father of the American stage.

On the boards of Goodman's Fields theatre, from which, ten years afterward, issued the leaders of that company which planted the drama in America, Garrick first displayed his unrivalled talents to a London audience and perfected himself in the art which has coupled his name with that of the greater artist, who "exhausted worlds and then imagined new." It was by hard study rather than by genius that Garrick rose to this height and established his reputation as a gentleman, as well as his fame for unrivalled skill in his profession.

In consequence of the success of Garrick, Goodman's Fields theatre became the centre of attraction. Drury Lane and Covent Garden were deserted, so that, at the end of the season of 1742, Fleetwood was glad to engage both manager and actor. Giffard, now befriended by Garrick, was invited to Drury Lane, and the latter entered upon the scene of his greatest triumphs.

William Hallam succeeded Giffard at Goodman's Fields, becoming the proprietor of Garrick's cradle, rendered famous, but unprofitable, from the fact of having had such a nursling. Drury Lane flourished, and the successor of Giffard and Garrick became bankrupt in 1750. This event led to the voyage of discovery planned by the manager and executed by his brother

Lewis, the father of him who was long remembered as old Lewis Hallam.

It is well known that the British drama was, in 1750, in a much more flourishing condition than it has been for the last half century or is at the present day. The best and greatest men of the country wrote plays and attended their performance. The pit of the theatre was the resort of wit and learning, while fashion, beauty, taste and refinement, the proud and exclusive aristocracy of the land, took their stations in the boxes, surrounding the assemblage of poets and critics below.

The Hallams.

The William and Lewis Hallam mentioned above were brothers of Admiral Hallam. There was a fourth brother, an actor, who was killed accidentally in the green-room by the celebrated actor Charles Macklin, the first great impersonator of Shylock and author of *The Man of the World*. Lewis was a member of his brother William's company at Goodman's Fields and sustained the line of first low comedian. His wife, who was related to Mr. Rich, the manager of Covent Garden, played the first line of tragedy and comedy. To have been the first low comedian and the first tragic and comic actress in a company which had to strive against Covent Garden, and to vie with Drury Lane, with Garrick as its leader, gives us reason to suppose that Lewis Hallam and his wife were far above mediocrity in their profession, and tradition fully supports this belief.

When William Hallam failed, in 1750, as manager

of Goodman's Fields, his debts were found to be only £5,000, a trifling amount for such a complicated and hazardous speculation. His accounts and his conduct of affairs were so fair and satisfactory to his creditors that they presented him with the wardrobes and other theatrical property of the establishment, thus discharging him from debt, and leaving him in possession of the means to commence business anew. Under these circumstances he turned his thoughts to America, and conceived the idea of sending a company of players to the colonies—not to Puritan New England, but to more prosperous Virginia, which retained much of the cavalier spirit and kept closer to the mother country.

Lewis and his wife consented to cross the Atlantic and try their fortunes in what was then called the Western wilderness. A good company was enlisted. They met at the house of William Hallam, a list of stock plays was selected and a few of the regulation farces, and the cast was agreed upon in general convention. It appears to have been a well-organized band of good thespians, each with her and his part assigned, including duties in front of the house.

Lewis Hallam was appointed manager, chief magistrate, or king, and William, who stayed at home, was to be "viceroy over him." The brothers were to divide profits equally, after deducting the expenses and shares, William being entitled to his half as projector and proprietor, and Lewis as manager and conductor. He and his wife were the principals, Rigby played the leading parts in tragedy and comedy, the names of the rest being Mrs. Rigby, Mr. and Mrs. Clarkson, Miss

Palmer, Singleton, Herbert, Winnell or Wynel, Adcock and Malone.

Our Fathers' Favorite Plays.

These are some of the dramas put in study before leaving England: *The Merchant of Venice*, *The Fair Penitent*, *The Beaux' Stratagem*, *Jane Shore*, *The Recruiting Officer*, *King Richard III*, *The Careless Husband*, *The Constant Couple*, *Hamlet*, *Othello*, *Theodosius*, *Provoked Husband*, *Tamerlane*, *The Inconstant*, *Woman's a Riddle*, *The Suspicious Husband*, *The Conscious Lovers*, *George Barnwell*, *The Committee* and *The Twin Rivals*. These were doubtless the popular favorites in London and wherever English was spoken. Of these, six at most now hold the stage, and four of them are Shakespeare's. The farces were Garrick's *Lethe*, *The Lying Valet*, *Miss in Her Teens*, *The Mock Doctor*, *The Devil to Pay*, *Hob in the Well*, *Damon and Philida* and *The Anatomist*. It is interesting to be told that the last-named piece, in which Rigby was the French doctor, was most in demand and brought most profit. Of these eight farces, three were by Garrick and two of them are still played.

The American Company.

The profits of the adventure, to be equally divided between the original proprietor and his brother, were to be the residue and remainder, after deducting the shares, for this was what is known among players as a

sharing company or scheme, and so continued until after the Revolution. In such schemes the manager has one or more shares as a reward for his trouble, one or more shares pay him for the use and wear and tear of the property; he is entitled to one or more additional shares according to his abilities or reputation as an actor, and he usually avails himself of the power which rests with him of casting plays so as to keep up his reputation by appropriating the best or most popular parts for himself. The remaining shares, after the manager is satisfied, are divided among the members of the commonwealth, according to ability, professional repute or the influence obtained by becoming favorites with the public.

In the process of time Hallam's company, under the appellation of the American company, underwent a change. The principal performers became partners in the property; the number of shares was diminished; actors were engaged on weekly salaries, and by degrees the present system was established, in which one man, or a company forming a partnership, are lessees or proprietors, and the stage manager and performers are hired.

At first the number of shares was fixed at eighteen. The number of adult performers was twelve, including the manager, each being entitled to one share. Mr. Hallam had another share as manager; four were assigned to the property and one was allowed for the manager's three children. It is to be presumed that the four shares assigned to the property were to be divided between the brothers as the profits of the part-

nership; otherwise it is hard to say whence profit was to accrue.

The Drama in Virginia.

Early in May, 1752, the voyagers set sail in the *Charming Sally*, perhaps named for the immortal damsel who lived "in our alley," and under the clever seamanship of Captain Lee they arrived safely in Yorktown, Virginia, in the wonderfully good time of six weeks. In the following year Governor Dinwiddie dispatched "one Major Washington," as he is described in the annals of the time, to summon the French posts on the Ohio to surrender to the arms of England. Very probably he witnessed the first representation of plays in Virginia, and one, at least, of the same company of players, the second Lewis Hallam, performed repeatedly before him when he was the first magistrate of the great Republic.

Franklin reckoned the English population at that time to be about a million. As the first settlers of Virginia were of the established English Church, and that form of religion was supported to the exclusion of all others, it is probable that William Hallam was induced to send his company there in preference to the other colonies, from the knowledge that Episcopalians were more liberal in regard to the drama than most other denominations.

Rehearsals on Shipboard.

The foresight exercised by the Hallams in preparing their company for immediate action on their arrival in

America was not without results. The pieces had been selected, cast and put into study before embarkation, and during the passage they were regularly rehearsed. The quarter-deck of the *Charming Sally* was the stage, and, whenever the winds and weather permitted, the heroes and heroines of the sock and buskin performed their allotted parts, rehearsing all the plays that had been selected, particularly those fixed upon for the first theatrical exhibitions. They were on their best behavior, for they were not without fear that they might encounter that prejudice against stage-plays which long existed in provincial districts.

After their arrival, on application to Governor Dinwiddie, permission was granted to erect or fit up a building for a theatre in Williamsburg. Hallam found a structure which he judged to be sufficient for his purpose, and proceeded to furnish it with pit, box, gallery and stage. It was a long and roomy edifice in the suburbs of the town, probably erected as a store-house by the early settlers; it was unoccupied, and the manager purchased it. This was the first theatre opened in America by a company of regular players, and although within the boundaries of the capital of the Old Dominion, the seat of William and Mary College, and the residence of all the officers of his majesty's government, it was so near the woods that the manager could, and did, stand within the door and shoot pigeons for his dinner. The proprietors had not included an orchestra in the plan of their establishment; but, fortunately, a professor of music had been before them as a pioneer of the fine arts, and one Pelham, who taught the harpsi-

chord in the town, was engaged with his instrument to represent the wind and stringed instruments which we now look for in an orchestra.

The First Regular Performance.

Antiquarians have pointed out that there is some record of amateur performances at Boston and Philadelphia in 1749, and at New York in 1750, but here we have the first representation of English plays by a regular dramatic organization, in the first American theatre.

On September 5, 1752, in the theatre of Williamsburg, the capital of Virginia, the following plays were performed before a delighted audience. The cast shows the strength of the company and the various lines of the performers, who are all included in the following bill, except Mrs. Clarkson, Mrs. Rigby and Adam Hallam, who was still a child:

THE MERCHANT OF VENICE. A COMEDY.

BASSANIO.....	Mrs. Rigby.
ANTONIO	Clarkson.
GRATIANO	Singleton.
SALANIO AND DUKE.....	Herbert.
SALARINO AND GOBBO.....	Winnel.
LAUNCELOT AND TUBAL.....	Hallam.
SHYLOCK	Malone.
SERVANT TO PORTIA.....	Master Lewis Hallam.

(Being his first appearance on the stage.)

NERISSA	Miss Palmer.
JESSICA (her first appearance on stage).....	Hallam.
PORTIA	Mrs. Hallam

LETHE. A FARCE.

ESOP	Mrs. Clarkson.
OLD MAN	Malone.
FINE GENTLEMAN	Singleton.
FRENCHMAN	Rigby.
CHARON	Herbert.
MERCURY	Adcock.
DRUNKEN MAN AND TATTOO.....	Hallam.
JOHN	Winnel.
MRS. TATTOO.....	Miss Palmer.
FINE LADY.....	Mrs. Hallam.

The first night of the company's performance in 'America was the first appearance on the stage of young Lewis Hallam, then a boy of twelve. He had only one line to speak, but when he found himself in the presence of the audience he was panic-stricken. He stood motionless and speechless until, bursting into tears, he walked off the boards, making a most inglorious exit. He was afterward the hero and favorite in tragedy and comedy for nearly half a century.

This night's performance gave occasion for the first composition connected with the drama which was written for, or addressed particularly to, an American audience—a prologue especially composed for the purpose, probably on ship-board, by Singleton, and spoken by Rigby. Forty years later, at the request of the author, the lines, as recited, were written down by young Lewis Hallam, who seemed to remember every transaction of that period, every circumstance attending these historic adventures, as though they were of yesterday. These excerpts are worth giving, in view of the rare occasion:

To this New World, from famed Britannia's shore,
Through boisterous seas where foaming billows roar,
The Muse, who Britons charmed for many an age,
Now sends her servants forth to tread your stage;
Britain's own race, though far removed, to show
Patterns of every virtue they should know.
Though gloomy minds through ignorance may rail,
Yet bold examples strike where languid precepts fail.
The world's a stage where mankind act their parts;
The stage a world to show their various arts;
Too oft, we own, the stage with dangerous art,
In wanton scenes has played the siren's part:
Yet if the Muse, unfaithful to her trust,
Has sometimes strayed from what is pure and just,
Has she not oft, with awful, virtuous rage,
Struck home at vice, and nobly trod the stage?
Made tyrants weep, the conscious murderer stand,
And drop the dagger from his trembling hand?
Then, as you treat a favorite fair's mistake,
Pray spare her foibles for her virtue's sake;
And while her chastest scenes are made appear,
(For none but such will find admittance here.)
The Muse's friends, we hope, will join our cause,
And crown our best endeavors with applause.

Progress of the Drama.

When this company left Williamsburg is not precisely known, but Governor Dinwiddie gave the manager a certificate, signed in council, recommending them as artists and testifying to the propriety of their conduct in private life.

A writer in the *Maryland Gazette*, under date June 19, 1828, claims for Annapolis the first theatre, in point of time, erected in the United States. He says: "In the year 1752, it appears from the files of the *Gazette*, that

plays were performed in what was there called the new theatre—so called, I presume, in contradistinction to the temporary theatres previously used, which, I am told, were such commercial warehouses as could be gotten, and substituted for the purpose.” He quotes the following advertisement:

“By permission of his Honor the President. At the new theatre in Annapolis, by the company of comedians, on Monday next, being the 13th of this instant July, 1752, will be performed a comedy called *The Beaux' Stratagem*. Likewise a farce called *The Virgin Unmasked*. To begin precisely at 7 o'clock. Tickets to be had at the printing-office. Box, 10 shillings; pit, 7 and 6 pence; gallery, 5 shillings. No person to be admitted behind the scenes.”

The Oldest American Theatre.

The writer in the *Maryland Gazette* goes on to say that “the theatre in Annapolis, which, in 1752, is called the new theatre, was a neat brick building, tastefully arranged and competent to contain between five and six hundred persons. It was built upon ground which had been leased from the Protestant Episcopal church in this city. When the lease, some ten or twelve years ago—1816-1818—had expired, the church took possession of the theatre, which was pulled down merely to procure the materials of which it was built. Scarcely a fragment of it now remains. It was the oldest theatre in the United States, the earliest temple reared in our country to the dramatic Muse. Perhaps it was the first spot upon which the characters of Shakespeare were exhibited to the people of the Western World. It would hereafter have become an object at which the citizens of

this ancient metropolis would have pointed with pride, which the curious would have sought, and which the admirers of dramatic genius would have revered."

Such is the claim put in by the citizens of Annapolis. That the whole of Hallam's company were not there is proved by the silence of his son Lewis and by the circumstance of the two inferior performers playing the first parts. Both were at Williamsburg in September, playing in their subordinate stations. The claim for Annapolis of having erected the first American theatre appears fully made out.

The Drama in New York.

The annals of the American stage are almost as old as those of the nation itself; for as early as the middle of the seventeenth century there are records of dramatic representations in some rude shape in several of the New England and Southern towns. As these were merely amateur performances and present nothing of special interest, they need not here detain us. In New York and Philadelphia the drama made its appearance somewhat later, and it was not until the middle of the eighteenth century that we find it established in a permanent home. Yet shows were given at an earlier period, though sometimes little more than puppet-shows. As pointed out by Charles P. Daly in his *Historical Inquiry*, a New York merchant named George Talbot, advertising in *Bradford's Gazette* for October, 1733, directs inquirers to his store "next door to the play-house." But later investigation has made it prob-

able that this name had reference only to a puppet show. There is no further mention of it, and as the city then contained only 7,055 white inhabitants, it was probably unable to sustain a theatre. We hear nothing more of the real drama until February 26, 1750, when the following notice appeared in the columns of the *Weekly Postboy*:

"Last week arrived here a company of comedians from Philadelphia, who, we hear, have taken a convenient room for their purposes in one of the buildings lately belonging to the Hon. Rip Van Dam, Esq., deceased, in Nassau street, where they intend to perform as long as the season lasts, provided they meet with suitable encouragement."

The building was on the east side of Nassau, between John street and Maiden lane. In 1758 it was converted into a church by a body of German colonists, who, a few years later, erected in its stead a more substantial building, which remained standing at least as late as 1810. The following notice of the opening performance appears as an advertisement in the *Postboy*:

BY HIS EXCELLENCY'S PERMISSION.

AT THE THEATRE IN NASSAU STREET,

On Monday, the 5th day of March next (1750), will be presented the Historical Tragedy of

KING RICHARD III!

Wrote originally by Shakespeare, and altered by Colley Cibber, Esq.

In this play is contained the Death of King Henry VI—The Artful Acquisition of the Crown by King Richard—The Murder of the Princes in the Tower—The Landing of the Earl of Richmond, and The Battle of Bosworth Field.

2—Part I, Vol. XIX.

Tickets will be ready to be delivered by Thursday next, and to be had of the Printer hereof.

Pitt, 5 shillings.

Gallery, 3 shillings.

To begin precisely at half an hour after 6 o'clock, and no person to be admitted behind the scenes.

At this period George II was sovereign of Great Britain, Admiral George Clinton governor of the province of New York and Edward Holland mayor of the city, which contained within its limits about ten thousand inhabitants. Performances probably took place only twice a week, usually on Mondays and Thursdays. For the 12th of March was announced a repetition of *Richard III*, with the addition of the farce of the *Beau in the Suds*. For the 14th and 19th the *Spanish Friar* was billed, and for the 27th, "for the benefit of the Charity School in this city, a tragedy, called the *Orphan; or, The Unhappy Marriage*, wrote by the ingenious Mr. Otway." For July 23, the last night of the season, were announced *Love for Love* and the *Stage Coach*.

Opposition to the Drama.

We have seen that the first appearance of histrionic artists was at Williamsburg, Virginia, in a building which had previously been occupied for other purposes, probably as a warehouse. Annapolis has the honor of having raised the first temple to the dramatic Muse, and thither the company, led by Lewis Hallam, proceeded from Williamsburg, and, after performing their stock plays and farces, visited Upper Marlborough, Pis-

cataway and Port Tobacco, at that time places of some consequence in Maryland. Hallam's first performance in Nassau street, New York, was on September 17, 1753.

The South, from the more liberal character of its population, was best fitted for the reception of the drama. The Congregationalists of the New England provinces were opposed to any innovations upon their ascetic habits, and particularly to the introduction of those "profane stage-plays" which had been the delight of the Jacobite cavaliers, the enemies of their forefathers. New York, originally a Dutch settlement, retained much of the language and manners of that people and could only be considered as a resort after the Southern provinces. The Quakers of Philadelphia were, of all people, the most opposed to scenic representations, and the more liberal population, which, by its influence and increase, has changed the city of Penn from its drab-colored austerity to the bland and polished amenity of its many-colored receptacles of literature and fine arts, was then in an incipient state. It was, therefore, wisely, as we have seen, that William Hallam, the manager of the London theatre in which Garrick attained to fame, directed his brother Lewis to the genial South, and Virginia and Maryland received the adventurers with a joyous welcome.

After the South, New York presented the fairest field for the efforts of the comedians, and they opened their theatre with the following bill, which is given as an historic document. Detail of this kind would be superfluous in treating of events of more recent date, but at

this early stage a play-bill is a valuable source of information:

BY HIS EXCELLENCY'S AUTHORITY.

By a Company of Comedians from London, at the New Theatre in Nassau Street, the present evening, being the 17th of September, (1753), will be presented a comedy called

THE CONSCIOUS LOVERS.

The part of young BEVIL to be performed.....by Mr. Rigby.
 The part of MR. SEALAND to be performed...by Mr. Malone.
 SIR JOHN BEVIL.....by Mr. Bell.
 MYRTLE.....by Mr. Clarkson.
 CLIMBERTON.....by Mr. Miller.
 HUMPHREY.....by Mr. Adcock.
 DANIEL.....by Master L. Hallam.
 The part of TOM to be performed.....by Mr. Singleton
 The part of PHILLIS to be performed.....by Mrs. Becceley.
 MRS. SEALAND.....by Mrs. Clarkson.
 LUCINDA.....by Miss Hallam.
 ISABELLA.....by Mrs. Rigby.
 And the part of INDIANA to be performed....by Mrs. Hallam.

To which will be added the Ballad-Farce called

DAMON AND PHILLIDA.

ARCAS.....by Mr. Bell.
 OGON.....by Mr. Rigby.
 KORYDON.....by Mr. Clarkson.
 CYMON.....by Mr. Miller.
 DAMON.....by Mr. Adcock.
 PHILLIDA.....by Mrs. Becceley.
 A new occasional prologue to be spoken.....by Mr. Rigby.
 An epilogue (addressed to the ladies).....by Mrs. Hallam.

Prices.—Box, 8s.; pit, 6s.; gallery, 3s. No person whatever to be admitted behind the scenes. N. B.—Gentlemen and ladies that choose tickets may have them at the new printing-office in Beaver Street.

The days of performances were Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays, and so continued for half a century. On the second night of performing the prices were announced as box 6s., pit 5s., gallery 3s., and toward the middle of October the pit and gallery were reduced to 4s. and 2s.

It will be seen by the above bill that Sir Richard Steele was the first dramatist whose works were presented to the inhabitants of New York. The *Conscious Lovers* is a play well worthy of one of the editors of the *Spectator*. The theatre in Nassau street was closed on March 18, 1754, with *The Beggar's Opera* and *The Devil to Pay*. The company had given the proceeds of one night's performance to the poor.

The Quakers and the Drama.

Already had the religious toleration wisely and benevolently established by William Penn peopled his city with inhabitants of every sect and denomination. While Congregationalism was intolerant and exclusive in the East and Episcopacy in the South, Penn and Baltimore, the Quaker and the Roman Catholic, had opened Pennsylvania and Maryland as places of refuge for liberty of conscience. The consequence was that the plain Quaker color made only a part of the garb of the citizens of Philadelphia even at this early period, but still drab was the livery of the majority. A large portion of the inhabitants, however, saw no offense to morality or religion in any of the colors which give diversity and beauty to dress, or in any of those innocent amuse-

ments which bring men together to sympathize in joys or sorrows, uniting them in the same feelings and expressions, with a brotherly consciousness of the same nature and origin. Many, also, had been accustomed to dramatic representations in their native land, and longed to renew the associations of their youth. Others, who had only read the works of Shakespeare, were anxious to witness a living personification of these characters and ideas which had delighted them in the closet, and looked toward the sister and secondary city of New York with a strong desire to participate in her pleasures and advantages. These causes produced an application to the manager while the company was still playing in New York. Several citizens of Philadelphia urged Hallam to apply to Governor Hamilton for permission to open a theatre in that city, and pledged themselves for its success, notwithstanding any opposition from the followers of Penn. They suggested that it would be advisable at first to make application for permission to play for a few nights only.

Hallam received these overtures with pleasure, and looked around among his companions for a man fitted for the task of opening the way to so desirable an acquisition. Such a pioneer and negotiator needed special address and talents, and we must suppose that Malone had evinced powers of persuasion, and possessed engaging manners or accomplishments superior to those of his fellows, as he was selected by the manager for this important and difficult mission.

Malone willingly undertook the embassy, with the hope of attaining this brilliant accession to his theatrical

property, but he experienced such strenuous opposition, and found the strife with these disciples of peace so perilous, that he wrote for the manager to come to his assistance. Hallam found the city of brotherly love and passive peace divided into two hostile factions, as violent as the green and red of Constantinople, when charioteers shook the empire of the Cæsars to its foundations. Here it was not one color against its opposite, but color against colorless—the rainbow struggling through the cloud.

The Quakers and their adherents carried a petition to the governor for the prohibition of “profane stage-plays.” Counter-petitions were signed and presented, and finally the friends of the drama prevailed, and the manager was favored by Governor Hamilton with a permission to open a theatre and cause twenty-four plays, with their attendant after-pieces, to be performed, on condition that they “offered nothing indecent and immoral,” and performed one night for the benefit of the poor of the city—and further, that the manager gave security for all debts contracted, and all contracts entered into by the company.

The first regular company of comedians opened their theatre in the store-house of William Plumstead, on Water street, at the first corner above Pine street, and commenced playing in April, 1754, with the tragedy of *The Fair Penitent*. The place was afterward occupied as a sail-loft, and the remains of scenic decoration were to be seen long after the Revolution. It was called the New theatre, the word New being seemingly applied to all places used by this company, although there had

been no previous establishment of the kind. The prices of admittance were, box, 6s., pit, 4s., gallery, 2s. 6d. The company gained money and reputation, notwithstanding a continued and vigorous opposition. Pamphlets were published and distributed gratis during the whole theatrical campaign, and every effort made to show the evils attendant upon plays and players and play-houses, but Shakespeare and his followers prevailed.

The Fair Penitent and *Miss in Her Teens* were the first dramatic pieces presented to the inhabitants of Philadelphia, Nicholas Rowe and David Garrick being thus the first dramatists who spoke from the stage in the city of Penn.

The house was, as might be expected from the excitement, full to overflowing. In the course of the evening a great tumult was occasioned by the discovery of one of the unfriendly petitioners in the pit. He was considered as a spy, and peace was not restored until he was ejected. The governor added six nights to the twenty-four first granted to the players. Thus they held possession of the town until July.

William Hallam, who had brought the troupe to America, now sold his business to his brother Lewis, and returned to England. Lewis carried on the work for a year, and then withdrew to Jamaica, which actors found a more profitable field. He died there in 1756.

A third theatre was built in New York by David Douglas, who had married Lewis Hallam's widow. He was refused permission to perform because he had not asked leave to build his theatre. This was in 1758. After much trouble performances were given, beginning

with *Jane Shore*. The long epilogue in defense of the drama discloses the active hostility displayed by the "unco guid" of New York at that period.

Dramas Better Than Sermons.

Douglas opened the second theatre in Philadelphia, on "Society Hill," in 1759. This was at the corner of Vernon and South streets. Quakers and others besieged Judge Allen, within whose jurisdiction the place was situated, with denunciations of the players and petitions that he would put these people down. Judge Allen rejected their petition, and told the petitioners some wholesome truths, adding that "he had learned more moral virtue from plays than from sermons."

The easternmost boundary of the theatrical empire at this time was Newport, Rhode Island, where the next theatre was built, the company ranging thence to Williamsburg and playing besides at Annapolis, Philadelphia, New York and at smaller places where a court-house could be transformed into a play-house and scenes of imaginary heroic guilt be allowed to take the place of vulgar plebeian crime.

Perth Amboy, then the capital of New Jersey and the residence of his majesty's governors, judges, treasurers and other officials, with a garrison usually of a regiment of foot, occasionally received the visits of the Thespians, and it is said that old ladies would speak, almost in raptures, of the beauty and grace of Mrs. Douglas and the pathos of her personation of *Jane Shore*.

In 1759, and long afterward, Newport, Williamsburg,

Annapolis and Perth Amboy were places of comparative importance, but later sank into insignificance, while neighboring towns sprang up, towering above and overshadowing them. A truthful and elegant description of Newport has been given by James Fenimore Cooper in his *Red Rover*—the health-inspiring garden of the North, where the Southern planters from the West Indies and Carolinas met in the great slave market of the English provinces.

In 1760 Douglas enlarged his theatre in Philadelphia and gave a benefit for the city college, "for improving youth in the divine art of psalmody and church music." In other cities playhouses were opened in the next few years. The opposition from the outside was always vigorous, and the players fought back in prologue and epilogue in excellent temper. In 1761 a performance of *Othello* was given in New York for the benefit of the poor, the actors contributing their services freely, and it produced \$286.25 for charity.

Customs of the Time.

Notwithstanding the notification, "no person admitted behind the scenes," the disorderly and improper practice of permitting men to mingle with the actors and actresses, and even to show themselves on the stage, was common at this time, as is proved by the following public notice of December 31, 1761: "Complaints having been several times made that a number of gentlemen crowd the stage and very much interrupt the performance, and as it is impossible the actors, when thus

obstructed, should do that justice to their parts they otherwise would, it will be taken as a particular favor if no gentleman will be offended that he is absolutely refused admittance at the stage door, unless he has previously secured himself a place in either the stage or upper boxes." This is a state of affairs which it is now hardly possible to conceive, though we know from the history of the English theatre that such was the practice in London for many years. On benefit nights the stage would be almost filled with spectators, the auditory being so seated as to allow but a small portion of the boards for the actors. The custom was abolished by David Garrick, though not without strong opposition. The ceremony of waiting on ladies and gentlemen at their houses with bills had been for some time left off in this company.

In these notices from bills and advertisements we may gain a glimpse at our long-buried ancestors of the colonial period which conjures up scenes of real life. We may picture to ourselves the beaux of 1761, with their powdered wigs, long, stiff-skirted coats and waist-coats, with flaps reaching nearly to the knees of their breeches, their silk stockings, short, quartered shoes and silver or paste buckles, crowding and ogling the actresses on the stage, having secured the box ticket for the purpose of gaining admission behind the scenes; the ladies in the boxes looking now on the actor, and now on a friend or brother by his side. And we see the actor or actress going from house to house, presenting benefit bills and soliciting patronage—"rather an inconvenience to the person so waited upon."

The company finished their labors in New York on the 23th of April, 1762, with a play for the benefit of the Charity school, from which "a handsome sum was raised and delivered by Mr. Douglas to the church-wardens."

Rise of the Revolution Drama.

It is probably news to most of us that the theatre felt the first shock of the struggle for independence. The troubles that agitated the colonies because of the obnoxious Stamp Act caused the destruction of the New York playhouse. The drama, like the other gentle arts, can only be cherished in seasons of peace and prosperity. During the civil wars in England, the theatres were closed, and the players entered the king's army, in opposition to the Parliament. The republicans of New York, in 1764, whether on account of the predilection of the actors for monarchy, or from other causes, determined to tear down the playhouse in Beekman street, and, as related by an eye-witness, a crowd assembled in a yard, or open space, opposite to the theatre in the evening, and set on a number of boys to commence the work, which, once begun, found hands enough to aid it. Thus the first cloud portending civil war discharged its thunders on the temple of the Thespians; but the cloud passed off, and left the political horizon in a state of deceitful calm and brightness.

In 1773 the first theatre was built in Charleston, South Carolina, Douglas having gained permission from the magistrates and being invited by the inhabitants. The season began in September and lasted fifty-

one nights, with three performances weekly, closing in June, 1774.

Of course, during these years several changes had taken place in the company. Lewis Hallam's cousin, Wignell, had arrived from England, and his future partner, Henry, had shown himself an admirable and versatile actor. The troupe, satisfied with their experience in the new country, and expecting a continuance of favor, had called themselves "The American Company." It is probable that they were quite equal in ability to any company in England, outside of the three London theatres. But owing to the impending change in the political atmosphere, they were doomed to meet with an unexpected repulse, and flee for refuge from the storm.

The Continental Congress Closes the Theatres.

Members of the Douglas company intended to reopen the New York theatre in the fall, but the Continental Congress had met in Philadelphia, and not seeing in a company of English players fit instruments to support the cause of American liberty, and doubtless wishing to give public thought a more serious turn, those devoted patriots recommended a suspension of all public amusements.

It was on the 24th of October, 1774, that the first Congress passed the resolution by which they agreed to discountenance and discourage every species of extravagance and dissipation, and among them named "gaming, cock-fighting, exhibitions of shows, plays and other expensive diversions and entertainments." This resolu-

tion of Congress was conveyed to Douglas in a letter from the president, Peyton Randolph, and the committee of New York likewise gave him notice to the same effect. Their word was law to the multitude, the theatre was closed, and the company sailed for the British West Indies. With their departure the record of professional dramatic performances in the American colonies is closed. Not until the proclamation of the treaty of peace had rendered the colonies a free and independent nation did the players return, after an eventful interval of more than ten years.

II.

The Drama After the Revolution.

In the nature of the case these retrospective notes are more concerned with the drama in America than the American drama. The latter now begins to occupy the stage and to bid for national favor against the imported play. There is no room for wrangling over the condition of things in the dramatic realm. The nation had, as we have seen, been occupied with graver matters than literary and artistic amusements. Allowance must be made for the limited field of public interest in the acted drama. Political and patriotic fervor began to influence the taste and opinion more decidedly. The feeling grew that the national spirit should animate the recreations of an emancipated people. For a considerable time the stage became an occasional battlefield whereon faction-feelings met and clashed. There were tory sentiments and revolution sentiments introduced into drama which stirred the audiences to wild demonstrations. In this way the theatre resumed its influence, if, indeed, it had ever been more than temporarily dormant.

During the Revolution, while the play-houses were

compulsorily closed, the people of the large towns found their amusement in thronging the public promenades, and marching in step to the music of military bands. The gorgeously attired soldiers, British, German and native, drew continual crowds of good citizen folk, whose admiration we may be sure was for the tailoring and the swaggering mien rather than the professional pursuits of the strange legions. In New York the John Street theatre was preserved intact by the adherents of the crown and the Episcopal church, while most of the meeting-houses of other denominations were used as barracks, storehouses, and riding schools. The American company, dispersed in 1774, as already told, was replaced by officers of the British army and navy, then, as now, much given to amateur theatricals, in which they exhibit a surprising degree of talent.

Keeping the Drama Alive.

To give a connected narrative of the ups and downs of the drama in America during the troublous period now under notice would demand a volume to itself, and it would be a volume of stage chronicles rather than the story of dramatic evolution, which is our main purpose. It is a uniquely interesting subject, one that invites sympathetic and ample treatment for the new light it sheds on the devoted labors of those who pioneered, and did heroic service, in the extremely unpropitious circumstances in which the cause of the drama and dramatic art then had to struggle. Our present duty, however, is to summarize, as fairly and graphically as

good intent can compass, the general facts which enable us to realize the state of the drama and the histrionic art as known to the American people in those parlous times. Without straining after precise chronological sequence we shall present a comprehensive panorama of affairs, incidents and important utterances, which will collectively convey a true impression of the national dramatic situation.

Military Dramatists and Players.

Curiously enough, the British officers began their efforts by writing dramas and farces in Boston during the war. The serious drama called *The Heiress*, by Burgoyne, was preceded by a farce, also his, *The Blockade of Boston*, which was intended to ridicule the stalwart Yankees who were then holding the soldiery of England cooped up on a narrow neck of land, protected by their ships. The irony of the situation must have entered painfully into the souls of the British forces, who flung farcical bubbles as their deadliest ammunition, when by and by these same serious Yankees drove them out with disgrace, and received the surrendered sword of farceur Burgoyne on the field of Saratoga.

It is remembered that, while the officers were performing Burgoyne's farce, an alarm was given that the rebels had assaulted the lines, and when a sergeant entered and announced the fact, the audience, supposing that his words, "The rebels have attacked the lines on the Neck!" belonged to the farce, applauded the very natural acting of the man, and were not disturbed until successive encores convinced them that it was not

to the play that the words belonged, and that the prompter was not behind the scenes, but behind the trenches.

This was, as far as is known, the second drama written in America, and the first so written that was performed, although not by professionals, but by amateurs. Another piece in dramatic form was published about this time, and perhaps ought to take chronological precedence. It bears no date, but as it was printed by James Rivington, in New York, previous to the occupation of that city by the British, and purports to have been originally printed in New England, it must have been published before *The Blockade of Boston* was played by the British officers. That it was written before hostilities commenced, its politics and whole scope and tendency evince. Though its form is dramatic, it was not intended for representation, but by its humor and satire to attract readers and gain proselytes to the cause of royalty or toryism. It is entitled *The Americans Roused; or, a Cure for the Spleen*, and the dramatis personæ are Sharp, a country parson; Bumper, a country justice; Fillpot, an innkeeper; Gravears, a deacon; Trim, a barber; Brim, a Quaker, and Puff, a late representative.

A Cure for the Spleen.

Trim, a political barber, conceited and talkative, is the advocate of the people in his shop, but merely because it serves his interest. The real advocates of freedom are Puff, who, to suit the author's views, is a stupid, ignorant, pretending blockhead, and Deacon

Graveairs, as stupid and ignorant as the other. The shrewd Quaker, the honest justice, and the orthodox parson are all friends to old England's paternal dominion and right of rule over the colonists. The result is that all become converts to the parson's doctrine. The barber says he is "determined to drop his shop preachments, or else to take the right side of the question, whatever becomes of his custom." The deacon fears that he and his patriotic friends have been wrong. The representative begins "to see things in a different light." The landlord is glad he had "nothing to do with these matters." And the Quaker sums up, or, as the players say, tags the piece with "Treason is an odious crime in the sight of God and men; may we none of us listen to the suggestions of Satan; but may the candle of the Lord within lighten our paths; and may the Spirit lead us in the way of truth, and preserve us from all sedition, privy conspiracy and rebellion."

So much for the politics of the piece; the following are specimens of the character drawing and dramatic humor. Trim protesting against the banishment of politics from his shop because they are a part of his trade:

Brim.—Why, I have often heard thee holding forth to thy customers with such apparent zeal against British tyranny and oppression, that I was verily persuaded thou wert infected with the epidemical frenzy of the times.

Trim.—Ay, friend Brim, all trades have their mysteries, and one half the world live by the follies of the other half.

Puff.—But pray, Mr. Trim, are you such a tory as to turn all our grievances into scorn and derision, and only pretend to be a friend to your country for the sake of a living!

Trim elsewhere says:

Trim.—If I was denied the privilege of my shop to canvass politics, as a body may say—that is, Lord North, East India Company, constitution, charter rights, and privileges, duties, taxes and the like o' that—body o' me, sir, strip me of this darling privilege, and you may take my razors, soap, combs and all.

The parson compares the Americans to the Jews, who, though placed in the chosen land by their king, who had “driven out the Canaanites, the Indians, before them, now vauntingly say, Who shall be Lord over us?”

Brim wishes the clergyman to teach the truth to the republicans; for he “seems to be moved to become a light to their feet, and a lamp to their path.”

Trim.—Face is the Latin for candle—I am dumb. Perge, domine reverende.

The parson thunders against the ministers who have used the pulpit to stir up rebellion.

Trim joins in with:

Trim.—As Dryden says—

“These lead the path, though not of surest scent,

Yet deepest mouth'd against the government.”

And Lilly's grammar ranks them with beasts and robbers—

“Bos, fur, sus, atque sacerdos.” No offense to you, sir.

The author of *A Cure for the Spleen* was a dramatist, and although his work may not strictly belong to the history of the American theatre, it may class with

American dramatic literature, and therefore not be out of place. Although the best plays are those originally intended for representation, many very excellent dramas have been written for the closet, some to inculcate religious doctrines, some devoted to the delineation of passion, and others merely the sport of poetic imagination. The play in question was intended to instruct in government and politics, and, however mistaken the author may have been, he possessed a certain degree of talent.

The British in New York.

After being driven from Boston, the British went to New York and availed themselves of the few theatres left there. A dramatic corps was formed as early as 1777 in the John Street house, the manager and chief low comedian was Surgeon-General Beaumont. Some of the officers played female parts; for instance, Lieut. Pennefeather appeared as Estifania, in Beaumont and Fletcher's comedy, *Rule a Wife and Have a Wife*. The allies of the British forces, the Mohawks, Senecas, Onondagos and other supporters of the king did not know happily that the great warriors of their great father, George, submitted to the degradation of the petticoat.

Major Williams, of the artillery, was the hero of tragedy, the Richard and Macbeth of the company, and the heroine bore his name, though not as its legal possessor. Her comedy had considerable merit, as also Sullen and a woman named Clarinda. There were other females associated with the company, such as had "fol-

lowed the drum," and these were paid for their services at the rate of two, three and four guineas each performance. The names of Captain Oliver Delaney, 17th Dragoons; Captain William Loftus, Guards; Lieutenant Pennyfeather, Captain Phipps, Captain Stanley and others are recorded with that of Major André, as performing at this time. Besides these, many afterward known in London, when peace and half-pay had deprived them of the heroic splendor which surrounded them in the streets and on the stage of New York. The house in John street was now called the "Theatre Royal;" the play-bills were headed "Charity," and sometimes "For the benefit of the Orphans and Widows of the Soldiers."

As the officers had musicians at hand in their regimental bands, the orchestra was better filled than in the times of the professional players. They had fourteen performers at a dollar a night. Their scenery is said to have been wretched, their dresses elegant. Notwithstanding this general censure of the scenery, it has been confidently asserted that Major André was expert at the brush. The scene department was likewise assisted by one Thomas Barrow, originally a coach painter, and for many years the only dealer in engravings known in New York. Certainly he had both taste and knowledge in the art of design.

The British in Philadelphia.

When the British army took possession of Philadelphia, in 1777, the theatre in Southwark was opened and

supported as that in New York continued to be. Here also Major André was one of the scene painters, and it is recorded that a drop curtain which he painted continued to be used as long as the house stood. In addition to their amusements at the theatre, the gentlemen of this gay and chivalrous army got up with great splendor a memorable entertainment which they called a Meschianza, a mixture of ball, masquerade and tournament, an account of which is given in Watson's *Annals of Philadelphia*.

Theatre Royal in New York.

In Gaine's *Mercury* of November 15th, 1779, appears the following advertisement: "Theatre Royal. Such ladies as are duly qualified, and inclined to perform on the stage during the course of the ensuing winter, will please to send in their proposals, sealed and directed to the managers, to be left at Mr. Rivington's."

The office of prompter, so essential in a theatre, was filled by Mr. Hemsworth, who occasionally played; he was not an officer, and occasionally received a benefit; otherwise, benefits could not be a part of the dramatic arrangements, where all was for the benefit of the poor.

From November 13th, 1780, to June 11th, 1781, the theatre was kept open, but as the efforts of the managers of the great military drama became languid, so the ardor for the stage declined; and the theatre was abandoned by the military occupants before the town was surrendered to the men who had been sometimes rather an interruption of their sports, from the period

of the blockade of Boston to the final sinking of the English flag at the evacuation of New York, on the 25th of November, 1783.

Hallam's Return to Philadelphia.

With peace returned the players by profession, but not the whole company. Hallam arrived first, with a weak detachment, as if to gain a footing in the new republic. Philadelphia was the place chosen at which to make the attempt; but the people received the runaways coldly and with a certain degree of contempt.

When Hampden, Pym, Vane, Milton and their glorious companions, raised the standard of humanity against that of ignorance and oppression, and put to flight the dramatic muse by the clang of the trumpet and the thunder of the war-horse, her retainers, being the king's servants, exchanged the mock truncheon and foil of the green-room and the stage for real command and pointed weapons, in the ranks of their royal master; but it does not appear that any of the stage heroes of the American company became leaders or followers in the regiments of George III. They seem to have gained a safe distance from the scene of strife, when American patriots defied and drove out the standard and adherents of monarchy, and, having seen the stage on which the contending parties had been playing a tragedy of many acts cleared by the retreat of the royalists, they crept from their hiding places and approached warily to the land in which they felt that they had no part or portion as partakers in its dangers, its sufferings, or its

glories. The republicans received them at first with indifference, and many would have willingly continued the prohibition of stage-plays which the caution of the first Continental Congress had recommended.

The good people of Philadelphia were decidedly opposed to everything relating to stage-plays, which were so many branches of the tree of evil planted by William Shakespeare and his associates to corrupt the world. Young men who joined amateur companies lost their positions as clerks, or if apprentices, were severely punished. But there were many wealthy and respectable people who did not share these narrow views and wished to enjoy the drama. The city authorities, under Quaker influence, prohibited the erection of a play-house, but as their jurisdiction then extended only to South street, a brick building had been erected on the opposite side of that street, in the district of Southwark. It was a sorry-looking edifice, more like a country barn than a temple of the drama. Yet on it was bestowed the high-sounding name, Apollo theatre. It had one large door in the centre, with windows on either side; in the interior the view from the boxes was intercepted by pillars supporting the upper tier and the roof. It was lighted by plain oil lamps without globes, a row of which also served to light up the stage. The scenery was dingy in the extreme, representing almost entirely ancient castles and the sombre foliage of surrounding woods. Old musicians fiddled away in the orchestra as if life and death depended upon their exertions, their melodies sounding like ghostly echoes from the tomb.

The actors and their costumes were in keeping with

the rest, combining all the styles of dress used in by-gone ages. Much of the scenery had been painted by the unfortunate Major André during the British occupation of Philadelphia, one of the drop scenes executed by him being the finest thus far produced in the United States. Little did the unfortunate artist suppose, while painting the scene, that, a few years later, it would be used in a national play which had for its subject his capture and death as a spy. "It represented," says one who saw it, "a landscape with a distant champaign country and a winding rivulet extending from the front of the picture to the extreme distance. In the foreground and centre was a gentle cascade,—the water beautifully executed—overshadowed by a group of majestic forest trees." In the tragedy of *André* this drop scene was used to represent the pass on the banks of the Hudson river where the major was captured by three militiamen, for it was the only one available. Pitiful as was this makeshift, however, the scene was the best part of the entertainment, for the play had no merit as a drama and was only concocted for holiday occasions. Yet it served its purpose for a Fourth of July audience, and was so used for the first time in the summer of 1807.

Although out of chronological order, we add here some notes about this primitive theatre of Philadelphia. After the Revolution the stage-box at one side was the playhouse, and on such occasions the *Poor Soldier* fitted up for President Washington when he visited was usually given by his desire. Quaker influence had now diminished, and after a time new theatres were

built in the city proper, the first on Chestnut street, in 1794, which was also graced by Washington's presence, and one on Walnut street, in 1807, still in existence. The Southwark theatre fell somewhat into disrepute, and in 1821 it was burnt, with most of its property, including André's scenery. Only the walls were saved from the conflagration, and these were afterward used for a distillery.

The theatre in Southwark was opened by Hallam, assisted by Allen, on the 11th of March, 1785. The *Pennsylvania Mercury* praises their entertainments, and expresses the hope "that Shakespeare, Addison and Young may be permitted once more to enforce on our citizens the love of virtue, liberty and morality."

The Legislature Debates the Drama.

The Legislature of Pennsylvania was in session at this time; and after the players had retired to New York, a debate took place on the subject of prohibiting a theatre, which, as it may stand for a fair specimen of popular sentiment for and against the drama at this period, may be reproduced in a brief abstract.

A motion was made to add a clause to a bill before the House for suppressing vice and immorality. This clause prohibited the erecting of any "play-house, stage or scaffold," for the purpose of acting any kind of dramatic work, enumerating them, from the tragedy to the pantomime, and fined all persons concerned in or abetting in any manner such immoral practices. In the debate that followed, General Anthony Wayne, the

hero of Stony Point, was the first speaker. He hoped that the theatre would not be mentioned in a bill for suppressing vice and immorality. He asserted that a well regulated theatre was universally acknowledged to be an efficient engine for the improvement of morals.

Dr. Logan thought that theatres were only fit for monarchies. He said the government of Geneva prohibited a theatre in that republic as inimical to their liberties; that the kings of France and Sardinia had endeavored to establish a theatre in Geneva to subvert the republic. He, however added, "if we had a theatre under proper regulations, where no plays should be exhibited except those calculated to expose vice or recommend virtue, I should have no objection."

Robert Morris, one of the greatest of our statesmen, and the ablest of financiers, boldly declared himself a friend to the theatre, as affording a rational, instructive and innocent amusement. "As to the effect of the theatre on morals and manners, I hold it," said he, "to be favorable to both."

Clymer, in favor of the drama, urged that, say or do what we would, a theatre would be forced upon us; it is a concomitant of an independent state. No civilized state is without it." He contended that it served to refine and purify manners. "Are we forever," he asked, "to be indebted to other nations for genius, wit and refinement?"

Whitehill, the mover of the clause, avowed his opinion that no regulation could prevent the vice and immorality of a theatre, and said he would oppose the establishment of one in the state of Pennsylvania.

Smiley thought that by drawing the minds of people to amusements they were led to forget their political duties. "Cardinal Mazarin," he said, "established the Academy of Arts and Sciences in France with this view." He avowed himself "no friend to the fine arts," and asserted that "they only flourished when states were on the decline."

The last mentioned speaker has at least the merit of consistency. He had sagacity enough to perceive that the fine arts were all connected, and must stand or fall together, and he knew that the drama was one of the number. He placed the theatre where it should be; for if the drama is injurious to a state, so are literature and the arts. His last assertion was the fruit of ignorance of the history of nations. He honestly confounded the abuse of things with the things themselves. What has been so abused to the purposes of evil as the press? Yet what is so precious to man?

Findley saw in a theatre regulated by government "a dangerous tool in its hands," forgetting that the people who created the ministers of government were the judges of the representations brought on the stage, and that such an engine in the hands of the government would be jealously watched by the people. A theatre directed by government would be attended by the best citizens; they would guarantee the purity of this source of instruction and delight, and the political impulse given must always accord with the opinion of the public; so must the laws of a state or they become nugatory. Findley concluded that the stage vitiated taste by representing unreal characters.

Clymer, in reply, said that "if the pieces represented are not immoral, the stage cannot be immoral." He asserted that, as the people of Europe had progressed in civilization and refinement, their plays had improved in purity.

Robert Morris asserted that all celebrated nations had "permitted the establishment of theatres, and that they had improved the manners of the people. The writers for the theatre have generally been men of extensive genius." He thought the lessons given to vice and folly salutary. He hoped to see American poets suiting plays to our times, characters and circumstances. "The taste and manners of a people," he said, "regulate the theatre; and the theatre has a reciprocal effect on the public taste and manners."

General Wayne said he thought the prohibition of plays during the war, by Congress, was an ill-judged measure, as plays might have been represented that would have stimulated to heroic actions. "A theatre," he continued, "in the hands of a republican government, regulated and directed by such, would be, instead of a dangerous instrument, a happy and efficient one."

Whitehill, in reply, repeated his opinion that the establishment of a theatre tended "directly to the encouragement of licentiousness."

Robert Morris, after some further remarks in favor of the stage, concluded by saying "in such large societies as are common in cities like this, people will find out amusements for themselves unless governments do it." He expressed his belief as before, that a regulated theatre improved morals.

General Wayne proposed that all plays previous to performance should be submitted to the executive council, which would be responsible to the people.

Clymer exposed the ignorance which asserted that the fine arts only flourished under despotism, or in the decline of liberty. He said, "Virgil and Horace lived before the republic was overthrown, and in Greece there was not a single author of eminence after the fall of republicanism."

Finally, the clause which prohibited the drama, as being one of the sources of vice and immorality, was rejected.

The First American Play.

The Contrast, a comedy in five acts, was performed on the 16th of April, 1786, being the first native dramatic work which had ever been presented on a regular stage by a regular company of comedians.

The author was Royal Tyler, a native of Massachusetts, a graduate of Harvard, and resident of Boston. He was a lawyer, and also served as an officer in suppressing Shay's insurrection. Besides this play, he wrote one entitled *May Day*, and several years later a popular farce, *The Georgia Spec, or Land in the Moon*. This was a satire on the rage then prevalent in the North for speculating in the lands of what was called the Yazoo purchase. He became involved in difficulties and settled in Vermont, at Brattleboro; grew up with the State, was elected to the bench, and ultimately became Chief Justice. He wrote a novel, *The Algerine Captives*, and various poems. He died in 1824.

The Contrast, from the dramatic standpoint, is not a very brilliant piece of work, but as the starting point of the American drama, it merits attention. It may be noted, however, that *The Prince of Parthia*, by Thomas Godfrey, was published in Philadelphia as early as 1767, after the death of the author. It had been offered to the American Company some years earlier, but was not performed.

The Contrast is extremely deficient in plot, dialogue and incident, but has some merit in the characters, and in that of Jonathan, played by Wignell, a degree of humor, and knowledge of what is termed Yankee dialect, which, in the hands of a favorite performer, was relished by an audience gratified by the appearance of a home production—a feeling soon exchanged for a most discouraging predilection for foreign articles, and contempt for literary home-made effort. The comedy was given by the author to Wignell, who published it in 1790, by subscription. It was somewhat coldly received; yet Jonathan the First has, perhaps, not been surpassed by any of his successors. He was the principal character; strictly speaking, the only character. The following is his description of a play-house in New York, and of the performance of *The School for Scandal* and *The Poor Soldier*:

Jenny.—So, Mr. Jonathan, I hear you were at the play last night.

Jonathan.—At the play! Why do you think I went to the devil's drawing-room?

Jenny.—The devil's drawing-room!

Jon.—Yes; why, ain't cards and dice the devil's device? And the play-house the shop where the devil hangs out the

vanities of the world upon the tenter-hooks of temptation? I believe you have not heard how they were acting the old boy one night, and the wicked one came among them sure enough, and went right off in a storm and carried one-quarter of the play-house with him. Oh, no, no, no! You won't catch me at a play-house, I warrant you.

To the question, "Where were you about six o'clock?" Jonathan replies:

Jon.—Why, I went to see one Mr. Morrison, the hocus-pocus man; they said as how he could eat a case-knife. As I was going about here and there to find the place, I saw a great crowd of folks going into a long entry that had lanterns over the door; so I asked a man if that was the place where they played hocus-pocus. He was a very civil kind of a man, though he did speak like the Hessians. He lifted up his eyes and said, "They play hocus-pocus tricks enough here, Got knows." So I went right in, and they showed me away clean up to the garret, just like a meeting-house gallery. And so I saw a power of topping folks, all sitting round in little cabins just like father's corn crib, and then there was such a squeaking of the fiddles, and such a tarnal blaze with the lights, my head was near turned. At length people that sat near me set up a hissing like so many mad cats, and then they went thump, thump, thump, just like our Peleg thrashing wheat, and stamped away just like the nation, and called out for one Mr. Langolee—I suppose he helps act the tricks.

Jenny.—Well, and what did you do all this time?

Jon.—Gor, I—I liked the fun, and so I thumped away and hissed as lustily as the best of them. One sailor-looking man that sat by me, seeing me stamp, and knowing I was a cute fellow, because I could make a roaring noise, clapped me on the shoulder and said, "You're a d——d hearty cock, smite my timbers!" I told him so I was, but he needn't swear so and make use of such wicked words.

Jenny.—Did you see the man with his tricks?

Jon.—Why, I vow, as I was looking out for him, they lifted up a great green cloth and let us look right into the next neighbor's house. Have you a good many houses in New York made in that 'ere way?

Jenny.—Not many. But did you see the family?

Jon.—Yes, swamp it, I seed the family.

Jenny.—Well, and how did you like them?

Jon.—Why, I vow they were very much like other families. There was a poor, good-natured curse of a husband, and a sad rantipole of a wife.

Jenny.—But did you see no other folks?

Jon.—Yes. There was one youngster, they called him Mr. Joseph; he talked as sober and pious as a minister, but, like some ministers that I know, he was a sly tike in his heart, for all that; he was going to ask a young woman to spark it with him, and—the Lord have mercy on my soul!—she was another man's wife.

Jenny.—And did you see any more folks?

Jon.—Why, they came on as thick as mustard. For my part, I thought the house was haunted. There was a soldier fellow who talked about his row-de-dow-dow and courted a young woman; but of all the cute folk I saw, I liked one little fellow—he had red hair and a little round, plump face like mine, only not altogether so handsome. His name was Darby—that was his baptizing name; his other name I forget. Oh! it was Wig—Wag—Wag—all—Darby Wagall—pray do you know him? I should like to take a sling with him, or a drop of cider with a pepper-pod in it, to make it warm and comfortable.

Jenny.—I can't say I have that pleasure.

Jon.—I wish you did; he's a cute fellow. But there was one thing I didn't like in that Mr. Darby, and that was, he was afraid of some of them 'ere shooting-irons, such as your troopers wear on training days. Now, I'm a true-born Yankee American son of liberty, and I never was afraid of a gun yet in all my life.

Jenny tells him he "was certainly at the play-house," and he cries:

Jon.—Marcy on my soul! Did I see the wicked players? Mayhap that 'ere Darby, that I liked so, was the old serpent himself, and had his cloven foot in his pocket. Why, I vow, now I come to think on't, the candle seemed to burn blue, and I'm sure, where I sat, it smelt.

III.

William Dunlap.

Before Lewis Hallam came to America in 1754, a few amateurs in Philadelphia and Boston had presented plays even in spite of local prohibitory laws. Hallam's troupe was the first to introduce professional acting, and it was well entitled to the name which it assumed—"The American Company." Their plays, however, were all imported from the London stage, and this continued to be the custom long after the political independence of the United States was established. There arose in due time a desire for plays of native authorship and of local interest. We have seen the first attempt to gratify this desire, and its partial success. But a more determined and persistent effort was made by William Dunlap, who has been honored by the title, "Father of the American Drama." His merit has been recognized by various historians of the stage, and has led to the formation of the Dunlap Society in New York, which has republished in limited editions the best of his plays and adaptations, besides various treatises relating to the origin and history of the American drama.

William Dunlap's father was of Irish birth and an

officer in the British army. After crossing the Atlantic with General Wolfe, he was wounded in the memorable attack on Quebec, and at the close of the war settled at Perth Amboy, New Jersey. Here his only son, William, was born on the 19th of February, 1766. In early boyhood he had access to a kind neighbor's well-stocked library, but the breaking out of the Revolutionary war interfered with his education. His father adhered to the king's cause, but took no active part in the struggle. He resided in New York city during most of its occupation by the British. When William was but twelve years old he lost his right eye by its being struck with a piece of wood while at play. For months he was prevented from using the remaining eye, but as soon as he was allowed, he devoted himself to drawing, for which he had early shown inclination. In 1784 he was sent to London to study painting under the distinguished Benjamin West, a native of Pennsylvania, who was then president of the Royal Academy. With this eminent preceptor he passed three years, and always spoke of him with high respect.

About the end of the summer of 1787, William Dunlap returned to his home in America. He himself frankly records that while abroad, from his eighteenth to his twenty-second year, a time of life fraught with danger and temptation, the theatre had been his delight. He had seen all the great performers then on the English stage, and as many plays as his finances permitted. Drury Lane, Covent Garden, the Haymarket and other theatres had been visited for the sake of the performances, and not as scenes of dissipa-

tion. He had seen all Shakespeare's acting plays and many others, especially the new pieces of the day, presented by the immediate successors and some of the contemporaries of Garrick.

Filled with these recollections, Dunlap first saw the American company on his return performing upon the stage where, as a boy, he had witnessed the representations of Shakespeare, Home and Cumberland by the officers of his Britannic majesty, during the intervals of their military exertions in suppressing what they termed the rebellion. He heard of the success of *The Contrast*, and although it was already put on the prompter's shelf or buried in the chest, the praises bestowed upon it lit up the inflammable material brought from abroad, and a comedy in five acts was written in a few weeks. A Yankee servant, a travelled American, an officer in the Revolutionary army, a fop, such as fops then were in New York, an old gentleman and his two daughters, one lively and the other serious, formed the dramatis personæ. The play was read to critics as young as the author, and praised to his heart's content. It has long been consigned to oblivion, and fortunately, as the writer confessed, no traces remain of its merits or demerits.

Having written a play, how was the author to approach those awful beings, the managers? He had never been behind the scenes of a theatre, and his ideas of managers were those formed from books; Garrick and Colman and Sheridan, the arbiters of the fate of authors, and famed themselves for wit and learning, investing all managers with a splendor little short of

regal dignity. He had not read that letter of Garrick to Colman, which says: "I know that fools may be, and that many fools have been, managers." Little did the young author know how much these redoubtable American kings wished for alliance with the citizens, and how gladly they would meet any overtures from the son of a merchant. In fact, he knew nothing of the theatre, its managers or its actors but the mere outside. As a medium of communication between the play-writer and the managers a man was pointed out who had for a time been of some consequence on the London boards, and now resided under another name in New York. This was the Dubellamy of the English stage, a first singer and walking gentleman. Though past his meridian, he was still a handsome man, and was sufficiently easy of access and full of the courtesy of the old school. A meeting was arranged at the City tavern, and a bottle of Madeira discussed with the merits of this first-born of a would-be author. The wine was praised, and the play was praised—the first, perhaps, made the second tolerable, for that must be good which can repay a man of the world for listening to an author who reads his own play, and unless the work has uncommon merit, the listener's task is a hard one. The play was read with good emphasis and discretion, in the reader's opinion, and apparently in that of the veteran Dubellamy. "It was excellent, wanted a little pruning, but far less than *She Stoops to Conquer*, when Goldsmith read it to us in the green-room." Surely, a delightful draught of flattery from one who had seen the author of *The Vicar of Wakefield*. The

comedy bore a mawkish title, *The Modest Soldier; or, Love in New York*.

An introduction to the managers was the next step; and a reading by appointment at Henry's house before Hallam, Henry and Mrs. Henry. The lady was polite, Henry complimented, Hallam was shy and silent. Henry being the acting manager, several interviews with him succeeded. On one occasion the author of the comedy, calling on him, was ushered into his chamber by Mrs. Henry, and found him extended on a field-bed and apparently unable to rise. His gigantic figure appeared larger than ever, his face was flushed with fever and the lower part covered with beard. His disease was gout, and he occasionally expressed his suffering, but spoke cheerfully, and even jocosely. The same evening he played the youthful lover in *The Clandestine Marriage*, and his morning visitor saw him in apparent health and elegantly appareled, while his brother manager, Hallam, a harlequin in activity, represented Lord Ogilby, a character he had seen performed by King at Drury Lane, and mimicked those twitches and excruciating pains which Henry, feeling in reality, covered with the mask of apparent ease and enjoyment. Such is a picture of theatrical life.

The comedy of the young author was accepted and cast, but after some delays, its appearance was, by agreement, deferred until the next winter, as the benefits were soon to commence, for the company was about to leave the city. The next season alterations were proposed and made to suit Mrs. Henry. But the bringing out was still put off, and it was only time

and experience that explained to the candidate for fame the mystery of his disappointment. There was no part suited to Henry, and he was the acting and very efficient manager. There was no part suited to his wife, and she was another efficient manager. The best man's part was intended for Wignell; the best woman's part was cast by the author for Mrs. Morris, as the representative of the lively comedy lady. The acting manager was jealous of and at variance with Hallam and Wignell, and Mrs. Morris was patronized by Wignell. These were mysteries unthought of by the young author, who, buoyed up by hope and expectation, anticipating the success of this much-praised comedy, proceeded to write a second, in which, without design, one part was suited to Henry, another did not displease his wife, and the lively lady was evidently inferior to the character assigned to the manager's lady. This second comedy was seized with avidity by Henry. The author was easily persuaded to let the second come out first, and the first was ultimately abandoned—no doubt a well-merited fate, the flattery of Dubellamy, Hallam and the rest notwithstanding.

The Father of an Only Child.

The second play was named *The Father* and was brought out in September, 1789. It had been studied carefully, was played correctly and received with great applause by the citizens. It was the first play performed by regular comedians which had come from the American press, was immediately reprinted in

Halifax, and some years afterward another edition was published, with the title enlarged by the words of *an Only Child*. The serious or pathetic parts received full support from Henry, who played the father, and from Mrs. Henry, who was the heroine. Wignell added to his reputation as a comic actor, and the play was performed until the benefits commenced, in about three weeks after its first appearance. The author made an attempt to soften the asperities which war had created, and to reconcile his countrymen to their British brethren. When secessions occurred in the ranks of the American company, including that of Wignell, who was the great favorite of the laughter-loving section, the piece was laid aside, never to be revived.

Short-lived as it was, *The Father of an Only Child* may claim attention as the first American play printed in New York that had been performed in a regular theatre, and the first performed of the many written by William Dunlap, whose name should be kept in lively remembrance by American lovers of the drama. Some account may therefore be given of the cast, the characters and their representatives.

Colonel Campbell, "the father of an only child," was played by Henry. The colonel, like several of our patriotic officers of 1775, is supposed to have been a physician before taking up the sword. When a student at Edinburgh, he had clandestinely married, lost his wife, and, when he returned home, left his only child with a friend, who had educated him and placed him in the British army under his own name. Campbell supposes he was killed at Bunker Hill, and now arrives

in New York to visit his two sisters and wards. Racket, played by Hallam, had married one of these sisters and is a dissipated man and a bad husband. In his house the scene lies, and the unities are fully observed. Rusport, played by Biddle, is an impostor, pretending to be an officer in the English army, but really the fugitive servant of Haller—Mr. Harper—who proves to be the son of the colonel, supposed to have fallen in battle. Tattle—Mr. Wignell—is the family physician and Marplot of the piece; Campley—Mr. Wools—is a companion of Haller's; Platoon—Mr. Ryan—is a kind of poor Corporal Trim to Colonel Campbell; Jacob—Mr. Lake—is a German soldier, left behind by the Hessians. Such are the males. Mrs. Racket, played by Mrs. Morris, encourages the addresses of Rusport in jest, and excites her husband's jealousy. Caroline—Mrs. Henry—had met Haller in Halifax, and been betrothed to him, and discovers to Campbell that his son was not killed at Bunker Hill, but is only lost to him by subsequent events, as is suspected by her. Mrs. Grenade—Mrs. Harper—and Susannah—Miss Tuke—thicken the plot and serve to unravel it. Haller detects his servant, discovers that he is somebody else and not himself, and is married to Caroline, and all the rest ends as a play should do.

John Henry was fully six feet in height, and had been uncommonly handsome. He played Othello better than any man had done before in America, though it is recorded that he wore the "uniform of a British general officer, his face black, and his hair woolly." This need not appear strange, for in 1786-7 John

Kemble, playing the Moor—with Mrs. Siddons as Desdemona—appeared in a military suit of scarlet and gold lace—coat, waistcoat and breeches; he wore white silk stockings, his face was black, and his hair, not woolly—but long and black, was queued in the military fashion of the day. Bensley played Iago, and very well, in a modern uniform of blue and red. Henry therefore dressed in the manner of his contemporaries, and was at that time a victim of the gout. His Irishmen were very fine, and he had great merit in serious and pathetic fathers. The *American Quarterly Review* thus speaks of the play: "The plot is sufficiently dramatic to carry on interest throughout; the characters are well drawn and well employed, and the dialogue possesses what is indispensable to genuine comedy, a brief terseness and unstudied ease."

A SCENE FROM DUNLAP'S PLAY.

Enter Dr. Tattle, to Racket, Mrs. Racket and Rusport.

Tattle.—Oh, Racket, my dear fellow, how d'ye do?

Racket.—So, another infernal coxcomb!

Tat.—What's the matter? You don't seem well. How d'ye do, ma'am? Your servant, sir. (To Rusport.) Racket, you have not introduced me to this gentleman.

Rack.—Captain Rusport, this is my friend Dr. Tattle.

Tat.—Yes, sir, Tattle—Terebrate Tattle, M.D.

Rack.—Doctor, this is Captain Rusport, just arrived in the last packet from Halifax.

Tat.—How d'ye do, sir? I'm very glad to see you, indeed. Very fine potatoes in Halifax. Racket! this way. Here, just come from abroad. You'll recommend me?

Rack.—If he wants a physician, I certainly will. (Half aside.) In the full hope that you will poison him.

Tat.—Thank you! thank you! Servant, ma'am. Fine weather, ha? A little rainy, but that's good for the country.

A fine season for coughs and colds, sir. (To Rusport.) Oh, Racket, my dear fellow, I had forgot that I heard of your accident. No great harm done, I perceive. What a tremendous fall you must have had, precipitated from the scaffolding of a three-story house, and your os parietale brought in contact with the pavement, while your heels were suspended in the air, entangled in a mason's ladder!

Rack.—Pooh! pooh! I broke my nose.

Tat.—Is that all? Why, I heard—so, so—only a contusion on the pons nasi. I was called up to a curious case last evening.

Rack.—Then I'm off.

(While Tattle is speaking, Racket goes, and Rusport and Mrs. Racket retire laughing.)

Tat.—Very curious case indeed. I had just finished my studies for the evening, smoked out my last cigar, and got comfortably in bed. Pretty late. Very dark. Monstrous dark. Cursed cold. Monstrous cold for the season. Very often the case with us of the faculty; called up at all times and seasons. Used to be so when I was in Paris. Called up one night to a dancing-master, who had his skull most elegantly fractured, his leg most beautifully broke, and the finest dislocation of the shoulder I ever witnessed. I soon put his shoulder in shape to draw the bow again, and his leg to caper to the sounds it might draw from his kit, violin or fiddle. As for his head, a dancing-master's head, ma'am (looking round), head, head. Oh, there you are, are you? I beg your pardon, I thought you were by me. (Following them.) So you see, ma'am, as I was saying, I was called up last night to witness the most curious case (They avoid him, he follows), curious case. The bone of the right thigh—— (Racket reënters.)

Rack.—So the doctor is at it still.

Tat.—Right thigh—— I am glad you have come to hear it, Racket. The bone of the right thigh, ma'am. (She turns away.) Curious case; the bone of the right thigh, captain.

Rusport.—You must have gained great credit by that cure, doctor.

Tat.—Cure, sir? What—oh, you mean the dancing-master! I can assure you, I am sought for. I have a pretty practice, considering the partiality of the people of this country for old

women's prescriptions: hoarhound, cabbage-leaves, robin-run-away, dandy-gray-russet and the like. A young man of ever so liberal and scientific an education can scarcely make himself known.

Mrs. Rack.—But you have made yourself known, doctor.

Tat.—Why, yes, ma'am. I found there were but two methods of establishing a reputation, made use of by our physicians; so, for fear of taking the wrong, I took both.

Mrs. Rack.—And what are they, doctor?

Tat.—Writing for the newspapers, or challenging and ~~can-~~ing all the rest of the faculty.

Rack.—These are methods of attaining notoriety.

Mrs. Rack.—Notoriety, let me tell you, is often a sure passport to wealth.

Tat.—Very true, ma'am; did I ever tell you—

Rack.—A man becomes notorious by actions which bring him to the pillory or the gallows.

Tat.—Very true, sir. You've heard me say, perhaps—

Mrs. Rack.—In that case the stock of notoriety acquired can be of little service, as the subject of it is launched into eternity before he has an opportunity of trading upon his capital.

Tat.—Very good, ma'am—capital! Did I ever— (She retires with Rusport.) Racket, did I ever tell you of the child that—

Rack.—That swallowed the pap-spoon? Yes, yes, you told me that.

Tat.—Pap-spoon? Swallowed? Pap-spoon? I never heard of such a case—and yet it might—and yet—no—no—I mean the case of the infant that broke—

Rack.—Yes, yes, you told me that.

Tat.—There is an Indian nabob just arrived who has a cursed cachectic habit—

Rack.—True, true; he has, he has. But doctor, how goes on your matrimonial negotiation?

Tat.—My landlady—

Rack.—Almost married, ha? Miss Gingham has consented?

Tat.—A clever old woman—good old soul.

Rack.—But you don't think of marrying her?

Tat.—Ha, ha! Good, good! Poor old soul, she is very much affected with——

Rack.—But Miss Gingham?

Tat.—Pshaw! What's Miss Gingham to a fine case of bilious fever?

The doctor having left them, it is observed that he had travelled France, Italy and Germany in pursuit of science.

Mrs. Rack.—But science travelled faster than he did, and cruelly eluded his pursuit. Poor doctor! The few ideas he has are always travelling post; his head is like New York on May Day—all the furniture wandering.

Reënter Tattle.

Tattle.—Racket, I forgot to tell you——

Mrs. Rack.—Could you not find my sister?

Tat.—I want to tell you, madam, of a monstrous mortification——

Rack.—Pooh, pooh! Nonsense! Is Caroline at home?

Tat.—Who? Oh! ah! I had forgot. I don't know. I'll tell you. I had ascended about half, perhaps two-thirds, of the staircase—case—— Did I tell you of the case of the——

Rack.—Nay, stick to the staircase.

Tat.—No. I must descend. I happened to think, without any apparent train of associated ideas leading to the thought, of an affair that happened last night—nay, you must listen—it's worth hearing. It's quite likely that I told you some time ago of my having employed a professor of the mechanical part of painting to delineate my name upon a black board to put over my door. By the bye, it's a very mistaken notion that the effluvia arising from the pigments used in this branch of painting——

Rack.—Nay, nay, the sign. It was painted and put over your door.

Tat.—And looked very well, too, didn't it? Very well, I assure you, captain. Terebrate Tattle, M.D. Large gold characters, well and legibly designated. This, striking the organ of

vision, or rather being impressed on the retina in an inverted position, like the figures in a camera obscura, and thence conveyed to the mind, denoted my place of residence. An ingenious device, and it answered my purpose. I got a case of polypuses by it immediately.

Rusp.—Pray, sir, what kind of instruments are they?

Tat.—Nay, sir, polypuses are——

Rack.—Nay, but, doctor, the sign.

Tat.—Ay. Right! Good! So, sir, it was displayed, to the ornament of the street and the edification of the passengers. Well, sir, last night—last night, sir, somebody or other took it down—took it down, sir, and nailed it over a duck coop. "Terebrate Tattle," say the gold letters; "Quack, quack, quack!" say the ducks. 'Twas illiberal, cursed illiberal!

But we must bid good-bye to rattlebrain Tattle, and turn to the grand figure of the day.

Washington at the Play.

When General Washington and his staff attended the theatre in Philadelphia, the play bespoke was usually *The Poor Soldier*. In this piece there was a comic character, that of Bagatelle, a Frenchman. The part of the stage Frenchman of the period was broadly played to ridicule the peculiarities of the nation, making him a ludicrous foil to the supposed manlier attributes of the conventional Briton, who had no eccentricities, was always a model of virtue and bravery, and could whip three Frenchmen with one hand. The Revolution had considerably modified American opinion of British perfection, and it is very interesting to read the following advertisement of the managers of the theatre, in which they bow to the protests of their

most influential patrons in suppressing this insult to our then allies:

"It is with real concern the subscribers learn that a character in *The Poor Soldier* has given umbrage to any frequenters of the theatre; it is both their duty and invariable study to please, not to offend, as a proof of which they respectfully inform the public they have made such alterations in the part alluded to as they trust will do away with every shadow of offense."

Wignell requested something from Dunlap for his benefit, soon to take place, and the character of Darby, in *The Poor Soldier*, in which he was extremely popular, suggested an interlude, in which Darby, after various adventures in Europe and the United States, returns to Ireland and recounts the sights he had seen. This trifle was called *Darby's Return*, and was for years very much in favor, being several times republished. The remembrance of the first performance was rendered doubly pleasing from the lively interest and pleasure with which it was witnessed by President Washington. When Wignell, as Darby, recounted what had befallen him in America, in New York, at the adoption of the Federal Constitution and the inauguration of the president, the interest expressed by the audience in the looks and changes of countenance of the great man became intense. He smiled at the following lines alluding to the change in the government:

There, too, I saw some mighty pretty shows:
A revolution without blood or blows,
For, as I understood, the cunning elves,
The people all revolted from themselves.

But at the lines—

A man who fought to free the land from woe,
Like me, had left his farm, a-soldiering to go;
But having gain'd his point, he had, like me,
Returned his own potato ground to see.
But there he could not rest. With one accord
He's called to be a kind of—not a lord—
I don't know what; he's not a great man, sure,
For poor men love him just as he were poor—
They love him like a father or a brother,
As we poor Irishmen love one another,

the president looked serious; and when Kathleen asked,

How looked he, Darby? Was he short or tall?

his countenance showed embarrassment, from the expectation of one of those eulogiums which he had been obliged to hear on many public occasions, and which must doubtless have been a severe trial to his feelings; but Darby's answer that he had not seen him, because he had mistaken a man "all lace and glitter, botherum and shine," for him, until all the show had passed, relieved the hero from apprehension of further personality, and he indulged in what was with him extremely rare—a hearty laugh.

Dunlap's Plays and Adaptations.

Dunlap's success in these plays brought him into the closest connection with the theatre. Other pieces, tragic and comic, from his pen were produced. In 1796 he became associated with Hallam and Hodgkinson in the management of the John Street theatre, New York.

In January, 1798, the company was transferred to the newly completed Park theatre, and soon after Dunlap became sole manager. On the 30th of March he produced a five-act tragedy in blank verse on the capture of Major André, which had temporary success.

The Park theatre reopened on the 18th of November, 1799, with the *Heir at Law* and the *Old Maid*, with the Hodgkinsons in the cast. But the ready Dunlap, as manager, soon proceeded to deluge the stage with his own plays and adaptations. Though some were fairly successful, he never won more than a transitory success; for he was rather a playwright or concocter of plays than a dramatist. First came a translation from the German of Kotzebue's *Self-Immolation, or Family Distress*. It failed, and it is mentioned here only as the occasion of Dykes' first appearance on the stage. Later he became one of the best comic actors of old men's parts, and was one of the pioneers of the drama in Ohio when that region was little more than a wilderness. More successful was *False Shame*, also adapted from the German. It was frequently played to well-filled houses, though its popularity was due less to the piece than to the excellent acting of Hodgkinson and Miss E. Westray. "Never," says the manager, "was part better suited to Mr. Hodgkinson than Erlach, and never was part better played."

After a few days' intermission, caused by the news of Washington's death, the manager brought out *The Robbers*, translated from Schiller, together with a monody composed by Charles Brockden Brown and delivered by Cooper. This was followed by a translation

called *The Wild Goose Chase*, which was afterward superseded by the English operetta *Of Age To-morrow*. Then came another adaptation from the German entitled the *Force of Calumny*, the last two meeting with success. A version of Kotzebue's *Count of Burgundy* received less favor than one of the *Virgin of the Sun*, by the same author. The latter preceded by several years the performance of Reynolds' more celebrated play of the same name at Covent Garden. Sheridan's *Pizarro, or the Death of Rolla*, which still holds possession of the boards, was first played in New York with great applause, Dunlap restoring the final scene as written by Kotzebue. For Mrs. Hodgkinson's benefit was given, for the first time, Kotzebue's drama of *The Corsicans, or the Dawnings of Love*, and for Dunlap's benefit, *Pizarro*, with the *Stranger's Birthday*—a sequel to the *Stranger*—for afterpiece. In the sketch Mrs. Hodgkinson's daughter was first presented to the public. In another benefit Mrs. Melmoth appeared as Mandane in Hoole's tragedy of *Cyrus*—its only performance in New York—followed by Dibdin's farce from Kotzebue entitled *The Horse and the Widow*. Miss E. Westray appealed to the public as the heroine in *Henry the Second and Fair Rosamond*. Dunlap's *Mysterious Monk* won a passing success.

Dunlap Quits the Stage.

For some years Dunlap conducted his theatre with spirit and intelligence, and kept up his translations from the German. Yet in February, 1805, he was driven to

bankruptcy. For a time he turned to portrait painting, but in 1806 he was called back to assist at the Park theatre, and remained in this connection five years. Dunlap's direct interest in the theatre ended before the war of 1812, but we add a brief outline of his subsequent career.

In 1814 he was made a paymaster of the New York militia, owing his appointment to the recommendation of Washington Irving. Afterward he returned to art, and painted large pictures, "Calvary" being original, and "Christ Rejected" an imitation of West's painting, based on a printed description. These pictures were exhibited in most of the cities and towns of the Union. Dunlap was the founder of the American Academy of Design in New York. He had already published biographies of the English actor George Frederick Cooke and the American novelist Charles Brockden Brown. In 1832 he issued his valuable *History of the American Theatre*, and in the following February he received the well-deserved tribute of a complimentary benefit at the Park theatre, which produced fully \$2,500. In that year he also published by subscription his entertaining, gossipy *History of the Arts of Design in America*. Both of these works abound in anecdote and information collected from original sources. To them all subsequent historians are indebted for matter which cannot be found elsewhere. Another entertaining work was called *Thirty Years Ago; or, The Memoirs of a Water Drinker*. It contains his recollections of the old Park theatre and of the actors associated with it, as well as other scenes in the history of New York. Later, Dun-

lap wrote a *History of New York for Schools*, in the old-fashioned form of a dialogue, bringing the account down only to the inauguration of Washington as president. This work he afterward elaborated on a larger scale, giving graphic pictures of manners and customs in the colonial and revolutionary periods. Soon after the completion of this work the veteran dramatist, artist and historian died, on the 28th of September, 1839.

Though not a great painter nor a great playwright, Dunlap earned the respect and kind regard of his contemporaries. There are on record sixty-five titles of plays written or translated by him; probably several more were lost, as he distributed the manuscripts freely. The value of his labors in promoting the drama in America has become more apparent in the lapse of time, and is now universally acknowledged. His histories are generous in tone, and entirely free from egotism, though he tells much of his own career in both branches of art. His criticisms on other artists and on actors are just and kindly. He delighted in presenting the picturesque scenes in the annals of old New York, and especially in connection with his beloved theatre.

An open-hearted, busy-minded man, facile in speech as with pen, Dunlap both created and rounded out an era in American dramatic literature which, without just such qualities as his, would have been tame and inconsequential. He thrust a spirit into his time which greatly enlivened it, and then with the fidelity of a true artist he reflected it in his works, so as to make reversion to it a pleasure and profit that, instead of diminishing, constantly enhance as the years go by.

must note with favor how maturity of years deepened and intensified his efforts. His skill with the brush was directed more and more to larger and more serious subjects, and his pen kept even pace with this turn by employment in the grave matters of history and in the educational affairs of his day. Thus he was a useful man of his community, as well as a source of admiration for his own and after time.

Any reader of his productions, any student of his art,

IV.

The Last Decade of the Eighteenth Century.

In 1750 the legislature of Massachusetts, roused by the attempts of some amateurs at theatrical performances, had passed a stringent prohibitory law against such scandalous proceedings. But in Boston there were many citizens of more liberal spirit. In 1790 the persevering manager, the second Lewis Hallam, petitioned for a repeal of the old law, but in vain. In the next year the selectmen of Boston, after debating a similar petition, instructed their representatives in the legislature to endeavor to procure a repeal. The subject came up in the lower branch in January, 1792, and a committee reported that a repeal was not expedient. In spite of strenuous effort, this report was adopted. Then the wily Hallam adopted new tactics. An exhibition-room was opened in which rope-dancing and gymnastics of various kinds were performed. Soon announcement was made of "A moral lecture, in five parts, in which the dreadful effects of conspiracy will be exemplified." This was a mere cover for the performance of Otway's *Venice Preserved*. Other moral lectures or dialogues followed, which included *Hamlet* and *Romeo and Juliet*.

Finding that, in spite of the law, the drama was bound to come in with favor of the people, the legislature yielded and repealed the old statute. The Federal Street theatre was accordingly built, and was opened on February 4, 1794, with a prologue written by Thomas Paine, the son of Robert Treat Paine, one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence. A gold medal had been offered for the best literary effort, and as this prologue was the beginning of the regular drama in Boston, an extract from it may not be out of place. It was spoken by the manager, Charles Powell, one of several actors who, while the old law was in force, had been giving so-called moral lectures on *Jane Shore*, *Douglas* and *The School for Scandal*.

When first o'er Athens learning's dawning ray
Gleamed the dim twilight of the Attic day,
To charm, improve, the hours of state repose,
The deathless father of the drama rose,
No gorgeous pageantry adorned the show;
The plot was simple, and the scene was low.
Without the wardrobe of the Graces, dressed;
Without the mimic blush of art, caressed;
Heroic virtue held her throne secure,
For vice was modest, and ambition poor.

But soon the Muse, by nobler ardors fired,
To loftier heights of scenic verse aspired.
From useful life her comic fable rose,
And curbless passions formed the tale of woes;
For daring Drama heav'n itself explored,
And gods descending trod the Grecian board,
Each scene expanding through the temple swelled,
Each bosom acted what each eye beheld.
Warm to the heart, the chymic fiction stole,
And purged by moral alchemy the soul.

Hence artists graced and heroes nerved the age,
The sons or pupils of a patriot stage.
Hence in this forum of the virtues fired,
Hence in this school of eloquence inspired,
With bolder crest the dauntless warrior strode;
With nobler tongue the ardent statesman glowed;
And Athens reigned Minerva of the globe,
First in the helmet, fairest in the robe;
In arms she triumphed, as in letters shone,
Of taste the palace, and of war the throne.
But lo! where, rising in majestic flight,
The Roman eagle sails th' expanse of light!
His wings, like heaven's vast canopy, unfurled,
Spread their broad plumage o'er the subject world.
Behold! he soars where golden Phœbus rolls,
And, perching on his car, o'erlooks the poles.

The globe half ravaged by the storm of war,
The gates of Greece admit the victor's car;
Chained to his wheels is captive science led,
And taste transplanted blooms at Tiber's head.
O'er the rude minds of empire's hardy race
The opening pupil beamed of lettered grace:
With charms so sweet the houseless drama smiled,
That Rome adopted Athens' orphan child.
Fledged by her hand, the Mantuan Swan aspired;
Awed by her power, e'en Pompey's self retired;
Sheathed was the sword by which a world had bled;
And Janus blushing to his temple fled;
The globe's proud butcher grew humanely brave;
Earth stanch'd her wounds, and ocean hushed his wave.
At length, like huge Enceladus depressed,
Groaning with slavery's mountain on their breast,
The supine nations struggled from disgrace,
And Rome, like Ætna, tottered from her base.

Thus set the sun of intellectual light,
And, wrapt in clouds, lower'd on the Gothic night.
Dark gloomed the storm—the rushing torrent poured,
And wide the deep Cimmerian deluge showered;

E'en learning's loftiest heights were covered o'er,
 And seas of dullness rolled without a shore;
 Yet, ere the surge Parnassus' top o'erflowed,
 The banished muses fled their blest abode.
 Frail was their ark, the heaven-topped seas to brave,
 The wind their compass and their helm the wave;
 No port to cheer them, and no star to guide,
 From clime to clime they roved the billowy tide;
 At length by storms and tempests wafted o'er,
 They found an Ararat on Albion's shore.

Yet long so sterile proved the ravaged age,
 That scarcely seemed to vegetate the stage;
 Nature, in dotage, second childhood mourned,
 And to her infant cradle had returned.
 But hark! her mighty rival sweeps the strings!
 Sweet Avon, flow not!—'tis thy Shakespeare sings!
 With Blanchard's wings in fancy's heaven he soars;
 With Herschel's eye another world explores;
 Taught by the tones of his melodious song,
 The scenic muses tuned their barbarous tongue;
 With subtle powers the crudest soul refined,
 And warmed the Zembla of the frozen mind.
 The world's new queen, Augusta, owned their charms,
 And clasped the Grecian nymphs in British arms.
 Then shone the drama with imperial art,
 And made a promise of the human heart.
 What nerve of verse can sketch the ecstatic view,
 When she and Garrick sighed their last adieu!
 Description but a shadow's shade appears,
 When Siddons looks a nation into tears.

* * * * *

Ye lovely fair, whose circling beauties shine
 A radiant galaxy of charms divine;
 Whose gentle hearts those tender scenes approve,
 Where pity begs, or kneels adoring love;
 Ye sons of sentiment, whose bosom fire
 The song of pathos and the epic lyre;
 Whose glowing souls with tragic grandeur rise,
 When bleeds a hero or a nation dies;

And ye, who throned on high a synod sit,
 And rule the lofty atmosphere of wit;
 From whom a flash of comic lightning draws
 A bursting thunder-clap of loud applause:
 If here those eyes, whose tears, with peerless sway,
 Have wept the vices of an age away;
 If here those lips, whose smiles, with magic art,
 Have laughed the foibles from the cheated heart;
 On mirth's gay cheek can one gay dimple light;
 In sorrow's breast one passioned sigh excite;
 With nobler streams the buskin's grief shall fall;
 With pangs sublimer throb this breathing wall;
 Thalia, too, more blithe, shall trip the stage,
 Of care the wrinkles smooth, and thaw the veins of age.

And now, thou dome, by Freedom's patrons reared,
 With beauty blazoned and by taste revered;
 Apollo consecrates thy walls profane—
 Hence be thou sacred to the Muses' reign:
 In thee three ages shall in one conspire;
 A Sophocles shall swell his chastened lyre;
 A Terence rise, in native charms serene;
 A Sheridan display the perfect scene—
 And Athens, Rome, Augusta, blush to see
 Their virtues, beauty grace, all shine—combined in Thee.

* * * * *

This splendid poetic and historical defense of the drama was an auspicious welcome to the home of the Puritans. The author was then in his twenty-first year and a graduate of Harvard college. When he received his degree of A. M. in the following year he delivered another fine poem on *The Invention of Letters*. At the theatre he had not only won the prize for his prologue, but had fallen in love with Miss Baker, a member of Hallam's company, then but sixteen years of age. His father objected to the match, and the young couple

waited a year before being married. The father did not relent until some years had passed. In the meantime the son was "master of ceremonies" at the theatre. But in 1798 this first Boston playhouse was destroyed by fire. Another theatre was built on the site the next year. Paine wrote other prologues and poems which brought substantial pecuniary returns.

As his productions became more widely known, he was vexed to find himself confounded in public opinion with the more noted Thomas Paine, whose patriotic pamphlet, *The Crisis*, had been highly praised by the leaders of the American Revolution, and whose *Age of Reason* was later denounced for its infidelity. The Boston Paine had to share some of his namesake's reproach, and resented the imputation of principles which he abhorred. He therefore applied to the legislature of Massachusetts for a change of appellation, on the plea that he unfortunately had no Christian name, and the General Court bestowed on him his father's honored name, which he bore henceforth with the addition of Junior, and on which he conferred new lustre. Unfortunately, his convivial habits prevented the permanent success which his genius might have won.

His earliest ode, *Rise, Columbia*, was written in the same year as his first prologue, but is less known than its merits deserve. We quote a single verse:

RISE, COLUMBIA.

When first the sun o'er ocean glowed,
And earth unveiled her virgin breast,
Supreme 'mid nature's vast abode
Was heard the Almighty's dread behest:
Rise, Columbia, brave and free,
Poise the globe and bound the sea.

Perhaps this poetical hyperbole was too bold for pious New Englanders. Much more successful was his spirited ode written in 1798, when the whole country was agitated at the prospect of a war with France, which had abolished monarchy and started a propaganda of republicanism in Europe. Public opinion in the United States was greatly divided on the question of aiding France in its struggle for liberty. That nation was striving to destroy Great Britain's supremacy on the sea, and resented the policy of strict neutrality which President Adams was pursuing on the lines laid down by Washington. Paine's new song of *Adams and Liberty* was eagerly taken up, and became a favorite with the Federal party. Of it we quote also the opening stanza:

ADAMS AND LIBERTY.

Ye sons of Columbia, who bravely have fought
 For those rights which unstained from your sires had descended,
 May you long taste the blessings your valor has bought,
 And your sons reap the soil which your fathers defended;
 'Mid the reign of mild peace,
 May your nation increase,
 With the glory of Rome and the wisdom of Greece;
 And ne'er shall the sons of Columbia be slaves,
 While the earth bears a plant or the sea rolls its waves.

This song was so well received that Paine obtained from it about eleven dollars a line. It is said that when he showed it to a friend, Major Ben Russell, at whose house he was a guest, he was told that it had not been made as effective as it could be, inasmuch as there was no mention of Washington in it. Russell

declared that the young poet must improve it, and that he should have no wine until he had done so. Paine, put upon his mettle, anxious to quench his thirst, and with the sideboard in view, immediately dashed off a stanza which the public afterward regarded as the best in the poem:

Should the tempests of war overshadow our land,
Its bolts could ne'er rend Freedom's Temple asunder;
For unmoved at its portal would Washington stand,
And repulse with his breast the assault of the thunder.
His sword from the sleep
Of its scabbard would leap
And conduct with its point every flash to the deep;
For ne'er shall the sons of Columbia be slaves
While the earth bears a plant, or the sea rolls its waves.

There were nine stanzas altogether of this patriotic ode, making it too burdensome to the memory of the average citizen, however much he might approve its sentiments. Yet the sale of it is reported to have yielded the author a profit of more than \$750. But still greater were his receipts from his poem on *The Ruling Passion*, delivered before the Phi Beta Kappa Society in 1797, its publication bringing him fully \$1,200. Similar pecuniary success attended Paine's orations, which obtained also the praise of Washington and other leading men of the nation. His attempts at journalism, however, ended in failures, and his law practice was interrupted by his fondness for the theatre, and for other pleasures at variance with the close study, agreeable office consultations, and those larger and more exacting court duties which are indispensable, if success at the bar is the end in view. This brilliant writer, whose

career did not fulfill the promise of his early efforts, died in 1811, leaving his three children to the care of his father.

Hail, Columbia!

As the origin of one popular American ode has been noted, still more does that of the truly national song deserve to be recorded in the history of the American drama. It was produced at the same time and from the same cause as the other, yet the story of its origin is more dramatic. Congress was in session in Philadelphia in the summer of 1798, and was deliberating upon the question of open war with France, since acts of hostility had already occurred. Both France and England, then furiously at war, had violated the rights of the neutral Americans, who profited by the strife. Party spirit rose very high, both within Congress and among the people.

At this critical time the Philadelphia theatre on Chestnut street was open and was attended by adherents of both sides. One of the actors, who had talent as a singer, was to have a benefit, and, according to the custom then prevailing, had taken twenty boxes, which his friends were expected to fill. As a special attraction he wished to announce a new song. The talent of the theatrical company had been unable to furnish one to the tune of the "President's March," and had, in fact, pronounced the feat impossible. The actor, however, called on Joseph Hopkinson, who had been his school-mate and was then a rising lawyer, and asked his help

in this emergency. His father, Francis Hopkinson, had, during the Revolution, entertained the American patriots with the humorous ballad of *The Battle of the Kegs*, in derision of the British troops then occupying Philadelphia. The actor hoped that the learned son might succeed in composing a patriotic song suited to new circumstances. Hopkinson kindly consented to try, and had *Hail, Columbia!* ready the next day. It was announced on Monday morning, and that night the theatre was crowded to excess. So it continued to be, night after night, for the rest of the season. The song was encored and repeated many times each night, the audience heartily joining in the chorus. The author had carefully avoided alluding to either France or England, and had endeavored to arouse a truly American spirit above and beyond the passions and policy of partisans. Hence the song found favor with the men of both parties. All approved its sentiments, and the patriotic feelings of every American heart responded to its lines. The success of the song was not confined to the time and place of its origin. It has been adopted by the entire nation and carried to the remotest parts of the world. For it America is indebted to a Philadelphia theatre and a Philadelphia lawyer.

Hopkinson was not a votary of the muse; he remained faithful to his profession, in which he attained the highest distinction, being engaged in cases of national importance. He served two terms in Congress, and in 1828 was appointed by President John Quincy Adams judge of the United States District Court, to which office his father had been chosen on the organization of

the national judiciary in 1789. Judge Joseph Hopkinson was a patron of education and the founder of the Philadelphia Academy of the Fine Arts. He died in January, 1842. His name has been immortalized by his friendly contribution to the benefit of an actor.

The First Joseph Jefferson.

This chapter cannot be closed properly without noting the arrival of the first of a family whose name is inseparably connected with the drama in America. Even he was not its earliest representative on the stage, for his father, Thomas Jefferson, born in Yorkshire, England, about 1728, had won a fair reputation in England and had been associated with Garrick, whose style of acting he adopted and maintained with dignity. The son, Joseph Jefferson, was born at Plymouth, England, in 1774, and early acted in the theatre of that town. He was invited by Charles Stuart Powell to come to Boston and assist in the new theatre. Accordingly, in 1795, this young man crossed the Atlantic to win affection and popularity in the New World. Arriving at Boston, he found the management of the theatre in strange hands and his services not required. But he made the acquaintance of Hodgkinson and Hallam, who had come over from New York in November, 1795, for a season, and was allowed to appear as one of the witches in *Macbeth*. His first important appearance in New York was at the John Street theatre, on February 10, 1796, when he represented Squire Richard in *The Provoked Husband*. William Dunlap thus describes Joseph Jefferson

at that time: "Of a small and light figure, well formed, with a singular physiognomy, a nose perfectly Grecian, and blue eyes full of laughter, he had the faculty of exciting mirth to as great a degree by power of feature, although handsome, as any ugly-featured low comedian ever seen." Dunlap gives a little story about his vigorous personation of characters. A baker, named Miller, had undertaken to play Clement in *The Deserted Daughter*. Clement is the clerk of the attorney, Item, represented by Jefferson. "Worked up to a phrensy of feigned passion, Jefferson, a small-sized man, seized Miller by the breast, and, while uttering the language of rage, shook him violently. Miller, not aware that he was to be treated so roughly, was at first astonished; but as Jefferson continued shaking, and the audience laughing, the young baker's blood boiled, and, calling on his physical energies, he seized the comedian with an Herculean grasp, and violently threw him off. Certainly, Miller never played with so much spirit or nature on any subsequent occasion."

Jefferson continued at the John Street theatre for nearly two years, and then went to the Park, when it opened on January 29, 1798, under Dunlap's management. As chief comedian, he received a salary of \$23 a week, which in the next season was increased to \$25. This was the salary, also, of Hallam and Cooper, the chief tragedians. Jefferson married Euphemia Fortune, daughter of his landlady, and William Warren, who came from England in 1796, and was destined to an active part in American theatricals, married her sister Esther. Mrs. Jefferson made her début on the stage at

the Park on December 22, 1800, appearing as Louisa Dudley in Cumberland's *West Indian*. When Dunlap, in December, 1798, produced *The Stranger* for the first time in America, he had actually not seen Kotzebue's German original, but had obtained from London a sketch of the plot and part of the dialogue. On this basis he built up a play in which Cooper finely personated the Stranger, Jefferson made a hit as Peter, and Mrs. Barrett was powerful as Mrs. Haller. So great was the success of the piece, that Dunlap immediately set to work to master the German language, and was thus enabled to keep his stage well supplied with novelties which won the favor of the people in New York and elsewhere.

John Hodgkinson, another English actor who came to America by the invitation of Henry, Hallam's partner, was superior even to Jefferson in low comedy. He became one of the managers of the John Street theatre in 1794, and held the position four years. Then he joined Jefferson in the Park, and afterward acted in the chief cities along the Atlantic coast. Bernard, in his *Early Days of the American Stage*, praises Hodgkinson for his versatility. "In the whole range of the living drama there was no variety of character that he could not perceive and embody, from a Richard or a Hamlet down to a Shelty or a Sharp. . . . Hodgkinson had one gift that enlarged his variety beyond all competition: he was also a singer, and could charm you in a burletta, after thrilling you in a play; so that through every form of the drama he was qualified to pass. . . . He was tall and well proportioned, though inclining to

be corpulent, with a face of great mobility, that showed the minutest change of feeling, whilst his voice, full and flexible, could only be likened to an instrument that his passions played on at pleasure." The reader will find in our next chapter Washington Irving's less favorable criticism of this comedian and his antics. Hodgkinson's brief but brilliant career was terminated by yellow fever, near Washington, in September, 1805. He was but thirty-eight years old.

V.

The Opening of the Nineteenth Century.

A review of the plays performed at the theatres in the Eastern and Southern states about 1800 gives interesting results. We find represented the tragedies, historical dramas and the comedies of Shakespeare, which were always in demand. The programme of the New York season of 1801-2 (which was interrupted by an epidemic of yellow fever), included *Lovers' Vows*, *Fortune's Frolic*, Colman's *Poor Gentleman*, *A Cure for Heartache*. Colman's operatic romance of *Blue Beard* drew a house of \$1,090 one night in 1803. (A musical and spectacular piece of the same name has been the most popular play in New York in the season of 1903). Dibdin's *Il Bondocani*, afterwards called *The Caliph of Bagdad*, was for a long time the favorite stock piece. Dr. Stock, an Englishman, produced a play in Philadelphia, called *A Wedding in Wales*. *Douglas* was a favorite tragedy. Kotzebue's plays, translated by Dunlap and others, were included in most repertories. *The School for Scandal*, *The Voice of Nature* and the American piece, *The Italian Father*, were popular attractions, except that the latter

was coldly received when it was announced to be a native production, it having been at first taken for a foreign piece. A similar fate at first befel the American play, *Conceit Can Cure*, but its merits ultimately turned the verdict.

The Philadelphia season opened with a series of pieces, of which one proved exceptionally successful. These were the opera of the *Blind Girl*, the *Tale of Mystery*, *House to Be Sold*, *Hear Both Sides*, *Hero of the North*, *Blue Devils*, *John Bull* and many smaller pieces. The success of the last play was extraordinary, notwithstanding its local character and title. Such was the doubt as to its reception by the American public, that Wignell's agent in England, from whom it was received, apologized for sending the manuscript, "fearing that it would prove a useless expense, as the character and title of the piece would present an unsurmountable objection to it." The play was acted with universal applause under its proper name of *John Bull*, or *an Englishman's Fireside*, not with the timid alteration, *An Honest Man's Fireside*, adopted in some theatres. This admirable comedy long remained one of the favorites on the list. It is known that Colman received the large sum of £1,000 for it, retaining at the same time certain reserved privileges as to its publication, though these did not benefit him until some time later.

Other attempts at dramatic creation were occasionally fortunate, or unfortunate, enough to get a hearing in these years, but few had any success. Of the better ones some idea may be gained from the following passages from letters to William B. Wood, written at his

request by I. N. Barker, a prominent dramatist of the time.

Barker's Dramatic Reminiscences.

Says Barker: "Very early in life I began a play of three acts, with a marquis and some banditti in it. Cervantes furnished the plot, and it was to be called the *Spanish Rover*. This was in the year 1804. The fate of the one act, which was completed, will be seen hereafter.

"In the next year I wrote a masque entitled *America*, a brief, one-act piece, consisting of poetic dialogue, and sung by the Genius of America, Science, Liberty, and attendant spirits, after the manner of the masque in *The Tempest*. It was to close a drama I had projected on the adventures of Captain Smith in Virginia, in the olden-time. The drama, however, when completed, was found sufficiently long without it, and the masque was laid aside.

"*Attila*, a tragedy suggested by Gibbon, was commenced about this period, and nearly two acts were written. Should I ever be tempted to do anything more in the dramatic way, it will be to finish *Attila*; for he is certainly an excellent stage personage. I was, a year or two ago, on the point of bringing him forward for Forrest, when I was informed that Stone had an *Attila* almost ready for the stage; he since tells me that he has laid it up in lavender. When I commenced, I had no idea that this hero had ever been, or could ever be, thought of by a dramatist, and behold, Corneille and Schiller have each written an *Attila*; Stone had almost

finished another, and just as I had determined to go at it, forth comes an *Attila* in London, which, however, is said to be a dull piece of work. But you must yourself have been the victim of these odd coincidences, and just as you had fixed upon a subject or title, found yourself superseded—a thing next in atrocity to the ancients' stealing all one's fine thoughts. My comedy of *Tears and Smiles* was to be called *Name It Yourself*, when out comes a *Name It Yourself* in England, and out comes also a *Smiles and Tears*, with a widow, an Irishman, and almost all my dramatis personæ. I write the *Indian Princess*, and an *Indian Princess* appears in England. Looking over the old English dramatists, I am struck with the *Damon and Pythias* of Edwards as a subject, but am scarcely set down to it, when lo, the modern play in London; and what is worse, with the fine part of Pythias absolutely transformed into a snivelling fellow, who bellows like a calf at the prospect of dying for his friend. Wallace was purloined from me in like manner, and several other heroes. At length I fixed upon Epaminondas, as a learned Theban of so philosophical a cast that even the French had not thought of him for the boards. I form my plot, and begin con amore, when I am told that Doctor Bird has written a *Pelopidas* and an *Epaminondas*, comprehending the whole life of the latter.

Tears and Smiles.

"Tears and Smiles, a comedy in five acts, was written between the 1st of May and the 12th of June, 1806.

The idea of writing it was suggested at a dinner of the Fishing Company, at their ancient castle on the Schuylkill, on which august occasion you were yourself a guest. The topic happened to be Breck's *Fox Chase*, which had been first acted on the preceding night. Manager Warren, who was present, asked me to enter the lists as a dramatist, and Jefferson put in for a Yankee character. By-the-way, such a Yankee as I drew! I wonder what Hackett would say to it! The truth is, I had never seen a Yankee at the time. You may have forgotten all this; and also that in walking home, when I ventured to hint to you that I had already written a dramatic piece, you very frankly advised me to throw it into the fire, remarking that the first attempts of young dramatists were never fit to be seen, and always made their authors ashamed. When I got home, determined to obey the injunction of the oracle, I took up the mask 'with zeal to destroy.' But, no: I could not immolate liberty, science, peace, plenty, nay, my country, America—and so saved my conscience by bringing the *Spanish Rover*, robbers and all, to the stake, a fate which, I dare say, they richly deserved.

"*Tears and Smiles* was cast with the whole strength of the company: Warren, Wood, Cain, Jefferson, Blissett, Mills, McKenzie, Bray; and Mesdames Melmoth, Wood, Woodham, Francis, Jefferson. It was first acted March 4th, 1807, to a brilliant audience, and with complete success. Notwithstanding, I must confess that one of the deities of the gallery, where I had ensconced me, went to sleep in the second act. Nay, others appeared likely to follow his example during the sentimental

dialogue, and were perhaps only kept awake by the expectation of seeing 'that funny fellow, Jeff, again.' Never did I hail a 'funny fellow' with so much glee as on that eventful night. The prologue was kindly undertaken by Wood, who began in his most lofty manner—

With swelling port, imperious and vain,

and there he stopped, at a dead fault. After in vain endeavoring to recall what was to follow, he addressed the audience: 'Upon my soul, ladies and gentlemen, I am so unaccustomed to this kind of speaking, that I must beg,' etc., etc., etc., this in his peculiar jaunty way, and with his usual happy effect.

"The piece was announced for repetition; on the next night the author was 'trotted out,' and ambled through the lobbies and boxes, and the booksellers made proposals. What a triumph for a tyro! I gave the copyright to Blake, who transferred it to Longworth.

"On the second night, being in the green-room, several of the ladies complained, on coming off, that they were put out in their parts by loud and impertinent remarks from one of the stage boxes. My course was instantly adopted. I went round to the box, and calling out one of the gentlemen, made such an expostulation as had the desired effect. The conduct of those persons had been so flagrantly indecent as to draw upon them sounds of disapprobation from several parts of the house. There were certain witlings about town—Samuel Ewing, a lawyer, was one—who, induced by the reputation the piece had gained on the first night,

to lay aside their habitual apathy toward American productions, were now aroused only to malignant feelings, as I was neither politically nor socially of their set.

The Embargo.

"The Embargo; or, What News?" liberally borrowed from Murphy's *Upholsterer*, was prepared for Blissett's benefit, on the 16th of March, 1808. The subject of an embargo, then existing, was rather ticklish, and some of the patriotic sentiments were somewhat coldly received by a portion of the audience; but the majority were of the right feeling, and bore me triumphantly through. Very much to their credit, several of our merchants were distinguished for the applause they bestowed. Blissett took the piece to Baltimore, where it was performed, and whence it was sent, at the request of Bernard, to Boston. It was never printed.

The Indian Princess.

"The Indian Princess, in three acts, founded on the story of Captain Smith and Pocahontas, begun some time before, was taken up in 1808, at the request of Bray and worked up into an opera, the music to which he composed. It was first performed for his benefit to a crowded house; but Webster, then particularly obnoxious, having a part in it, a tremendous tumult took place, and it was barely heard. I was on the stage, and directed the curtain to be dropped. It has since been frequently acted in nearly all the theatres of the United

States. A few years since I observed in an English magazine a critique on a drama called *Pocahontas; or, The Indian Princess*, produced at Drury Lane. From the sketch given, this piece differs essentially from mine in the plan and arrangement; and yet, according to the critic, they were indebted for this very stupid production 'to America, where it is a great favorite, and is to be found in all printed collections of stock plays.' The copyright of *The Indian Princess* was also given to Blake, and transferred to Longworth. It was printed in 1808 or 1809. George Washington Custis, of Arlington, has written a drama on the same subject.

Marmion.

"*Marmion*, from Scott's poem, was finished early in 1812, at the special request of Wood. *The Chronicles* of Holinshed supplied me with several characters, and particularly with a good speech for King James, in which a close parallel is run between the conduct of England to Scotland, and, by allusion, to this country. As it was intended by Wood and Cooper that *Marmion* should come out as an English play, I was fearful this 'one speech' might unkennel the occult design, but they declared it must remain as a powerful 'touch at the times;' and remain it did, and was always effective. A London critic, in *The Opera Glass*, quotes it, with the remark that it must have had a powerful effect when uttered on our stage at the period when hostilities were about commencing; it is also quoted with approval by a critic in the *American Quarterly Review*. *Marmion*

was first acted in New York, in April, 1812. Cooper announced it as a play by Thomas Morton, author of *Columbus*, etc.; this was audacious enough in all conscience, but the finesse was successful, and a play, probably otherwise destined to neglect, ran like wildfire through all the theatres. The war intervening, *Marmion* went unpublished until it was printed by Palmer in Philadelphia.

"Talking of coincidences, on the very day I sent *Marmion* to New York, I received a note from a Mrs. Ellis, who had furnished the Olympic theatre with several pieces, begging me to furnish a newspaper puff for a drama, *Marmion*, she was about producing.

"*The Armorer's Escape; or, Three Years at Nootka Sound*, a melodramatic sketch, in two acts, founded on the adventures of John Jewitt, armorer of the ship *Boston*, was first acted in Philadelphia, March 24th, 1817. Jewitt performed the hero himself, and has the only copy of the piece.

"*How to Try a Lover*, a comedy in three acts, suggested by some passages in a whimsical novel of Le Brun's, and introducing the novelty, as I then thought it, of the *Court of Love* to the stage. The play was written in 1817, and was announced. Why it was not acted, I am unable to say, as it was the only drama I have written with which I was satisfied."

Isaac Harby.

Alberti, a once popular tragedy in five acts, written for Cooper and first acted at Charleston in 1818, was

from the pen of Isaac Harby, who was also the author of *Alexander Severus* and the tragedy of the *Gordian Knot*. Like other dramatists, Harby had his full share of troubles. Placide, the manager of the Charleston theatre, said to Harby, after attempting a perusal of the manuscript of *Alberti*, "De Angleese was not very coot, and de play and de incidents were outré bad—vera; and he must write something to catch de people. Mr. Harby vish to write like de Shakespeare man, one great big genius, eh! by gar!" Elsewhere, and especially in New York, the play was successful, for it is a beautiful piece of classical composition. Its purpose was the vindication of the character and conduct of Lorenzo de Medici from the calumnies of Alfieri. George Washington Harby, simply a namesake, was the author of the *Battle of Saratoga*, *Mohammed*, *Nick of the Woods* and other successful pieces.

Very popular was F. Haynes' three-act drama of *Lucretia Borgia*, arranged for the stage by James Rees. It is a free translation from Victor Hugo, and abounds with all the wild imaginings of the author, as well as the horrid facts which history records. Haynes also translated from the French the *Iron Mask*.

Ingersoll's "*Edwy and Elgiva*."

Charles J. Ingersoll, a congressman and distinguished member of the Philadelphia bar, produced a tragedy in five acts, entitled *Edwy and Elgiva*, founded on incidents in early English history. It was performed with marked success in Philadelphia, Mrs. Merry, to whom

the play was dedicated, taking the part of Elvira. He was also the author of *Julian the Apostate* and other works of considerable merit. He was a man of extensive learning and of a shrewd, quick and searching wit, which, together with his great skill in debate, made his speeches highly effective. The following extract is from *Julian*, where Zopyrus, after being detected as a spy, and attempting to assassinate the emperor, is pardoned, and thus defies him:

Tormentor of mankind—my country's plague,
Ambition's toy and superstition's fool,
Fit archetype of overreached Rome,
With fame inebriate and begrimed with gore,
Commenting the vainglorious pyramid
Which lifts the iron sceptre high above
The prostrate nations trodden down by thee—
Here, to thy beard, I vow that bloody hate,
That national and everlasting hate
Which Persians with their mothers' milk imbibe—
Which in my bones a marrow thrills against thee.

A Prolific Playwright.

J. S. Jones, a Bostonian actor and dramatist, at one time manager of the Tremont theatre, was the author of more than sixty fairly successful, though not popular, plays. Among them were the prize drama of *The Wheelwright* and *The Green Mountain Boy*.

The First Washington Theatre.

In the spring of 1800, Wignell received a pressing request to establish a theatre at the new city of Wash

ington; and to facilitate this purpose, a building was offered in every way suitable, situated nearly in the centre of the new metropolis. A company had erected, but not completed, originally for the purpose of a large hotel, the extensive building subsequently known for many years as the post office and patent office, afterwards destroyed by fire. It consisted of a large, spacious central edifice, with two extensive wings. After disheartening troubles and loss of scenery in transit from Philadelphia, the house was opened with Otway's drama, *Venice Preserved*. It was warmly received and applauded by an audience more numerous and splendid than could have been expected from a population so slender and so scattered. The encouragement continued to exceed expectations, yet fell very far below expenditure, as the company included all who had composed the Philadelphia establishment. Wignell's object was to obtain a footing in Washington, where he might keep together his company during the summer, in the event of the recurrence of the pestilence, which was regarded as but too probable. He always expressed pride at having established a theatre in the capital, properly calling it the National theatre. From the citizens of Washington the principal performers received the most gratifying attention and hospitality. Another theatre was built on Pennsylvania avenue, and later one was erected at Alexandria.

Washington Irving's Criticisms.

Anything by so pleasing a writer as Irving is worth reading, but especially the following communications

to his brother's paper, *The Morning Chronicle*, under the names of Jonathan Oldstyle and Andrew Quoz. It is believed that these have not been published, and are particularly interesting as critiques of some plays of the day, and of a few popular comedians; the portly gentleman and the merry Andrew are take-offs on Hodgkinson, and the elegant lady is Mrs. Johnson.

"I was much taken (says Irving) with the play-bill announcing in large capitals, *The Battle of Hexham; or, Days of Old*. Here, said I to myself, will be something grand—days of old!—my fancy fired at the words. I pictured to myself all the gallantry of chivalry; here, thought I, will be a display of court manners and true politeness: the play will no doubt be garnished with tilts and tournaments; and as to the banditti, whose names make such a formidable appearance on the bills, they will be hung up, every mother's son, for the edification of the gallery.

"With such impressions, I took my seat in the pit, and was so impatient that I could hardly attend to the music, though I found it very good. The curtain rose. Out walked the queen, with great majesty; she answered my idea, she was dressed well, she looked well, and she acted well. The queen was followed by a pretty gentleman, who, from his winking and grinning I took to be the court fool. I soon found out my mistake. He was a courtier 'high in trust,' and either general, colonel, or something of martial dignity. They talked for some time, though I could not understand the drift of their discourse; so I amused myself with eating peanuts.

"In one of the scenes I was diverted with the stupid-

ity of a corporal and his men, who sung a dull song, and talked a great deal about nothing, though I found by their laughing there was a great deal of fun in the corporal's remarks. What this scene had to do with the rest of the piece, I could not comprehend; I suspect it was a part of some other play thrust in here by accident.

"I was introduced to a cavern where there were several hard-looking fellows sitting around a table carousing. They told the audience they were banditti. They then sung a gallery song, of which I could understand nothing but two lines:

The Welshman had like to 've been chok'd by a mouse,
But he pulled him out by the tail!

"Just as they had ended this elegant song, their banquet was disturbed by the melodious sound of a horn, and in marched a portly gentleman, who I found was their captain. After this worthy gentleman had fumed his hour out, after he had slapped his breast and drawn his sword half a dozen times, the act ended.

"In the course of the play I learned that there had been, or was, or would be, a battle; but how, or when or where, I could not understand. The banditti once more made their appearance, and frightened the wife of the portly gentleman, who was dressed in man's clothes, and was seeking her husband. I could not enough admire the dignity of her deportment, and the unaffected gracefulness of her action; but who the captain really was, or why he ran away from his spouse, I could not understand. However, they seemed very glad to find

one another again; and so at the last the play ended with the falling of the curtain.

"I wish the manager would use a drop scene at the close of the acts: we might then always ascertain the termination of the piece by the green curtain. On this occasion I was indebted to the polite bows of the actors for this pleasing information. I cannot say that I was entirely satisfied with the play, but I promised myself ample entertainment in the afterpiece, which was called *Tripolitan Prize*. Now, thought I, we shall have some sport for our money; we shall no doubt see a few of these Tripolitan scoundrels spitted like turkeys for our amusement. Well, sir, the curtain rose; the trees waved in front of the stage, and the sea rolled in the rear. All things looked very pleasant and smiling. Presently I heard a bustling behind the scenes; here, thought I, comes a fierce band of Tripolitans, with whiskers as long as my arm. No such thing; they were only a party of village masters and misses, taking a walk for exercise, and very pretty behaved young gentlefolks they were, I assure you; but it was cruel in the manager to dress them in buckram, as it deprived them entirely of the use of their limbs. They arranged themselves very orderly on each side of the stage, and sang something, doubtless very affecting, for they looked pitiful enough. By and by came up a most tremendous storm; the lightning flashed, the thunder roared, the rain descended in torrents; however, our pretty rustics stood gaping quietly at one another till they must have been wet to the skin. I was surprised at their torpidity, till I found they were each one afraid to move first,

through fear of being laughed at for their awkwardness. How they got off, I do not recollect, but I advise the manager in a similar case to furnish every one with a trap door, through which to make his exit. Yet this would deprive the audience of much amusement; for nothing can be more laughable than to see a body of guards with their spears, or courtiers with their long robes, get across the stage at our theatre.

"Scene passed after scene. In vain, I strained my eyes to catch a glimpse of a Mahometan phiz. I once heard a great bellowing behind the scenes, and expected to see a strapping Mussulman come bounding in; but was miserably disappointed, on distinguishing his voice, to find out by his swearing that he was only a Christian. In he came—an American navy officer—worsted stockings—olive velvet small-clothes—scarlet vest—pea-jacket, and gold laced hat—dressed quite in character. I soon found out by his talk that he was an American prize-master; that, returning through the Mediterranean with this Tripolitan prize, he was driven by a storm on the coast of England! The honest gentleman seemed from his actions to be rather intoxicated; which I could account for in no other way than his having drunk a great deal of salt water as he swam ashore.

"Several following scenes were taken up with hallooing and huzzaing between the captain, his crew and the gallery; with several amusing tricks of the captain and his son, a very funny, mischievous little fellow. Then came the cream of the joke; the captain wanted to put to sea, and the young fellow, who had fallen desperately in love, to stay ashore. Here was a contest

between love and honor—such piping of eyes, such blowing of noses, such slapping of pocket-holes! But Old Junk was inflexible. What! an American tar desert his duty! (three cheers from the gallery) impossible! American tars forever! true blue will never stain! etc.

“Here was a scene of distress. The author seemed as much puzzled how to dispose of the young tar as Old Junk was. An American seaman could not be left on foreign ground, nor separated from his mistress.

“Scene the last opened; it seems that another Tripolitan cruiser had borne down on the prize as she lay about a mile off shore. How a Barbary corsair had got in this part of the world; whether she had been driven there by the same storm, or whether she was cruising about to pick up a few English first-rates, I could not learn. However, here she was; again were we conducted to the seashore, where we found all the village gentry, in their buckram suits, ready assembled to be entertained with the rare show of an American and Tripolitan, engaged yard-arm and yard-arm. The battle was conducted with proper decency and decorum, and the Tripolitan very politely gave in; as it would be indecent to conquer in the face of an American audience. After the engagement, the crew came ashore amid huzzas, and the curtain fell. How Old Junk, his son and his son’s sweetheart settled it, I could not discover.”

The New York Theatre a Century Ago.

Irving describes the New York play-house and its audience:

"I observed that every part of the house has its different department. The good folks of the gallery have all the trouble of ordering the music. The mode by which they issue their mandates is stamping, hissing, roaring, whistling, and, when the musicians are refractory, groaning in cadence. They also have the privilege of demanding a bow from John (by which name they designate every servant at the theatre who enters to move a table or snuff a candle, and of detecting those cunning dogs who peep from behind the curtain).

"*'My friend,'* said I, to a countryman who complained of candle-grease falling on his coat, *'we must put up with a few trifling inconveniences when in pursuit of pleasure.'* *'True,'* said he: *'but I think I pay pretty dear for it: first to give six shillings at the door, and then to have my head battered with rotten apples, and my coat spoiled with candle-grease; by and by, I shall have my other clothes soiled by sitting down, as I perceive everybody mounted on the benches. I wonder if they could not see as well if they were all to stand on the floor.'*

"Here I could no longer defend our customs; for I could scarcely breathe while thus surrounded by a host of strapping fellows standing with their dirty boots on the seats of the benches. The little Frenchman who thus found a temporary shelter from the missive compliments of his gallery friends was the only fellow benefited. At last, the bell again rung, and the cry of *'down, down!—hats off!'*—was the signal for the commencement of the play.

"I had chosen a seat in the pit, as least subject to annoyance from a habit of talking loud that has lately

crept into our theatres, and which particularly prevails in the boxes. In old times, people went to the theatre for the sake of the play and acting; but I now find it begins to answer the purpose of a coffee-house, or fashionable lounge, where many indulge in loud conversation, without any regard to the pain it inflicts on their more attentive neighbors. As this conversation is generally of the most trifling kind, it seldom repays the latter for the inconvenience they suffer of not hearing one-half of the play.

"I found, however, that I had not much bettered my situation; but that every part of the house had its share of evils. Besides those I had already suffered, I was yet to undergo a new kind of torment. I had got in the neighborhood of a very obliging personage, who had seen the play before, and was kindly anticipating every scene, and informing those about him what was to take place; to prevent, I suppose, any disagreeable surprise to which they would otherwise have been liable. Had there been anything of a plot in the play, this might have been a serious inconvenience; but as the piece was entirely innocent of everything of the kind, it was not of so much importance. As I generally contrive to extract amusement from every incident that happens, I now entertained myself with remarks on the self-important air with which he delivered his information, and the distressed and impatient looks of his unwilling auditors.

"My country neighbor was exceedingly delighted with the performance, though he did not half the time understand what was going on. He sat staring with open

nouth at the portly gentleman, as he strode across the stage, and in furious rage drew his sword on the white lion. 'By George, but that's a brave fellow,' said he, when the act was over; 'that's what you call first-rate acting, I suppose.'

" 'Yes,' said I, 'it is what the critics admire in the present day, but it is not altogether what I like; you should have seen an actor of the old school do his part; he would have given it to some purpose; you'd have had such ranting and roaring and stamping and storming; to be sure this honest man gives us a bounce now and then in the true style, but in the main he seems to prefer walking on plain ground to strutting on the stilts used by the tragic heroes of my day.'

"This is the chief of what passed between me and my companion during the play and entertainment, except an observation of his that it would be well if the manager were to drill his nobility and gentry now and then, to enable them to go through their evolutions with more grace and spirit.

" 'But what is your opinion of the house?' said I; 'don't you think it a very substantial, solid-looking building, both inside and out? Observe what a fine effect the dark coloring of the wall has upon the white faces of the audience, which glare like the stars in a dark night. And then, what can be prettier than the paintings on the front of the boxes—those little masters and misses sucking their thumbs and making mouths at the audience!'

" 'Very fine, upon my word; and what, pray, is the use of that chandelier, as you call it, that is hung among

the clouds, and has showered down its favors on my coat?"

"Oh, that is to illumine the heavens, and to set off to advantage the little periwigged Cupids, tumbling head over heels, with which the little painter has decorated the dome. You see, we have no need of the chandelier below, as here the house is perfectly well illuminated; but I think it would have been a great saving of candle power if the manager had ordered the painter, among his other pretty designs, to paint a moon up there, or if he was to hang up that sun with whose intense light our eyes were greatly annoyed in the beginning of the afterpiece."

"But don't you think, after all, there is rather a sort of a kind of heavyishness about the house? Don't you think it has a little of an undergroundish appearance?"

"To this I could make no answer. I must confess I have thought myself the house had a dungeon-like look; so I proposed to him to make our exit, as the candles were putting out and we should be left in the dark. Accordingly, groping our way through the dismal subterraneous passage that leads from the pit, and passing through the ragged bridewell-looking ante-chamber, we once more emerged into the purer air of the park, when, bidding my honest countryman good-night, I repaired home, considerably pleased with the entertainments of the evening.

"I shall conclude with a few words of advice for the benefit of every department.

"I would recommend:

"To the actors—less etiquette, less fustian, less buckram.

"To the orchestra—new music, and more of it.

"To the pit—patience, clean benches, and umbrellas.

"To the boxes—less affectation, less noise, less coxcombs.

"To the gallery—less grog and better constables; and

"To the whole house, inside and out—a total reformation. And so much for the theatre."

Andrew Quoz's Rejoinder.

To Jonathan Oldstyle's criticisms Andrew Quoz thus makes answer:

"MY DEAR FRIEND: I perceive by the late papers you have been entertaining the town with remarks on the theatre. As you do not seem, from your writings, to be much of an adept in Thespian arcana, permit me to give you a few hints for your information.

"The theatre, you observe, begins to answer all the purposes of a coffee-house. Here you are right; it is the polite lounge, where the idle and curious resort to pick up the news of the fashionable world, to meet their acquaintances, and to show themselves off to advantage. As to the dull souls who do go for the sake of the play, why, if their attention is interrupted by the conversation of their neighbors, they must bear it with patience—it is a custom authorized by fashion. Persons who go for the purpose of chatting with their friends are not to be deprived of their amusement; they have paid their dollar, and have a right to entertain themselves as best

they can. As to those who are annoyed by their talking, why, they need not listen to it—let them mind their own business.

“I think you complain of the deficiency of the music, and say that we want a greater variety and more of it. But you must know that, though this might have been a grievance in old times, when people attended to the musicians, it is a thing of but little moment at present. Our orchestra is kept principally for form’s sake. There is such a continual noise and bustle between the acts that it is difficult to hear the notes; and if the musicians were to get up a new piece of the finest melody, so nicely tuned are the ears of their auditors that I doubt whether nine hearers out of ten would not complain, on leaving the house, that they had been bored with the same old pieces they have heard these two or three years back. Indeed, many who go to the theatres carry their own music with them; and we are so often delighted with the crying of children by way of glee, and such coughing and sneezing from various parts of the house by way of chorus—not to mention the regale of a sweet symphony from a sweep or two in the gallery—and occasionally a full piece, in which nasal, vocal, whistling and thumping powers are admirably exerted and blended, that what want we of an orchestra?

“In your remarks on the actors, my dear friend, let me beg of you to be cautious. I would not for the world that you should degenerate into a critic. The critics, my dear Jonathan, are the very pests of society; they rob the actor of his reputation, the public of their amusement; they open the eyes of their readers to a

full perception of the faults of our performers; they reduce our feelings to a state of miserable refinement, and destroy entirely all the enjoyments in which our coarser sensations delighted. I can remember the time when I could hardly keep my seat through laughing at the wretched buffoonery, the Merry Andrew tricks and the unnatural grimaces played off by one of our theatric Jack Puddings; when I was struck with awful admiration at the roaring and ranting of a buskined hero, and hung with rapture on every word while he was 'tearing a passion to tatters'—to very rags! I remember the time when he who could make the queerest mouth, roll his eyes and twist his body with the most hideous distortions, was surest to please. Alas! how changed the times, or rather, how changed the tastes! I can now sit with the gravest countenance, and look without a smile on all such mimicry—their skipping, their squinting, their shrugging, their snuffing delight not me; and as to their ranting and roaring,

‘I’d rather hear a brazen candlestick turned,
Or a dry wheel grate on the axle-tree,’

than any such fustian efforts to obtain a shallow gallery applause.

“Now, though I confess these critics have reformed the manners of the actors, as well as the tastes of the audience, so that these absurdities are almost banished from the New York stage, yet I think they have employed a most unwarrantable liberty.

“A critic, my dear sir, has no more right to expose the faults of an actor than he has to detect the decep-

tion of a juggler or the impositions of a quack. All trades must live; and as long as the public are satisfied to admire the tricks of a juggler, to swallow the drugs of the quack or to applaud the fustian of the actor, whoever attempts to undeceive them does but curtail the pleasures of the latter and deprive the former of their bread.

"Odsbud! hath not an actor eyes, and shall he not wink? Hath not an actor teeth, and shall he not grin? feet, and shall he not stamp? lungs, and shall he not roar? breast, and shall he not slap it? hair, and shall he not club it? Is he not fed with plaudits from the gods? delighted with thumpings from the groundlings? annoyed by hisses from the boxes?

"If you censure his follies, does he not complain? if you take away his bread, will he not starve? if you starve him, will he not die? and if you kill him, will not his wife and seven small infants, six at her back and one at her breast, rise up and cry vengeance at you? Ponder these things seriously, my friend Oldstyle, and you will agree with me that, as the actor is the most meritorious and faultless, so is the critic the most cruel and sanguinary character in the world, as I will show you more fully in my next."

Jonathan Oldstyle Again.

In conclusion may be given Oldstyle's account of *The Wheel of Truth*, which is the most cruel cut of all upon the portly gentleman who performed Harlequin, or the Merry Andrew (Hodgkinson):

"We found the play already commenced. I was particularly delighted with the appearance and manners of one of the female performers. What ease, what grace, what elegance of deportment! 'This is not acting, Cousin Jack,' said I; 'this is reality!'

"After the play, this lady again came forward and delivered a ludicrous epilogue. I was extremely sorry to find her step so far out of that graceful line of character in which she is calculated to shine, and I perceived by the countenances around me that the sentiment was universal.

"'Ah, said I, 'how much she forgets what is due to her dignity! This charming countenance was never made to be so unworthily distorted, nor that graceful person and carriage to represent the awkward movements of hobbling decrepitude. Take this word of advice, fair lady, from an old man and a friend: Never, if you wish to retain that character for elegance which you so deservedly possess—never degrade yourself by assuming the part of a mimic.'

"The curtain rose for the afterpiece. Out skipped a jolly Merry Andrew. 'Aha!' said I, 'here is the Jack Pudding. I see he has forgot his broomstick and grid-iron; he'll compensate for these wants, I suppose, by his wit and humor. But where is his master, the quack?' 'He'll be here presently,' said Jack Stylish; 'he's a queer old codger; his name's Puffaway; here's to be a rare roasting-match, and this quizzical-looking fellow turns the spit.' The Merry Andrew now began to deal out his speeches with great rapidity; but on a sudden, pulling off a black hood that covered his face,

who should I recognize but my old acquaintance, the portly gentleman!

"I started back with astonishment. '*Sic transit gloria mundi!*' exclaimed I, with a melancholy shake of the head. 'Here's a dreary but true picture of the vicissitudes of life! One night paraded in regal robes, surrounded with a splendid train of nobility, the next degraded to a poor Jack Pudding, and without even a gridiron to help himself! What think you of this, my friend Quoz?' said I; 'think you an actor has any right to sport with the feelings of his audience by presenting them with such distressing contrasts?' Quoz, who is of the melting mood, shook his head ruefully and said nothing. I, however, saw the tear of sympathy tremble in his eye, and honored him for his sensibility.

"The Merry Andrew went on with his part, and my pity increased as he progressed; when, all of a sudden, he exclaimed, 'And as to Oldstyle, I wish him to Old Nick!' My blood mounted into my cheeks at this insolent mention of my name. 'And what think you of this, friend Quoz?' exclaimed I, vehemently; 'I presume this is one of your rights of actors! I suppose we are now to have the stage a vehicle for lampoons and slanders, on which our fellow-citizens are to be caricatured by the clumsy hand of every dauber who can hold a brush. Let me tell you, Mr. Andrew Quoz, I have known the time when such insolence would have been hooted from the stage.'

"After some persuasion I resumed my seat and attempted to listen patiently to the rest of the afterpiece; but I was so disgusted with the Merry Andrew that, in

spite of all his skipping and jumping and turning on his heel, I could not yield him a smile.

"Among the other original characters of the *dramatis personæ*, we were presented with an ancient maiden, and entertained with jests and remarks from the buffoon and his associates containing equal wit and novelty. But, jesting apart, I think these attempts to injure female happiness at once cruel and unmanly. I have ever been an enthusiast in my attachment to the fair sex; I have ever thought them possessed of the strongest claims on our admiration, our tenderness and our protection. But when to these are added still stronger claims—when we see them aged and infirm, solitary and neglected, without a partner to support them down the descent of life—cold, indeed, must be that heart, and unmanly that spirit, that can point the shaft of ridicule at their defenseless bosoms—that can poison the few drops of comfort heaven has poured into their cup.

"'Away with such despicable trumpery—such shallow, worn-out attempts to obtain applause from the unfeeling! I'll have no more of it. Come along, friend Quoz; if we stay much longer, I suppose we shall find our courts of justice insulted and attempts to ridicule the characters of private persons.' Jack Stylish entreated me to stay and see that addition the manager had made to his live stock of an ass, a goose and a monkey. 'Not I,' said I; 'I'll see no more of it.' I accordingly hobbled off with my friend Andrew Quoz, Jack declaring he would stay behind and see the end of the joke. On our way home I asked friend Quoz how he

could justify such clumsy attempts at personal satire. He seemed, however, rather reserved in his answers, and informed me he would write his sentiments on the subject.

"The next morning Jack Stylish related to me the conclusion of the piece; how several actors went into a wheel, one after another, and after a little grinding were converted into asses, geese and monkeys, except the Merry Andrew, who was found such a tough jockey that the wheel could not digest him, so he came out as much a Jack Pudding as ever."

Another Boston Prologue.

Bernardo del Carpio was written by Henry F. Harrington, a Boston editor, about 1816, and published in his own paper. The prologue, by I. C. Pray, Jr., is worth quoting:

Down through the deep, unshadowed, sunless, vast,
Where lie the death halls of the buried past,
Let but the mind send forth its rays of light—
How looms in glory up a glorious sight,
While grows in brightness still more bright the earth,
As varied lands display the drama's birth.
Each cradle glistening, as in days of old
Did Arethusa's streams of bubbling gold,
When bursting forth in barren spots where came
But blasting storm of scorching noontide flame.
Each nation calls the child its own—declares
That theirs it is, and ever shall be theirs.
Here, with a scornful mien, old classic Greece
Doubts that the babe in China spoke Chinese.
There a Peruvian loves to disagree
With the rule savage of the Southern Sea;
And while with Afric groups of boasters chide,

Or sit in jealous musings side by side,
Lo! in the midst Hindostan strives to show
She knew the child two thousand years ago.
But see! Religion, with her cowl'd head,
Now o'er the scene has strange amazement spread,
And every nation hails the joyous hour,
And owns she woke the Drama's slumbering power—
That she at first, in sea-divided lands,
Taught it with love to spread its swaying hands,
And lend its aid, wherever it abode,
To turn the mind of man from earth to God.

But soft! The picture changes. Now the light
Fades from the scene, and nature stands in sight.
She reigns o'er all, for with her form arose
The Drama's dawn—with her its day must close.
Mark now its progress. From the shores of Spain
Columbus launches on the pathless main,
Cuts through the ocean, and discovers here
An open, wide-extended hemisphere.
Nor long speeds time, ere upward to the skies
Unnumbered towns and noble cities rise;
And here, to-night, the drama speaks again,
As genius leads us back to ancient Spain,
And shows, with true historic scenes, the state
Of Castile's king, and young Bernardo's fate—
Of Castro's zeal—but stay. I'll tell no more.
See but the play, and, if you will, encore.

Burning of the Richmond Theatre.

A notable event in American dramatic history is the burning of the theatre at Richmond, Va., on the 26th of December, 1811. William Twaits, whose ability as a comedian has already been noted, was then the manager. The fire was caused by a spark falling on the curtain during the performance of *The*

Bleeding Nun. The house was crowded with the beauty and fashion of the capital. The fire spread rapidly; the people in the pit escaped easily, but those from the boxes were crowded together in a narrow corridor, which led to an angular staircase. This slender outlet was soon blocked with persons overcome by the crush and smoke, and the people behind were unable to extricate themselves. The house became a mass of flames and suffocating vapor. Piercing cries were heard; the strong trampled on the weak; many leaped from windows and were maimed or killed. Fathers who were separated from their children rushed back into the flames to save them, if possible. Husbands and wives refused to leave each other and died together. Altogether, seventy-one perished, being either burned to death or dying afterward from their injuries. Among them were George W. Smith, Governor of Virginia, and other persons of distinction. The citizens of Richmond wore mourning for a month, and public amusements were prohibited for a period of four months. The calamity caused a thrill of horror throughout the country. The Virginia Legislature resolved that the members should wear crape for thirty days, and the Senate of the United States took similar action. On the site of the theatre a Protestant Episcopal Church was erected as a memorial of the catastrophe, and called the Monumental. In many States ministers and religious people pronounced the conflagration a divine judgment, and the fact had for several years a deterrent effect on the attendance at places of amusement.

In the course of time, however, the pall was gradually

lifted from calamity, and catastrophe became a memory, always sad, to be sure, but freed from the horrors of a judgment, and from the superstitions that, at times, cause reason to tremble on her throne. The dramatic instinct survived, to once again find normal indulgence in improved plays and amid more gorgeous and far safer surroundings.

VI

Interpreters of the Drama.

Comparatively few of the community are readers of the drama, even in these days of printing press activity. In the early years of the nineteenth century their number was much less. The popularity of plays depended on the men and women who interpreted, or, at least, represented the characters and more or less elucidated the significance of the plot. Among the public favorites of those days were not a few whose names are held in esteem to-day, whose gifts are cherished traditions, exercising a living influence on their successors. It is essential to the complete understanding of the hold the drama had upon our ancestors that we should know somewhat of the men who wielded so great power as interpreters of the greater plays. Chronological order is not of the first importance in such a review, and indeed is not attainable if desired, as the careers of so many run parallel, and the success which a few are fortunate in winning at the start, only comes to others after years of steady advancement.

There are several professed histories of the American stage, some biographies of the most famous actors, and

various collections of reminiscences, generally entertaining, yet in the mass giving rather confused views of the actual state of the drama and its exponents in the early years of the nineteenth century. Where we hoped for a panorama, we have to be content with a kaleidoscope.

Thomas Abthorpe Cooper.

Besides the actors previously mentioned, there were others of English birth and training, who attained fame in America. Thomas Abthorpe Cooper had come from Philadelphia to play Hamlet. He was quite young, born in 1776, and under the guardianship of the famous political writer, William Godwin, he had received a fine education. He became the leading player in the great drama, and wandered from city to city as a star.

Cooper long remained the favorite of the public, even George Frederick Cooke failing to diminish his professional repute; but the subsequent appearance of Kean, Booth and Macready, together with the discovery of many faulty readings, threw him into comparative neglect, and he was finally superseded by younger and fresher actors. His income was large, and at one time he had accumulated a considerable fortune; but his fondness for gambling and his extravagant style of living finally reduced him to poverty, and in all the larger towns a benefit was given for his family, under the patronage of wealthy and influential citizens. A performance given for this purpose at the Bowery theatre, New York, on the 7th of November,

1833, yielded a total of \$4,500, the largest amount received up to that time for a single night's entertainment at any American play-house. His last appearance at the Park was in January of the same year, when he played Iago to Forrest's Othello, and his last appearance in the metropolis was at the Bowery, in the character of Mark Antony, in 1835. His daughter was married to the son of President Tyler, to whom Cooper owed his comfortable position in the New York Custom House.

George Frederick Cooke.

In 1801 George Frederick Cooke had made his fame at forty-five as Richard III. Like Kean, whom in other ways he resembled, he gave way to dissipation. Sometimes he would appear in a state of intoxication, sometimes he failed to appear at all. Illness was his excuse for his shortcomings, and in spite of their indignation the audience could not repress a roar of laughter when one night, after several ineffectual efforts to proceed, he laid his hand upon his heart, and hiccoughed, "My old complaint, ladies and gentlemen, my old complaint." His last appearance at Covent Garden, and in London, was in 1810, when he played Falstaff. Two years afterward he died in Boston, being the first of the great English actors who starred in America.

There is a description of Cooke's Sir Giles Overreach in Lockhart's *Life of Scott*, contained in a letter of Sir Walter to Joanna Baillie in 1813. "I saw him

—John Kemble—play Sir Giles Overreach, the Richard III of middling life, last night; but he came not within a hundred miles of Cooke, whose terrible visage, and short, abrupt, and savage utterance gave a reality even to that extraordinary scene in which he boasts of his own successful villainy to a nobleman of worth and honor, of whose alliance he is ambitious. Cooke, somehow, contrived to impress upon the audience the idea of such a monster of enormity as had learned to pique himself even upon his own atrocious character.” Washington Irving describes his acting as Iago in the third act of *Othello*. “He grasped Kemble’s left hand with his own, and then fixed his right, like a claw, on his shoulder. In this position, drawing himself up to him with his short arm, he breathed his poisonous whispers into his ears. Kemble coiled and twisted in his hand, writhing to get away, his right hand clasp- ing his brows, and darting his eye back on Iago.”

It was when under the effects of one of his bacchanalian revels that Cooper persuaded him to engage for America—a step that he probably never would have taken in his sober moments, but which he had no cause to regret. In spite of his failings, he was a genius. He died soon after his last appearance in Boston, 1812. Edmund Kean erected a monument to his memory in St. Paul’s churchyard, New York.

The Rival Tragedians’ Duel.

Dunlap has recorded a famous duel between the rival tragedians, Cooke and Cooper. The scene was at Cato

Alexander's tavern, between four and five miles north-east of New York City Hall, on the old Boston road.

Spiffard had tired of the noise of the table, wearied with flashes of merriment not inspired by wit, but by wine; not the genuine and healthy progeny of the reasoning faculty when indulging in sportive recreation, but the mere empty ebullition of excited animal spirits, without the guidance or control of reason. He had walked up and down the road in search of a pleasant place for retirement, but finding none, seated himself upon a bench under a building erected for the reception of water drinkers—it was the horse-shed in front of the house. The tavern had a piazza, but the noise of the revellers made it almost as disagreeable as the smoke-incumbered dining-room. The tumult increased so as to reach the place of refuge he had chosen. Discordant sounds commingled in confusion, the monotony of which was broken by the high, harsh, screeching and croaking of Cooke's notes of inebriation.

"I'm your man, sir!—a dead shot, sir! George Frederick is the name to cow a Yankee!"

The whole party now issued to the piazza, and after a preliminary discussion of the mode in which wounded honor was to be cured by the duello (a discussion of which Spiffard only heard pieces or snatches of sentences, as "ten paces—five paces—Yankee actor—dead shot"), they descended and took a station between the tavern and the horse-shed.

It now appeared that Cooke and Cooper were to be pitted, not as actors, but as duellists. The seconds were busy loading the pistols (an implement of death or

amusement always kept in readiness at Cato's). Cooke became silent and dignified, only showing by increased energy in his step (not always properly applied) and increased color in his face the increase of his ebriety. His antagonist was all politeness—the established etiquette with those who meet to murder. The seconds and witnesses displayed to the eye of the water-drinker, or any other rational animal, that they were all so far blinded themselves that they could not see how plainly they were exposing their supposedly deep-hidden hoax to any clear-sighted spectator.

The word was given. The two tragedians fired at the same moment, or nearly so. Cooke's second took advantage of the smoke and noise to thrust a stick through his principal's coat, to produce a bullet-hole; at the same time he threw his left arm around him, as if for support, crying, "He has hit you, sir."

But Cooke was in one of those half-mad, half-cunning paroxysms, which enabled him to act as the subject of the hoax, while he in reality hoaxed the hoaxers, and enjoyed all the pleasure of acting the part of the dupe, with the assurance of duping those who thought they were playing upon him. He was assuming the madman, and sufficiently mad to enjoy all the pleasure which "only madmen know." Pretending to believe that he was hit by his opponent's ball, he, with a force which only madness could give, threw out his left arm and hurled his officiously designing second several paces from him, reeling until the cow-yard (the court-yard of the establishment) received him at full length. As the smoke evaporated, Cooper was seen extended in

mock agonies, his second and others of the party leaning over him in pretended mourning.

"Mr. Cooke, your ball has passed through the lungs of poor Cooper, I'm afraid. The surgeon is examining the wound. There is little hope——"

"None, sir! I never miss. He is the tenth. I am sorry for him." He stalked up to the pretended hurt man with due gravity. This was a precious opportunity for the veteran to mingle sarcasm and mock regrets, and to pay the hoaxers in their own coin, stamped anew in the mint of his brains, and he did not let it escape him.

"Poor Tom, poor 'Tom's acold!' I am sorry for him. I'm sorry that his farthing-candle-life was extinguished by my hand, although he deserved death from none more. 'This even-handed justice commends the ingredients of' our murderous pistols to our own breasts. I warned him of my unerring aim; but the 'thief would seek the halter.' How do you find his wound, sir?"

"I am examining it, sir; I am torturing him."

"It is no more than he has done to hundreds of hearers."

"I am afraid, sir, he will never play again."

"Then by murdering him honorably I have prevented many dishonorable murders. Shade of Shakespeare, applaud me! He will never again murder Macbeth instead of Duncan, or throttle Othello instead of Desdemona. I am second Mahomet overthrowing idolatry! The wounded god of the Yankee-doodles lies prostrate! Fie, George Frederick, to triumph over a block. Farewell, poor Tom! poor enough." This was said over his

shoulder. "I could have better spared a better actor—but let that pass, while we pass to our pious meditations. Who takes order for the funeral? Bear the body in!" When sober, none did more justice to his rival's merit, although now so scurrilously unjust.

"He revives, sir. There is hope yet," said the surgeon.

"Then may the poets mourn."

While the pretended dead duellist was being removed into the house, Cooke's second approached him, exclaiming, "The horses are ready, sir; we must fly!"

"We, sir! When I fly or creep I choose my company. George Frederick Cooke never flies from danger. Fly, sir! If the idol of Yankeeland lives, there is nothing to apprehend him from his worshippers, nothing to fly from, except when he acts; and if he dies—and if he dies, and by my hand, I have honored him and benefited the world." So saying, the hero strutted most sturdily up the steps of the piazza, where, feeling the difficulty of ascent, he recollected his wound, called for assistance and was supported to the table, at which he sat, like another Banquo, the man whose fall he had triumphed over.

Joseph Jefferson in Philadelphia.

The appearance of the first Joseph Jefferson in New York has already been noted. In 1803 he removed to Philadelphia, whose Chestnut Street theatre, then under Mrs. Wignell's control, was the foremost in the land. William B. Wood was the stage-manager, and

the company comprised, among others, William Warren, who was well qualified for Falstaff and Sir Robert Bramble; William Francis, who acted comedy old men, such as Sir Anthony Absolute; and William Twaits, who shone to advantage as Tony Lumpkin and other comedy young men. Twaits had a long face, projecting eyes, carrotty hair and a large mouth, capable of being twisted into a wonderful variety of expressions. He formed an admirable contrast to the neat and handsome Jefferson. Francis Blissett, another of the company, was a reserved, thoughtful person, fond of books and music, and averse to society. Yet he was an excellent actor of minor parts, and could speak with French or German accent or with rich Irish brogue.

Jefferson's first appearance in this able company was in the character of Don Manuel in Cibber's comedy, *She Would and She Would Not*. Afterward he appeared as Sir Oliver Surface, Crabtree and Sir Peter Teazle. In the last named he was considered inferior to Warren. Yet critical observers declared that in general his acting was marked by exquisite delineation of his line of character, freedom from all exaggeration and perfect naturalness.

The Chestnut Street theatre was destroyed by fire in April, 1820. It was rebuilt, but never recovered its former glory. Jefferson, afflicted with the gout, had begun to decline in vigor and lost popular favor. Wood, who had been associated with Warren in the management, left in 1826, and the latter failed entirely three years later. Jefferson, who had occasionally made visits to other cities, was now obliged to wander through

the West and South, seeking engagements. The excellence of his character was acknowledged and admired by all who came in contact with him. His dramatic ability, though somewhat impaired, was manifest to the last. He died at Harrisburg, Pa., in 1832, and was buried in the grounds of the Episcopal Church. Eleven years later Judges J. B. Gibson and Rogers, of the Supreme Court of Pennsylvania, placed a memorial stone, with appropriate inscription, over his grave. Forty years later the remains were removed to the Harrisburg cemetery, the same stone being placed over the new grave. The inscription closed with this quotation: "I knew him, Horatio: a fellow of infinite jest: of most excellent fancy."

Edmund Kean in America.

Kean made his first appearance in America in 1820. When he played *Richard III*, the admirers of Cooke would not admit his superiority to their favorite, but on appearing as Othello, he conquered all doubters. His Philadelphia engagement was for sixteen nights, in these plays, *Richard III*, *Lear*, *Merchant of Venice*, *Hamlet*, *Macbeth*, *The Iron Chest*, *Brutus*, *Rule a Wife*, *Bertram*, *Town and Country*. Kean's impassioned acting created the custom of calling out performers, dead or alive, to receive applause before the curtain. He was gentle with his associates on the stage, and was well liked by them. His engagement proved profitable to all concerned; his own receipts averaged \$260 a night for a forty-nights' season. When he went to

Boston he took offense at the small attendance and refused to play. Such excitement followed that he was obliged to leave the city abruptly. He went back to England and played with his usual success until a law-suit exposed his criminal connection with an alderman's wife. Kean was then hissed from the stage in Edinburgh and London.

Kean ventured on a second visit to the United States in 1825, and was at first received with riot and confusion whenever he attempted to act. After offering apologies he was allowed to appear in New York and Philadelphia. When he went to Baltimore to fulfill his last engagement no suspicion was entertained that he was to be visited by the indignation of an organized band; nor had a whisper of any intended disorder reached the managers. The curtain rose on *Richard III*, and the play proceeded quietly, as usual, until the appearance of Gloster, when a violent opposition from persons stationed in various parts of the house rendered all Kean's attempts to be heard hopeless. Some ill-managed efforts were made to address the audience, but he was not allowed to speak. The greater portion of the female auditors retired in disgust from the disgraceful scene, and the play at length ended in noise and confusion. Warren conducted the ladies of the company through the crowd without molestation; Kean was conveyed through the adjoining house to his lodgings safely, but in extreme terror; for in some expression uttered by the rioters, it was fairly inferred that personal violence would be offered. The frequent calls for "another tragedian"

during the tumult led to a strong, and, perhaps, well-founded suspicion that partisan feeling was not without its share of influence in the riot. The ill effects of these disorders did not end with the derangement of all plans and the destruction of a season which, in its beginning, promised a large profit. The worst result was an apprehension on the part of the female element of future difficulties, which deterred many from ever visiting the theatre for a long time afterward.

Junius Brutus Booth.

The first appearance of Junius Brutus Booth in America was at Richmond, Va., on July 6th, 1821. He was classically educated and had already been a rival of Edmund Kean in London. He made his American début as Richard, and created an unusual sensation. In the autumn a Baltimore engagement, for six nights only, was a moderate success; but it certainly was not brilliant. The houses averaged a little over \$300 and his benefit reached \$525, the performances including, besides *Richard*, *Othello*, *Lear*, and *The Iron Chest*. There was a deliberate attempt to elevate him above Kean, and to claim for him the originality of a peculiar style of acting, practised by both, could not fail to create a prejudice against him, and he suffered from it afterward in every part of the Union. The discussion became angry, involving even so high a dignitary as John Quincy Adams, an unbounded admirer of Booth, who was for some time under a mistaken impression that his performance at Brussels, where he

was engaged with an English company, was the first exhibition of this peculiar style. The deserved reputation of the great statesman as an experienced judge of acting entitled his opinion of Booth to no common respect, and there were many others of unquestionable taste who took up his cause with zeal, venturing upon comparisons between Booth and Kean, to the disadvantage of the latter. Time, however, dispelled the false idea, and Booth suffered in the result.

In some characters, indeed, and especially in Richard, the equal of Junius Brutus Booth has seldom been seen. His voice was singularly flexible and melodious; full, clear, and susceptible of the most exquisite pathos. His countenance was one of the most expressive ever seen on the stage, and his eye fairly beamed with intelligence and fire. He especially excelled in depicting the fiercer passions, as hate, fear, scorn, revenge, despair, and the like; but in the softer emotions he was not so happy. His genius was at once singularly gentle and wild. His last years were passed on the farm which he purchased in 1822, some thirty miles from Baltimore, where he lived in the most frugal and simple manner, avoiding all notoriety, and only leaving his home when he went into town to sell his butter and eggs. No tree was felled on his ranch, and no animal life was taken; nor would he permit, in his family, the use of animal food. All forms of religion and all temples of devotion were sacred to him, and in passing churches he never failed to bare his head.

In his earlier career Booth was a more pleasing companion than he afterward became. His eccentricities,

amounting at times to actual insanity, did not prevent him from making professional tours until the close of his life. He rarely spoke of Kean, but always with sincere respect. Of his failure in London he spoke quite frankly. While the Drury Lane managers were preparing a splendid revival of *King Lear* for Kean, their rivals of Covent Garden determined to forestall them, though by an imperfect effort. For this purpose they engaged Booth for a few nights, the number to depend on the success, at £20 per night and a benefit; Booth as Lear, Charles Kemble as Edgar and Macready as Edmond. After a few nights, however, the receipts so diminished that it was found necessary to discontinue the play. Probably in compliment to Booth's talents and exertions the experiment was continued for a few nights longer, on condition of his being satisfied with £10 per night, and the performances dragged along until Booth, according to agreement, announced for his benefit *Richard III*. How deplorable was the result may be understood from the fact that he was obliged on the ensuing morning to pay £80, the sum necessary to make up the deficiency in the expenses of the night. The loss swallowed nearly the whole of his earnings on the former nights. Thus disappointed, he acted through some of the provinces, and often with deserved success; for it would not have been wise to indulge in eccentricities, and he behaved himself with entire regularity.

Wood thus concludes: "With all his follies and attempts at singularity, this really fine actor was an object of interest to all who can appreciate genius and study.

Ill-directed by imprudent associations, it is greatly to be lamented that all attempts to withdraw him from these to circles more suited to his manners, mind and reputation were so unavailing." Yet it should be noted that his son Edwin, who was destined to rise to higher fame, did much to redeem his father. For many years he was his father's constant attendant, but unfortunately was separated from him at the last by professional engagements. Junius Brutus Booth died on a Mississippi steamboat on the 3d of November, 1852, while returning from a visit to New Orleans.

We are indebted to the veteran litterateur for the following splendid critical estimate of the elder Booth:

In his best impersonations Junius Brutus Booth gave that impression of a complete harmony of physical and mental attributes which spares the spectator the necessity of scrutinizing his own conceptions and endeavoring to readjust them or to find a means of reconciling inconsistent sensations. His vivacity in animated dialogue; his intensity, whether in the vehement outbursts of passion or in its repressed and concentrated utterances; his absorption in moments of deliberate thought or reflection; the picturesqueness, not of his make-up or costume, but simply of his face and form, especially when rendered vivid by the chiaroscuro of the stage or the arrangement of the tableau; the underlying suggestions of reality in his general manner of moving and speaking—these were qualities that gave the effect of constant variety and contrast, without infringing on the unity of the conception or breaking the continuity of the performance. The personality of the actor was forgotten,

and all the details seemed the spontaneous workings and unconscious illustrations of the character he represented.

When, on the rise of the curtain, he stepped on the stage as Gloster and began the speech,

Now is the winter of our discontent,

the critical scrutiny which one naturally turns upon an actor at his first entrance was instantly checked. The stately but elastic tread; the defiant port and sweeping gesture; the kindled eye, and its changeful gleams of mockery and malignity; the smooth yet impassioned flow of the delivery, with its expressive variety of tones and inflections—all conspired to fix the attention on the scene itself and make the spirit and meaning of it engross and fill the mind. It was the same throughout the performance; if at any point a doubt obtruded itself, it was swept away by the strong current of interest and expectation. In the scene transferred by Cibber from the third part of *Henry V*, Booth's attitude, look and tones after he had stabbed the gray-haired king are far more distinct and vivid in my remembrance than anything I have witnessed at the theatre in recent years. The affected amazement with which he stooped over the prostrate body as he uttered the words

What, will the aspiring blood of Lancaster
Sink in the ground?

changed to the cruellest aspect of triumphant irony in the succeeding phrase,

I thought it would have MOUNT-ed,—

when the hunchbacked form towering erect, the head with the plumed hat thrown back, the eyes following the upturned point of the raised and outstretched sword, the syllable I have marked as emphatic uttered not only at the height of the voice, but with a swelling volume of sound, produced a feeling as of some general ascent in which one was taking an involuntary part. The other striking features of the performance—the rapid alternation of pretended humility and devotion and of sarcastic amusement in the scene with Lady Anne; the tent-scene, with its agony of fright, the dripping brow and shaking limbs, and the hoarse cry for succor; above all, the fiery death-struggle, in which Kean's rapid thrust with the disarmed hand—borrowed from the description of a combat in the Peninsular War—was reproduced with what I can hardly believe to have been any diminution of the original effect—are equally strong in my recollection.

The high-water mark of Booth's acting was reached in Iago, a part that neither taxes the physical energies nor calls for the highest mental qualities to represent it properly, but which has perhaps been more grossly misrepresented than any other. It is often, indeed, assigned to actors who are in evident ignorance of the meaning of many of the words. But even performers of a different stamp are apt either to make the character merely repulsive, or else, by depriving it of intensity, to present but a pale reflection of its diabolical craft and malignity. The double mask under which Iago hides the fiendish depravity of his deeply-brooding

nature—that of the blunt, gay, outspoken cynic, and that of the trusty, zealous and attached friend—with the fitful revelations of what is beneath, makes it a matter of the subtlest skill to assimilate the conception and produce a single blended effect. The feelings excited by Booth's performance were such as one might experience in watching a consummate swordsman wielding his weapon with a devilish ferocity of intent that rouses the desire to baffle it, but with a lightness of wrist, a swiftness of parry and lunge that compel admiration. It was the refinement, not the coarseness of the hypocrisy, that made it apparent to the spectators, as well as successful in the attainment of its aim. The changes of demeanor were rapid and complete, but there was nothing violent or grotesque in the transition. It was the supple Italian nature passing from one guise to another with a Protean ease and grace. In the night scene where he stabs Rodrigo the play of his features under the glare of the lantern swung with uplifted hand had a vividness and picturesqueness which no painting could reproduce. But it is not alone the salient points of a performance which throughout was full of spirit, rich in color and finished in all the details, that rise before me as I turn the leaves of the play. The tone, the look, the gesture, come back in every passage. I had seen other actors in the part before; I have seen many actors in it since; but one impression alone has neither been effaced nor blurred. Iago is for me identified with Booth.

The histrionic faculty is shown in its full force only when the character assumed has in the representation

a distinct and complete individuality, and no suggestion of the actor's other impersonations mingle with and mar the impression. Mere mechanical aids, especially in tragic acting, go but a little way in producing this effect. The whole nature must be possessed and controlled by the new spirit that has entered into it. No tragedian whom I have seen displayed this power in the same degree as Booth. It was perhaps the more noticeable because in the very narrow range of his successful impersonations several of the characters might be said to belong to the same type. Richard, Iago and Sir Giles Overreach are all unscrupulous, malignant, versed in the arts of treachery, profound dissemblers, indefatigable plotters, with the one redeeming virtue, if such it can be called, of indomitable courage. They are, of course, as distinct creations as if this similarity did not exist; but in a mere description the points of difference would be likely to fade in the general resemblance. In Booth's performance of each of these parts it seemed as if the walk, gestures, attitudes, looks and tones belonged to that particular character and no other. When he made his appearance in the hall of Lady Allworth's house, amidst a group of other persons, his short, quick step and his ferret-like glance around the apartment, as if taking a rapid inventory of its contents, were instant indications of a covetous, grasping, crafty nature. The constant by-play; the easy naturalness of every movement; the suppressed tones of intense passion when he asked,

Do I wear a sword for fashion, or is this arm
Shrunk up and withered?—

while the clenched fist, the strung cords to the wrist to which the fingers of the left hand pointed, and the blighting glance that shot from the eyes, made any answer unnecessary; the half-smothered exultation as he pictured himself in the full fruition of his hopes, and the final torrent of impotent fury and desperation when all his designs have turned to his own ruin—made up a picture in which every touch deepened the tints and heightened the general effect. The coarse exaggeration and intrinsic unnaturalness that make the play little better than a modern melodrama were unnoticed. One felt as if the domestic life of a barbaric age, with its quaint manners, its violent passions, its striking contrasts and strange vicissitudes were unfolded before one's eyes. Possibly this impression might have been still stronger if the scenery and appointments had been more suitable; but, beyond a general perception of their deficiencies, I had no thought of them.

James Wallack.

On the 7th of September, 1818, James Wallack, afterward proprietor of Wallack's theatre, in New York, made his first appearance in America as *Macbeth*, following it in succession with *Coriolanus*, *Rolla*, *Romeo*, *Hamlet*, and *Richard III*, all of which met with triumphant success. Wallack was also a Londoner, the day of his birth, August 24th, 1794, being that whereon Astley's amphitheatre was destroyed by fire, an event which, it is said, precipitated his entrance into the world. His father, William Wallack,

was an excellent actor of nautical parts at Astley's, and his mother was the best performer that ever trod its boards, a woman of superior mind, and very far above the station into which fate had thrown her. She was the mother also of Mrs. Jones, the favorite of New York in 1806; of Henry Wallack and Mrs. Stanley, better known as Mrs. Hill, and of Mrs. Pincoff, of London, whose daughter, as Mrs. A. Wigan, became one of the greatest favorites of the British metropolis.

James Wallack's name first appears on a play-bill on Easter Monday of 1798, at the opening of the Royal circus, afterward the Surrey theatre, in a drama entitled *Black Beard*, which ran a hundred and thirteen nights. He was then four years of age, and when still very young, received the appointment of midshipman in the navy, but was unable to resist the fascinations of the stage. At twelve he made his début at the German theatre, Leicester square, whence he was soon called to Drury Lane, to personate the few parts adapted to his age. He afterward spent three years in Dublin, but returned to London in 1812, and made his first appearance at the Lyceum theatre, where the Drury Lane company were then playing, as Sangrida, in the *Wood Demon*. When Drury Lane theatre was rebuilt, after its destruction by fire, he appeared there on its opening night as Laertes, to the Hamlet of Elliston. From this period his reputation as an actor commenced, and in the youthful heroes of genteel comedy, and in many second characters of tragedy, he soon established an enviable reputation.

Wallack attained his high position by the most careful study and unceasing cultivation of his powers, and the results were plainly perceivable in every character which he personated, even in those where he was the least successful. In Shakespeare's finest tragic parts, however, and in others requiring passion and intense excitement, he was inferior to Cooper, Kean, Booth or Forrest. It was aptly remarked of him that he was first in his line, but that his line was not first.

Wallack early became a citizen of the United States, but frequently revisited his native land. In 1837 he became manager of the National theatre, formerly the Italian Opera house, and under his régime, the elder Vandenhoff, Miss Shirreff, Mr. and Mrs. Seguin, Wilson the vocalist, James Browne, W. H. Williams, and other eminent artists, were first introduced to the American stage. His connection with this establishment terminated with its destruction by fire in the fall of 1839. After a long sojourn abroad, in 1852, he came out to assume the management of the Lyceum theatre, which, under Brougham's management, had sunk to the lowest ebb. Gathering around him a few choice spirits, the prestige of his name at once attracted public attention, and by his superior taste and judgment, his pieces were put upon the stage in a style surpassing that of any other establishment in the city, while his own performances, as well as those of his company, satisfied the most fastidious critic, and resulted pecuniarily with satisfaction to himself.

At the Lyceum he closed his career as an actor, having personated within its walls a long list of his most

celebrated characters, his last part being Colonel Delmar in the drama of the *Veteran*, written by his son, John Lester Wallack. At the termination of his lease he built the famous Wallack's theatre, on Broadway, at the corner of Thirteenth. It was first opened on the 25th of September, 1861, and at the close of the season in the following year he last appeared before the curtain to return his acknowledgments to his friends for their liberal patronage. Wallack had been for several years a sufferer from gout and asthma, which finally caused his death at his residence on Fourteenth street, on Christmas day of 1864, at the age of three-score and ten.

In his prime, Wallack's face was extremely handsome, intellectual and expressive; his figure was finely proportioned; his attitudes were strikingly elegant and graceful, and his voice rich, strong and melodious. His elocution was so finished and impressive that, as is related, Bishop Wainwright, one of the most distinguished of American prelates, applied to him for a course of lessons in the art; but the actor declined, on the ground that the reverend gentleman, who was indeed a most accomplished reader, was already his superior. He married, in early life, a daughter of the Irish comedian and vocalist, Johnstone, the predecessor of Tyrone Power on the London stage. Lester Wallack, born in America in 1819, was their first child.

Henry Placide.

Worthy of note is the comedian, Henry Placide, so long the pride of the metropolis. From small begin-

nings and the humblest efforts he appears never for a moment to have faltered in his purpose or swerved from the direct road to prosperity and distinction, critically analyzing the smallest part intrusted to his care, and throwing around it a finish, an elegance and a completeness impossible to a less careful and discriminating actor. The result was that he distanced every competitor in his peculiar line; and though other favorites sprang up, there was not a general comedian who could be compared with him; in the lowest and broadest line of comedy he was the only one who ever trod the American stage perfectly that was irresistible in humor, and yet entirely free from grimace and buffoonery.

Henry Placide was born in 1799 at Charleston, S. C., where his father was an actor and manager of a theatre. The son made his first appearance in New York at the Park theatre, September 2d, 1823, in the character of Zekiel Homespun, and at once gained a position in the favor of the audience that twenty years' service never impaired. Placed in a subordinate position to Hilson and Barnes, his great fidelity to nature, though in less conspicuous parts, soon raised him to a level with them, forming a comic trio that had never been equalled in the history of the New York stage. But, admirable as were the other two players, it finally became apparent that to Placide was the attention of the audience principally given, and that he was fully capable of sustaining any character in which they appeared; and first one, and then the other, gave up his situation, leaving him entire free

dom of choice in his selection of parts, embracing as wide a range as ever comedian chose to revel in. From clowns of the broadest Yorkshire dialect to the most mimicking Cockney cit, in the garrulous Frenchman, and the high-bred English gentleman, the simplest rustic, or the keenest London footman, in the clumsy hobbledehoy, or the pathetic childishness of extreme old age, he was equally at home and equally superior. Hilson only excepted, he was also by far the best buffo vocalist ever heard in English opera. Probably no actor so completely exemplified the idea of what a genuine comedian ought to be. After gaining the highest honors that could be bestowed on him in New York, and establishing his claim to be considered the most chaste and finished of American actors, for many years, as suited his pleasure or convenience, he confined himself to short engagements in the principal cities of the Union, giving but little evidence of decay, either mental or physical.

John Howard Payne.

The actors whose various careers form the chief part of the early annals of the American drama were usually Englishmen who had crossed the Atlantic in search of fortune or, perhaps, a bare living. With the dramatists the case was different. While the great majority of the plays acted were of British origin, their writers did not venture abroad nor care to obtain new subjects from America. From time to time a playwright sprang the soil of the New World, and succeeded in getting his

productions performed on the stage. The most prolific was Dunlap, who had become a stage-manager, and thus was able to present whatever he chose. The plays of another dramatist of American birth became as famous in England as in his native land, while his gem of song has been cherished in all parts of the world. This was John Howard Payne, the author of *Home, Sweet Home*.

Payne was born in the city of New York on the 9th of June, 1791. His father was a Yankee schoolmaster, whose ancestors had come to Cape Cod within two years after the Pilgrims had landed at Plymouth. His mother was a beautiful and accomplished lady of Jewish descent. John Howard was the sixth of their nine children, and his childhood was spent chiefly on Long Island and in Boston, where his father conducted academies. At the age of thirteen John returned to New York to become a clerk in a mercantile house. But his literary and dramatic bent was shown in his editing a little paper, called *The Thespian Mirror*. Some articles in this paper attracted the attention of William Coleman, the editor of the *Evening Post*, who procured for the boy the means of entering Union College, at Schenectady. Here again he edited a paper. His mother's death and his father's failure now led Payne to leave college and seek employment in Boston. His time was divided between editorial work and training for the stage. On the 24th of February, 1809, he made a successful debut at the Park theatre, New York, as Young Norval in Home's play, *Douglas*, and, after playing six nights, obtained a benefit, by which he

realized \$1,400. At Boston his success was even greater than in New York. Liberal offers from Philadelphia and Southern cities soon followed. The following epigram was published on the day after his benefit in Baltimore:

All those who from Payne had experienced delight,
With increased admiration and pleasure each night,
To evince their desire of delighting again,
Attended last night, and gave pleasure to Payne.

His Southern tour extended as far as Charleston, and was uniformly successful. Similar tours were made by the boy actor in the two following years.

In January, 1813, Payne sailed for England, but did not obtain an opportunity to act until June, when the usual success followed his performance of Norval in the Drury Lane theatre. His engagement lasted a month, after which he visited Liverpool, Dublin and other cities, playing Rolla and Romeo with equal success.

On his visit to Paris he became acquainted with Talma. Here he began his work as a dramatist by translating *The Maid and Magpie*, for which he was paid £150. In later years, Payne, becoming stout, lost his youthful beauty and favor as a dramatic prodigy. He therefore devoted himself to authorship. His famous play of *Brutus, or the Fall of Tarquin*, was produced at Drury Lane theatre December 3d, 1818, Edmund Kean taking the title rôle. It ran for seventy-five nights with crowded houses. It was printed in great haste in a cellar under the stage, where the author was amused to see the whole Roman senate clad in

togas and setting type from the prompter's manuscript. Payne acknowledged in his preface that he had borrowed freely in his play from the seven other plays which had been written on the subject. Dissatisfied with the returns he received from the managers, Payne sought to better himself by taking charge of the Sadler's Wells theatre. Many new plays were brought out and well received; yet at the end of the season Payne found he had lost over seven thousand dollars by the undertaking. Being unable to give his creditors security for this sum, he was thrust into a debtors' prison.

But relief came in an unexpected and thoroughly dramatic manner. A parcel was delivered to him without explanation. It contained two plays by Victor, and one of these Payne immediately translated and fitted for the English stage. In a few days it was in the hands of the manager of Drury Lane theatre, and soon was accepted. It was produced on February 2d, 1821, under the title *Thérèse, or the Orphan of Geneva*. This fine adaptation is given in full in this volume. Payne had been allowed by the court to leave the prison to supervise the rehearsal and witness the first performance. So substantial was his share of the profits that he was able to make an arrangement with his creditors, and then started for Paris, where he was employed in watching new plays and selecting and translating such as were suitable for the English stage.

In 1823 Payne sold to Charles Kemble three manuscript plays for £250. One of these was the opera *Clari, the Maid of Milan*, and in it was the original version of *Home, Sweet Home*. The song of two stanzas

had been written in a lodging-room in Paris in the October previous. Payne afterward revised the song, and new music was composed by Henry R. Bishop from an old Sicilian Vesper hymn. The following is a correct copy from the author's manuscript:

Home, Sweet Home.

'Mid pleasures and palaces though we may roam,
 Be it ever so humble, there's no place like home!
 A charm from the sky seems to hallow us there,
 Which, seek through the world, is ne'er met with elsewhere!
 Home, home, sweet, sweet home!
 There's no place like home!
 There's no place like home!

An exile from home, splendor dazzles in vain!
 Oh, give me my lowly thatch'd cottage again!
 The birds singing gaily that came at my call—
 Give me them!—and the peace of mind dearer than all!
 Home, home, sweet, sweet home!
 There's no place like home!
 There's no place like home!

This English opera was produced at the Covent Garden theatre in May, 1823, with a success that surprised the manager as much as it flattered the author. The part of Clari was rendered by the beautiful Miss Maria Tree (afterward Mrs. Charles Kean). Her melodious voice rendered the song so popular that more than a hundred thousand copies were sold within a year by the publisher. Yet of the abundant profits the poor author received nothing. Nor did the manager pay him the extra amount promised when the play should reach its twenty-fifth night. Many apocryphal stories

have grown up about this famous song and the author's wretchedness at the time of its composure. In fact, he was then living in comfort in a sky-parlor in a fashionable quarter of Paris, though as a bachelor he may not have enjoyed all the pleasures of home.

For a time Washington Irving joined Payne in his work of translating and adapting French plays, and shared the suite of rooms which he then occupied. In this way the plays called *Charles II, or the Merry Monarch*, and *The Youth of Richelieu*, were composed. For them the manager of Covent Garden paid two hundred guineas, and Payne expected as much more from the copyrights. *Richelieu* was afterward published in New York with a dedication to Irving, who had stipulated that his partnership in these plays should not be disclosed. Payne next started, in London, a critical journal called *The Opera Glass*, but its career was abruptly terminated by his illness.

In the summer of 1832 Payne returned to New York, after an absence of nineteen years, and was warmly welcomed by his friends and relatives. In November he received a public benefit at the Park theatre, the opening play being *Brutus*, with Edwin Forrest in the title rôle; *Home, Sweet Home*, of course, followed; and then Shakespeare's *Katherine and Petruchio*, with Charles Kemble and his daughter Fanny in the principal parts. Even this superb treat was not enough, for the entertainment was closed with Payne's comedy of *Charles II*. The total receipts were seven thousand dollars. A benefit at Boston in the following

April was less successful, owing to injudicious management, though the audience comprised the wealth and culture of the city.

Payne's home was now with his brother, Thatcher Payne, a lawyer, in New York city. In 1835 he made a tour of the Southern States and received a complimentary benefit at New Orleans. This closed his connection with the stage. He engaged in literary work, writing for newspapers and magazines. He applied for a position in the government service, and in August, 1842, President Tyler appointed him consul at Tunis, but he did not reach that destination until the following May, having tarried at London and other cities to greet his friends. During three years' residence at Tunis he added to his official duties the task of writing a history of the place, but this work was interrupted by his recall in President Polk's administration. On his way back he again lingered in the principal cities of Europe, reaching New York in July, 1847. On a change of administration at Washington he went to that city and applied for reappointment to Tunis, but did not succeed until Millard Fillmore became president. His commission was made out in February, 1851. In the previous December the Swedish vocalist, Jenny Lind, closed her concert at Washington by turning to Payne, who was in the audience, and singing *Home, Sweet Home*, which was received with rapturous applause.

On the 6th of May, 1851, Payne sailed from New York. On reaching Tunis he found the consulate residence much dilapidated, but, with the generous aid of the Bey, proceeded to restore and embellish it suitably.

A dangerous illness followed, and on the 9th of April, 1852, he died, after having received all proper attention from the British consul and Sisters of Charity. His body was buried in the Protestant cemetery of St. George, near Tunis.

The banker, William W. Corcoran, of Washington, in his boyhood had witnessed Payne's triumphs on the stage, and in latter life had befriended him while visiting that city. In 1882 he generously undertook the duty of bringing back the remains of the American dramatist to his native land. With the aid and approval of the American and British governments this task was accomplished in the following year. Though the coffin was found to have rotted, the skeleton was entirely preserved. Suitable ceremonies were observed in the chapel at Tunis, and in New York the new coffin lay in state in City Hall for a day. It was finally deposited in Oak Hill cemetery, at Georgetown, D. C., with appropriate funeral rites, on June 9th, 1883, the ninety-second anniversary of the beloved dramatist's birth. A marble monument, crowned by a bust of the poet, was erected there. A beautiful monument had previously been placed in Prospect Park, Brooklyn. But the true memorial of the poet and dramatist is found in his immortal song, which still cheers the world as it "flies through the mouths of men."

THERESE, THE ORPHAN OF GENEVA

ADAPTED FROM THE FRENCH

BY

JOHN HOWARD PAYNE

Author of "Home, Sweet Home," and various dramas.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

CARWIN, a Lawyer.

FONTAINE, a Pastor.

COUNT DE MORVILLE.

PICARD, his Steward.

LAVIGNE, a Farmer.

DELPARC, a Magistrate.

THERESE, assumed name Mariette.

COUNTESS DE MORVILLE.

BRIDGET, wife of Lavigne.

NANNETTE.

PRELUDE.

Payne's *Brutus* has been considered his best play as a literary effort. He admitted, however, that he borrowed the plot and adapted much of its best dialogue. This drama is given, instead of the former, as a better example of his dramatic skill with modern characters. It also illustrates the popular play of its period. Edwin Forrest played Carwin on its production in 1829.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Garden of the Chateau de Morville. An iron rail fence, with a gate in the middle, crosses the back of the stage. At the right of the actors, one of the side fronts of the Chateau, and steps going up to it, embellished with vases. At the left, a little gate leading to the orchard. Near the front, a yoke-elm-tree hedge, with a garden-chair. The background, beyond the railing, represents a beautiful landscape.

Picard and Lavigne come out of the Chateau. Lavigne has empty sacks and panniers over his arms and about his person as the curtain rises.

Lavigne.—(On the steps and speaking behind the scenes.) My Neddy can stand where he is. There's no fear of his running away. I'm only going into the orchard a minute with Father Picard, to get some prunes. (Comes down to Picard, who is taking a pinch of snuff.) Come, now, Picard, is it honest, parson's truth that you have been telling me?

Picard.—Parson's truth, indeed! 'Tis Picard's truth—and none honester. The countess and her son are coming home this very day. I and Miss Mariette have just got letters.

Lav.—Then I'll be off; no matter for the prunes. The countess and her son coming home! They must pass the farm on their way from Lausanne to the Chateau, and if they take my old wife, Bridget, unawares, she'll be all in such a fluster!

Pic.—Don't flatter yourself. They'll not stop at the farm. Her ladyship has pressing reasons for coming back so quick. (Mysteriously.) Great news, Lavigne! There's great news, I tell you. There was a letter in my parcel for the village notary, and he's to be here at twelve.

Lav.—You don't say so! Why, Picard—bless my soul! Picard, do you think the young count is to—to—to wed Miss Mariette? Hey? What do you think, Picard?

Pic.—Think! I tell you, there's great news! that's all! mark—great news!

Lav.—Oh! bless my heart! How happy I should be! Why, Picard, I'd give that beautiful crooked-horned cow with the little tail—I'd give the robin red-breast that pecks its breakfast out of my mouth—I'd give—I don't know what I wouldn't give to see the young count wedded to Miss Mariette! Yes, were it only to plague my old wife, Bridget, who's always preaching up—"That affair'll come to no good: a girl own'd by nobody, to be made so much of at the Chateau." A girl this and a girl that! What will she say now? Ha! ha! Now, when she knows— (Taking out a silver watch.) Hey-day! ten o'clock! It's a long league to the farm and my Neddy's no eagle! Good-day, Picard, good-day.

Pic.—If you must go, I'll see you to your Neddy.

Lav.—Thank ye, Picard, thank ye for both—Neddy and I, too. Come along.

(Picard opens the middle gate and goes out with Lavigne. As they are departing, chatting together, a man appears behind the fence, who seems endeavoring to ascertain where he is. It is Carwin. He enters through the middle gate, which Picard has left open.)

Carwin.—(Alone, tablets in his hand.) One league from Morville—on the right—beyond the forest on the rustic bridge. Ay, this must be the spot; and here the mansion of the Countess de Morville. But do those lofty walls protect my fugitive? Therese, though you escaped me at Geneva, and for eight months have still eluded me, my lynx-eyed vigilance shall never sleep! The orphan who has found shelter here must be she. What though the name be different! Her own she could not bear, the trial was too public. 'Tis rumored that the young count loves her. If this Mariette in truth should be Therese, that may mar my project! The countess and her son at Lausanne? Doubtless the orphan's with them. So much the better: I can move more freely.

(Picard returns, and, as he comes in, throws the middle gates wide open and then comes down.)

Pic.—As it's so late, the gates may as well stand open. 'Twill save trouble, and— (Coming down.) Hallo! a stranger!—how did he get in? He must have passed behind me.

Car.—Good-day, friend.

Pic.—Good-day—friend! (Aside.) Where the devil did this friend of mine come from? (Aloud.) What may be your pleasure, sir? Who are you looking for?

Car.—You belong to the Chateau?

Pic.—I do, sir. My name is Picard, and I have been steward here these thirty years last Michaelmas.

Car.—I am glad of it.

Pic.—Faith, so am I. It's a snug place. But, to go back to what we were talking about—what do you want here, sir? (Aside.) I don't like that fellow's looks.

Car.—I come to offer my respects to the countess.

Pic.—(Taking off his hat.) A friend of the countess—I beg pardon, sir, but, never having had the honor of seeing you before—the countess and her son are both from home; but we expect them back in an hour or two, and if you walk into the house till then, Miss Mariette will receive you.

Car.—Miss Mariette—she is not with them, then?

Pic.—Oh, no. She always stays at home. She don't like to go into company, though she'd make as good a figure in it as the best of 'em, take my word for it.

Car.—(Aside.) Ha! this confirms— (Aloud.) My good Mr. Steward, tell me—I have heard much of this young lady. How old is she?

Pic.—(Looking at Carwin for a moment.) Why, as far as I know, about eighteen or nineteen. (Aside.) This fellow has a deal of curiosity.

Car.—(Aside.) Her age to a moment! (Aloud.) Is she handsome?

Pic.—(Irritated.) Yes. (Aside.) This is very odd—perhaps he's some relation.

Car.—Pray, where does she come from? Do you know her family?

Pic.—(Aside.) These are strange questions! Oh! he must be a relation—now, if I could find out—I'll encourage him.

Car.—So! The countess has given shelter to this young girl without knowing anything about her?

Pic.—Partly so and partly not. One day—I can tell you this much without doing wrong, for everybody knows how she came here: One day Mr. Fontaine, the pastor of our church—sir, he's as worthy a man as ever lived! Well, as I was saying—Mr. Fontaine came to the countess and told her that a young girl, exhausted, wretched, on foot and without a guide had just arrived at Morville, imploring assistance to enable her to reach Lausanne. The countess, who is kindness itself, sent for the wanderer and asked her what she was going there for, whether she had relations or friends at Lausanne? The tears streamed down her beautiful cheeks, and she said she was alone in the world. She proved to be an orphan, deprived, by death, of her benefactress, and cast out in destitution, with no hope but that of obtaining a situation in some family at Lausanne. The young stranger told her story with a grace and openness which so interested her ladyship that she gave her a home here, where her modest, gentle, affable conduct has made the dear girl the darling of everybody who knows her.

Car.—(To himself.) No doubt remains. 'Tis she!

Pic.—Pray, sir, what is it you mean by saying “ ’Tis she?”
Then, you know——

Car.—Accept my thanks. Your narrative——

Pic.—Probably you are a relation, a friend——

Car.—No.

Pic.—Indeed! Sir, your curiosity, for a mere stranger, seems very extraordinary. Sir, what am I to think of it?

Car.—Nothing.

Pic.—What! A’nt you going into the house?

Car.—(Going.) No.

Pic.—(Following.) At least, you’ll leave your card, sir?

Car.—No.

Pic.—Will you call again?

Car.—Perhaps.

(Carwin goes out slowly. Picard looks after him, astonished. Enter Fontaine.)

Pic.—Ah, Mr. Fontaine, it does my heart good every time I see you.

Fontaine.—Thank you, Picard. Have the kindness to tell Miss Mariette I am here, as she requested.

Pic.—Certainly, sir, certainly. (Aside.) “As she requested.” So! He’s been sent for, too! (As he goes into the Chateau.) The notary and the parson! these are the natural forerunners of matrimony: like black clouds before a storm. Ay, ay—great news! great news!

(Exit, talking till out of sight.)

Fon.—(Alone.) Mariette seems anxious and disturbed. Her note says she must speak with me before the countess comes. Hold! She is here.

Therese enters from the Chateau; looking cautiously about, sees Fontaine, and then runs eagerly to him and kneels.

Therese.—Oh, my father! Yes, you have permitted me to call you by that name, and never did my heart need it more than now.

Fon.—Dear girl, whence arises this agitation? (Raising her.) You weep! Has new misery befallen you? Pour forth your sorrows freely into the bosom of your friend.

Ther.—Ah, sir! Nothing remains to me in the world but your esteem; should I lose that, my cup of affliction would o'erflow.

Fon.—What have you to fear? Can you think I am unjust?

Ther.—Oh, no, no, no! My disclosures will not make you drive me from you. (Hesitating.) Count de Morville—

(Stops, casting down her eyes.)

Fon.—Loves you. I know it: do not blush. His love does you honor, and is one among the many testimonials of your virtues.

Ther.—I have never abused my situation. The count should not have indulged a thought of one who came into the world only to know wretchedness, and my conscience acquits me of the remotest wish to excite his attention.

Fon.—And yet you love him.

Ther.—I never said I loved him.

Fon.—Don't he know it, then?

Ther.—(Embarrassed.) I did not think he did.

Fon.—Ah! I understand—how does the countess view the attachment?

Ther.—I could not have supposed she would ever have yielded to the wishes of her son. But here, dear sir (taking a letter from her bosom), read this and judge how happy I might be!

Fon.—(Speaking as he glances over the letter.) Now I am, indeed, at a loss to account for your tears. Charles loves you and deserves your love. His mother's arms are open to receive you. This very day—nay, within this hour—you are to be affianced! Friendship, love, fortune smile on you at once! then, wherefore, Mariette, wherefore should you weep?

Ther.—Alas! I am more than ever to be pitied now. My prospects are terrific—all who love me will hate—will cast me from them!

Fon.—How?

Ther.—I have none but you to guide and sustain me. To you let me avow the truth. Instruct me how to act. I will obey, even though my heart should break.

Fon.—What is this mystery?

Ther.—Marianne is not my name.

Fon.—(Severely.) Indeed!

Ther.—Doubtless you have heard of a most unfortunate young girl of Geneva, who was accused of a most dreadful crime, and—sentenced—to—the—most—infamous—of—punishments?

Fon.—A young girl of Geneva—an orphan named Therese, who was some months ago sentenced—you are agitated—heavens! can it be?

Ther.—It is! I am Therese.

Fon.—You!

Ther.—(Falling upon her knees.) Oh, sir, do not spurn me, I am innocent!

Fon.—Rise. Were you guilty, heaven pardons the repentant!

Ther.—Listen, sir, and judge. I never deceived you concerning my birth: I know not who my parents were. In my earliest infancy I was taken by the Marchioness de Ligny, who loved me like a mother; no child ever experienced more tenderness and affection. Her kindred became jealous: I thought not of the future. The marchioness died—her will was opened—it was only out of respect for her memory that I was present at the sad ceremony. How great was my astonishment, and her family's indignation, on finding that I was left sole heiress of her wealth, with authority to bear the title of her principal estate. Oh, fatal benefactions! Her family, noble, rich, powerful, resolved upon my ruin. I offered to give up everything. An advocate of the name of Carwin, who volunteered to defend my rights, overcame my intention to surrender them. I submitted to his guidance, for he had been many years the friend and adviser of my benefactress; but the wretch was bribed by my enemies. I cannot tell what horrid means were resorted to—I was too young and inexperienced even to suspect them. The will was impeached before the

tribunals, declared a forgery and I was represented as its author. I could make no defense. I was condemned.

Fon.—Great heaven! Was there no appeal?

Ther.—Carwin induced me to fly in order to escape the sentence. 'Twas then I first began to know him, but 'twas too late—the blow was struck! What most of all surprised me in this man was that the decree had scarcely been made public when he audaciously offered me his hand, threatening, should I reject it, to give me up to justice. Alarmed by his threats and disgusted by his importunity, I fled from the asylum whither he had beguiled me, and bent my course toward Lausanne, having no prop but my conscience—no hope but in the goodness of heaven!

Fon.—(Exultingly.) Truth lives upon her lip and beams in every glance! Come, dear unfortunate, come to a father's arms, and let these streaming tears convince you that the heaven you trusted ne'er leaves the good defenseless! You must summon all your courage, now—you must quit this roof.

Ther.—That I foresaw.

Fon.—You cannot make yourself known here without great risk; nor can you decline the count's hand without explanation why; in this dilemma, flight is the only alternative.

Ther.—But presently they will be here to affiancè me—

Fon.—This pledge is a mere form. Mark me—restrain your tears, strive to seem calm and give the promise they expect. Perhaps it may not be given in vain. From this night you shall have another asylum. I have a sister who resides at the village of Preverange, about a league hence, on the Geneva road. Meet me after evening prayers at the willow fountain; I will give you to my sister's kindness and go myself instantly to Geneva.

Ther.—To Geneva?

Fon.—Yes, my dear, to Geneva. 'Tis his first duty who inculcates virtue, to exercise it in tearing off the mask from crime. 'Tis never too late for truth to lift her voice; she often rides unseen above our heads; but, when the firm voice calls her to appear, bursts in surpassing beauty from the cloud! Child! you shall yet rejoice! A city like Geneva can always

boast good men, with courage and with power to make innocence triumphant.

(Therese seems completely overwhelmed and crosses to the right hand. Fontaine goes out quickly through the middle gate. A bustle is heard and the count, countess and four servants appear at the middle gate. The count advances before the rest. Picard, at the same moment, comes out of the Chateau to meet them.)

Count.—(Running to Therese.) Dear Mariette! Look—my mother!

(Therese, recovering, crosses, to throw herself at the feet of the countess.)

Countess.—Not thus, Mariette, come to my arms—a friend's heart—ere long a mother's—warms to bid you welcome! (To Picard.) Is all in readiness?

Picard.—Everything, my lady: and the notary will be here to the very minute.

Countess.—Mr. Fontaine must be sent for.

Pic.—He was here only a moment ago, my lady; but just as he was going out, somebody came to take him to old Father Thomas, who has been dangerously ill for the last fortnight.

Countess.—So I heard at Morville. Charles, go yourself to the poor old man's cottage. (Turning aside to give her purse.) Leave this with him and bring Mr. Fontaine back with you.

Pic.—(Aside.) Ah, what a heart she has!

Count.—Instantly, madam. (To Therese.) And must I leave you, Mariette, overwhelmed with this unusual sadness?

Ther.—Ah! Charles, blame not these tears—soon you'll no longer see them—now they must flow, I cannot suppress them.

(The count and countess regard Therese with surprise—Picard also seems astonished. The count kisses Therese's hand, begs his mother not to be alarmed and goes out, agitated.)

Countess.—Get the salon ready, Picard.

Pic.—And the bedrooms, too, my lady?

Countess.—No; we shall return to Lausanne this evening and take Miss Mariette with us.

Pic.—Ah! all going! (The countess gazes at Mariette and appears astonished at her depression.) Half a word's enough for me—ha! my brain has been wool-gathering all this time—I had nigh forgotten—well thought of! My lady, do you know a man with black hair, piercing eyes, a pale face and a sad, hanging look? Such a man has been prowling round the Chateau all the morning; and such a man, who seems to be a stranger, has been questioning me in the oddest way you can imagine about Miss Mariette.

Ther.—About me?

Countess.—About Mariette? Did he tell his name?

Pic.—Tell? No, no—he wanted to get all he could out of me, but 'twould puzzle Old Nick to get anything out of him.

Countess.—I can't imagine—perhaps you have some idea who it is, Mariette?

Ther.—Not the slightest—I don't know a soul.

Pic.—I'll get the saloon ready immediately, my lady.

(Exit into the Chateau.)

Countess.—(To the other servants.) Follow Picard! (They go out; Therese is receding and the countess calls her.) Mariette, you are aware of the step to which my affection for Charles has induced me to consent. He builds his happiness upon you, and the rational felicity of my child has always been paramount in my mind to every other consideration. The tie about to be formed extends its influence over both your lives; and the alarms and agitations of maternal tenderness may be pardoned at such a crisis. Mariette, have you been sincere in your disclosures concerning yourself? Have you concealed nothing? You are an orphan, unfriended—there is no harm in this, if this be all. But to what wretchedness will you condemn your husband and yourself if, partial in your avowals, you still keep circumstances out of view, at the discovery of which my son may one day have cause to blush.

Ther.—Oh, my benefactress! Trust me—however mysterious my dejection may appear, hereafter you will find no cause to think that she who owes everything to your bounty is capable of treachery or ingratitude!

Countess.—Enough, Mariette. I cannot doubt your truth. (Crossing to Chateau—at the steps she turns.) My heart is

now relieved and freely grants you the sacred name of daughter!

(Therese kneels and receives her blessing. The countess enters the Chateau. Therese remains in deep abstraction. Carwin enters cautiously through the middle gate and advances, unperceived, opposite Therese, gazing intently at her. He gently touches her.)

Ther.—(Turning, discovers Carwin.) Heaven and earth!
Carwin!

Carwin.—Aye—Carwin, Therese!

Ther.—In mercy, utter not that name!

Car.—Why not? 'Tis yours.

Ther.—Oh, I am lost! Why do you still pursue me?

Car.—Go where you will, these eyes will ne'er lose sight of you.

Ther.—What is your purpose?

Car.—Why do you ask? You know full well—to be your husband.

Ther.—Oh, sir, torture not your victim! quit, quit this place——

Car.—That I'll do cheerfully. Follow!

Ther.—(Recoiling.) You!

Car.—Think you to impose on me?

Ther.—In heaven's name, speak lower.

Car.—I come to unmask you, to give you up to shame—to infamy—and to snatch you from his arms whom you prefer to Carwin.

Ther.—On my knees I supplicate—oh, mercy! mercy!

Car.—(Raising her.) I would fain spare you—fear not—if seen, I am unknown, and for the rest—oh, I will speak as gently as you will—in dove-like tones, that none but you can hear—but you must listen—if you dare refuse, I'll to the Chateau instantly.

Ther.—Oh, no, no, no!—I—listen, sir!

Car.—With you 'twere folly longer to dissemble. I wished to become the arbiter of your fate. I am so. With a breath I

can call back your fortune; aye, and more than you yourself yet know, can prove your parentage and noble rank.

Ther.—Powers of mercy! can it be?

Car.—We are unheard—unwitnessed. (Lower.) Judge how much it is your interest to obey. Become my wife and I will pledge myself that you shall be acknowledged as the daughter of the Marchioness de Ligny.

Ther.—The marchioness my mother!

Car.—Was secretly married to the Count de Belmour: the hatred of your mother's family to the count compelled her always to conceal her union; your father died soon after you were born—the marchioness, not daring to avow the truth, received you as an adopted child and left you all her wealth. Only one document exists to prove your birth; to me it was confided. That document, with others which concern your innocence, is in my hands; and never shall they see the light till you consent to receive me as your husband.

Ther.—At last the truth dawns! 'Tis avarice impels you! My husband? Never!

Car.—Never? Do you forget that you are in my power? that one word of mine can yield you to the executioner? that without me you are a being without a name, an outcast, a sentenced felon? That with me you spring into new existence, courted, adored, given back to rank and honor? Beware of what you do! You are expected instantly to pledge your hand to Count de Morville. I forbid this pledge. Take but another step and I appear, I speak and I denounce you.

Ther.—Only let this ceremony pass and I promise not to be his wife; but, oh, sir, in pity, save me from the consequences of receding thus abruptly; 'tis but a ceremony; oh! let it pass; 'twill spare a terrible exposure!

Car.—You have heard. I must be obeyed. Hark! they come!

Ther.—Earth, hide me.

Car.—Remember!

(As Carwin is going toward the middle gate, he sees persons coming, and returns precipitately. Therese, in terror, runs toward him and points him to

one of the hedge alleys, into which Carwin darts and disappears. At the same moment the countess enters from the Chateau, while the count and Fontaine come in at the middle gate.)

Countess.—Mr. Fontaine, you are most welcome. As the protector of this dear orphan girl, 'tis proper that from you her lover should receive her, as from a father.

Fontaine.—I will be her father; a tender and unshaken one; I invoke heaven's blessings on her head!

Ther.—Oh, my father! (Aside.) Stay by me! don't stir from me!

Fon.—(Aside to her.) Courage!

Count.—(Taking her hand with inquietude.) Beloved Mariette! why do you tremble thus? A mother's tenderness and a husband's love unite to insure your happiness without a cloud.

Ther.—(Mournfully.) Without a cloud!

(Picard appears at the door of the Chateau.)

Picard.—The notary is come.

(Therese starts, terrified, and casts an agitated glance toward the hedge. Fontaine retires and talks with Picard at the back of the stage.)

Count.—What is the matter, love? Your looks are troubled—you seem to seek for some one.

Ther.—(Agitated.) No—no—count—nobody——

Countess.—(To the count.) Her agitation is inexplicable.

Count.—"Tis her emotion at the ceremony—trust me—nothing more.

Fon.—(Coming down to the right hand of Therese.) Now, daughter——

Ther.—(Low, to Fontaine, not daring to look up.) Do you see any stranger?

Fon.—(Surprised.) Stranger? none.

Count.—(Taking her hand.) Mariette, we are waited for.

Ther.—(To Fontaine, wildly.) Let us in—come, father—quick, now, quick!

(The count transfers the hand of Therese to Fontaine and takes his mother's. Therese casts one more glance toward the hedge and hurries, in agitation, toward the steps of the Chateau. During this movement Carwin passes along the background and mounts the steps. Therese, in turning, suddenly discovers him and shrieks.)

Carwin.—Hold! (Therese faints in the arms of Fontaine.)

Count.—(Rushing to her.) Mariette!

(All regard Carwin with astonishment. He stands calmly and in silence.)

Countess.—What mystery is this?

Count.—Who are you, sir? What is your business here? By what right come you to invade our peace?

Car.—When she can hear me, you shall know. Now, she revives. I come to seek that girl.

Count.—Mariette?

Car.—Not Mariette, but—

Ther.—(Falling on her knees, crosses to Carwin.) Do not proceed. I yield myself to you. Dispose of my fate, of my life! I'll follow you.

Count.—Follow?

Car.—(Taking the hand of Therese.) Then I will keep my word. Away!

Count.—(About to rush over.) Hold! You stir not hence!

Countess.—Remember, sir, this young lady is under my protection.

(Passing Therese from Carwin to the side of Fontaine.)

Car.—Then, thus compelled, I must explain. (Therese trembles.) No, no! I will be pitiful, nor tear you from your friends; honor and duty demand that I should unmask you—that done, I leave you to their mercy. (Taking out a paper.) Lady, read that—'tis a sentence pronounced by the tribunal of Geneva. (Giving the paper to the countess.) There, madam.

Ther.—'Tis done, I yield me to my fate!

(The countess unfolds the writing; Charles approaches and glances over it at the same time that his

mother does. Carwin smiles, looking at Therese. Fontaine approaches Therese to support her, but without taking his eyes from Carwin.)

Count.—Just heaven!

Countess.—(Darting a dreadful look at Therese.) Wretch, are you——

(Carwin motions her not to go on, indicating, with an hypocritical gesture, that the servants may overhear.)

Count.—(Desperately seizing the paper.) No, no! impossible! 'tis all a plot of hell! (To Carwin.) Sir, if you wrong her, tremble! (To Therese.) Mariette! Speak, Mariette, is it not false? I know it is. Are you the person named? Oh, speak! you only will I believe.

Ther.—(Putting aside the paper.) I am the person—but—I am innocent.

Count.—Hear, mother, hear!

Countess.—Charles! (Turning to Carwin.) Sir, whoever you may be, I thank you for averting this dishonor from my house. I beg you to exert your authority. Take her forever from a place where she found tenderness and love, but where she leaves sorrow and perhaps despair!

Ther.—Driven in disgrace away!—and driven to him!—(Pointing to Carwin and recoiling with disgust.) Ah! him!

Car.—(Going toward her.) Now——

Fon.—(Interposing between them.) Stop, sir. (Crosses and passes Therese to his left hand. The countess restraining the count. They go up a little.) In the name of the being I serve, I forbid you to proceed. Providence has placed this child beneath my care, to guide her out of the paths of suffering. In silence I have observed you; your acts, your words have made you known unto me; you are Carwin.

(The countess comes forward on the left-hand side of Therese.)

Car.—Who should tell you my name?

Fon.—Your victim.

(Carwin appears confused, and retires down to the right hand.)

Countess.—So, sir—you knew——

Fon.—Lady, I knew all; and the dear child was to have quitted you this very night. (To Carwin.) Come, persecuted girl—the wicked calumniate and the good rebel you; but let the lightnings flash—a father's heart shall pillow you amid the storm. Be not betrayed by your afflictions into unjust resentments. Never forget the bounties of the generous; one error must not efface so many benefactions. (Therese turns, with emotion, to the countess.) Lady, I take my leave. The day will come, I know it will, when I shall lead this orphan back to you, happy and in triumph; till then, faithful to my promise, she ne'er shall feel that she has lost a home (looking sternly at Carwin), and her enemies shall find that she's not without protection.

(Therese recedes toward the middle gate with Fontaine. Carwin is at the right-hand corner. The countess stands reading the parchment, and the count expostulating with her. Therese, when near the gate, looks back, runs to the countess, kneels and attempts to take her hand. The countess repels her; Therese bends submissively. Carwin crosses to the left-hand side and touches her arm, motioning for her to follow. The countess, urging the count, crosses toward the Chateau. Therese shudders, rises—totters from Carwin—and, seeing Fontaine, runs into his arms. The count, on the right-hand side, attempting to approach Therese, is restrained by his mother.)

ACT II.

SCENE.—The inside of a sort of spacious cart-shed, open at the back. Beyond it, on the right hand, the main entrance to the farm-house, and, nearer the audience, on the same side, a white rail fence and gate. On the left, the pavilion spoken of in the first act, built by the countess for her son and herself; a little square lodge, raised considerably above the ground, newer and more tasteful than the farm-house; steps on the outside lead up to the door of it, which

opens on a short gallery. A large, clear window, of the same height with the door and full in front of the audience, gives a distinct view of the interior, and shows two chambers, both opening into this, the entrance chamber; and the doors of each are perceptible to the spectators, one leading to the back of the building and the other to the side. In the distance, a court-yard, inclosed by a quick-set hedge, beyond which appears a landscape characteristic of the country.

The curtain rises to music. Distant thunder, lightning and rain heard at intervals. 'Tis night throughout the act. A lighted lantern is suspended from the top of the shed. The lads and lasses of the village are discovered dancing, this being the holiday referred to by Lavigne in early part of the play. A knot of farmers, grouped at a table in one corner, are smoking and carousing with Lavigne. Bridget, entering from the farm-house, stops the dance.

Bridget.—That'll do, I say. The church clock has just struck nine—it's getting cloudier and cloudier—the big drops are coming down already—there's a storm on the lake, and the wind will soon blow it this way. So get home as fast as you can. (Exeunt villagers through the white gate. A flash of lightning.) Ah!

Lavigne.—Nonsense, it's only heat lightning.

Brid.—(Distant thunder and lightning.) Listen, it's just over the house.

Lav.—Pooh! it's far enough off. Wait a minute, and I'll go and look out.

(He turns to go. At the same moment a young female, clad very plainly, with a little bundle in her hand, appears at the back of the court-yard; she seems fatigued, cast down, and advances with timidity. It is Therese.)

Hey! who's that? (Goes toward her.) Bless my soul! is it possible?—hey? yes, 'tis she! Wife! 'tis she!

Brid.—Hey? Who? 'tis she? 'tis she! That old fool knows every girl in Switzerland! Blessed Saint Dominic! Miss Mariette!

Lav.—What a condition she's in! Dear me! Why—what—why, miss, what has happened to you? Good miss, what brings you here at this time of night?

Therese.—To ask your hospitality. It rains, a storm threatens, and I am much fatigued. I entreat you to receive me only for the night.

Brid.—But where did you come from? where are you going to, all alone by yourself? and in the night, too?

Ther.—I came from the Chateau; I am going with this letter to the house of our good pastor's sister, at Preverange. He was to have accompanied me himself, but old Farmer Thomas being on his death-bed, the duties of his ministry compelled him to stay behind. One of the old farmer's shepherds conducted me on the way, but fatigue o'erpowers me—I have suffered so severely!

Brid.—Poor girl! (Considering and taking Lavigne aside.) I say, old man—do you think it prudent to let her stay here? Ecod! it seems a crooked business; and if the countess has sent her off! we are her tenants—and it might do us no good to——

Lav.—Fie, wife! Refuse to take the young girl in, and in such weather! For shame! Come, come, Bridget, there's no need of making yourself uglier than you really are. Does not our pastor preach every Sunday—"Open to whoever knocks: Give to whoever asks?" And doesn't she ask? Zounds, Bridget, don't hold the latch in your hands, when you ought to throw the door wide open.

Brid.—Open! give? that's easily said. I'll give to none that don't deserve it, and—— (Turning, she sees Therese departing, wiping the tears from her eyes.) Well, where are you going now?

Ther.—I cannot tell—I thought you seemed afraid to give me shelter, and I would not put you to inconvenience.

Brid.—In fact, Miss Mariette, the countess is a good lady and a charitable lady, and she'd never have sent you adrift if you hadn't done something very bad; but as you are going to the parson's sister, there can be no harm in your resting a bit here on the way, especially as it rains; so, don't cry; you shall sleep here, and I'll go and get you some supper.

Ther.—Thanks—many thanks—but I require nothing—nothing—but a little sleep.

(Going toward a chair, she totters.)

Brid.—(Running to support her.) Bless me! She's so weak—— (Making her sit down.) Nannette! Nannette! (Nannette enters from the farm-house.) A glass of water! Quick! (To Lavigne.) What are you about? Don't you see the child wants help?

(Bridget and Lavigne are busied with Therese, who returns to herself and thanks them. A man, wrapped in a mantle, appears in the court-yard, observes the scene for a moment, then retires. 'Tis Carwin. Nannette goes back and forth, doing as her mistress bids her.)

Brid.—There! Now, the best thing we can do will be to get her into a comfortable bed.

Lav.—And, poor thing, she needs it.

Brid.—The countess' bed in the pavilion is always kept ready air'd, and there she'll sleep, with the beautiful white curtains all round her, like a princess! Nannette! go in and turn down the bed.

(Nannette goes up, throws open the door nearest the window, settles the room, and presently returns.)

Ther.—Friends, I thank you. Do not think I am unworthy of your kindness.

Lav.—Show the young lady to her room, wife.

Brid.—(Harshly, to Therese.) Come along, girl.

Ther.—Pardon me—I would avail myself of the little time you allow me to pass under your hospitable roof to write a few words to the countess—I had no power to speak to her in parting.

Lav.—I'll go and fetch you the writing things.

(Going into the farm-house.)

Brid.—You must write in the entrance chamber. You see that window—there's a desk standing there, and the countess' bedchamber is next to it. Don't make a blunder and go into the door opposite the window, for that leads to the room where the count sleeps when he comes with his mother. These

are the only apartments in the building; so you needn't be afraid, for the staircase door, once locked, you'll sleep like a little pig.

Lav.—(Returning.) Here's ink, letter-paper, and a pen from the schoolmaster's goose—as hard, ah! as hard as some people's hearts, miss!

Brid.—Give me the light.

Lav.—Here—and here's the bundle—'tisn't very heavy—(To Therese)—is that all your luggage, Miss?

Brid.—What's that to you?

Ther.—All that I dare call my own.

Lav.—Good-night, Miss—God bless you! Good-night!

Ther.—Good-night! I shall never think of your kindness without gratitude.

(Bridget takes the lamp, paper, etc., and goes up first. Therese follows. They are seen in the chamber. Bridget points out the desk to Therese, puts her own light and Therese's down upon it, and then shows the room where she is to sleep, going into it for an instant with her. Lavigne carries paper, pen and ink into pavilion, and puts it on the table. During this action Carwin reappears: intently observes the position of the scene and of the room allotted to Therese, then retires.)

Lav.—(Reëntering alone.) Miss Mariette turn'd out of the Chateau! Well, who would have thought it! hum, hum!—Faith, a pretty girl isn't like any other sort of goods—in one place, they won't take her in,—and in another they're too ready to take her in—beauty's always in danger of falling below par. To be sure it wasn't so with me in my young days—but a good-looking lad's never out of demand. Ah! I remember how, in my young days, as I walked along the village, all the girls used to run to the doors—and they'd whisper, on purpose loud enough for me to hear 'em—“There's the pretty cherry chops! What a beautiful color he's got! Isn't he a dear little fellow! Isn't he a darling!” And then they'd sing and laugh like little mad things! ha! ha! ha!—Bridget remembers those times well. 'Ecod, she was a likely wench, too—but that's a long

while ago—she didn't talk so devilish loud then—she was so soft, so—well, well, times change—she's getting old—and—well, well, well—ha! ha! ha!—well. (Turning.) It's time to put out the light.

(He lets down the lantern, and puts it out. Bridget and Therese return, bringing a candle with them, and having left a lamp on the table, at which Therese sits writing.)

Brid.—So that job's over. She can go to bed whenever she's sleepy. But you'll see, Lavigne, this affair will come to no good. Come along, shut the gates and come to bed.

Lav.—(His eyes fixed on the window.) Poor dear!

Brid.—Never mind her. Why don't you come? Don't keep me standing here all night.

Lav.—Coming, Mrs. Lavigne. (Apart.) There's no speaking a word for her. She must have her way. (Turning back to look at Therese as he goes into the farm-house.) Poor dear!—

(Being, when the farm-house door is heard to lock inside. The stage is without light, excepting the glimmer cast from the lamp where Therese is writing in the pavilion chamber. Carwin enters cautiously, as Lavigne and his wife lock their door.)

Car.—(Alone.) I was right. Therese is here and unattended. A shepherd was her guide, who brought her thus far and returned. My fortune depends on her possession—but if foiled in that, my safety claims her death. Now, to reconnoitre.

(Examines every part of the pavilion, and at last stops directly opposite to the window. Therese puts down the pen.)

Ther.—(Within.) Will the countess refuse to believe me? and Charles! can he suppose me capable of deception? (Taking up the pen.) Well, they shall be told all the truth, I can do no more.

(Begins to write.)

Car.—(Having discovered her.) Ha! I have her!—The light still burns—she seems to be writing—(observing)—she's alone in the building—(listening.)—Everything appears quiet. Could I entice her hither! Let me see—aye, that's the plan. In the pastor she has unlimited confidence—at least, I can but

try. (Goes rapidly up a few steps, then stops abruptly in consequence of the noise his tread makes. Therese looks up alarmed, and listens.) I heard nothing. Now then, softly—softly. (Continues to go up.)

Ther.—Half rising.) Surely I—again!—There's somebody coming up the stairs! (Listening.)

Car.—This is the door.

(Gives three or four light taps at the door.)

Ther.—(Trembling.) Angels, protect me!

Car.—(Disguising his voice.) Mariette!

Ther.—Who—who—calls?

Car.—Your friend—your friend—Fontaine.

Ther.—(Rapturously.) My father! Thank Heaven! Thank Heaven!—Wait but an instant—I'll be with you presently.

(Taking up the lamp.)

Car.—(Descending rapidly.) She comes!

(Goes in front of the pavilion.)

(Therese opens the door and comes out, lighting herself down by the lamp, and then seeks on every side for Fontaine.)

Ther.—Where are you?

Car.—(Seizing her hand.) Silence. (Meeting.)

(Therese screams, and drops the lamp.)

Ther.—You here?

Car.—Aye, everywhere—go where you will—like your shadow, I'll hang upon your steps. Ne'er shall you know repose! With every gleam of hope I dart forth and thunder in your ear "Therese!"

Ther.—Horror!

Car.—Hear me. A terrible chain unites us—'tis that of crime. 'Twas forged by me, I grant ye; but 'tis indissoluble; our lives are equally bound up in it, and I must end your sufferings or make them yet more dreadful. Therese, in pity to yourself, examine well your situation—deceive yourself no longer—knowing what Carwin has done, you can judge readily what Carwin dares. Decide!—Your hand, your hand—or fearless, endless vengeance!

Ther.—Oh! I am indeed wedded to calamity! But if I must choose between misery and the curse of being yours, may Heaven shower woes upon me—make me despised, reviled; in lingering tortures kill me on the scaffold—sooner than doom me to a wretch like you!

Car.—(Smiling coolly.) Beware.

Ther.—I have nothing now to dread. Give me up to the executioner; but know, the hope for which you've sold the smile of Heaven will still be foiled. In teaching me to whom I owe my life, you've taught me courage to defy you! Oh, my mother! Your noble blood shall ne'er be sullied in your child! Monster, you built upon my weakness, but despair has made me strong! Tremble! Bow'd down by suffering, I shall rise up in retribution; your crimes will soon be public; the train is laid already; and ere to-morrow's sun shall set, you'll shudder at the voice of justice!

Car.—Reptile!—I—to-morrow? Did you say to-morrow? You've rung your knell—to-morrow you're in the grave.

Ther.—(Shrieks, recoiling.) Ha!

Car.—(Following her.) Silence! (Seizing a knife which was left on the table.) Silence, or this steel——

Ther.—Oh! hold, hold, hold!

(He throws her around. She sinks on her knees.)

(A bustle is heard within.)

Lav.—(Within.) Wife! wife!

Car.—They come! There's not a moment to be lost. Swear not to name one breath of what has past. Swear, or I plunge this to your heart!

Ther.—I swear!

(She falls senseless.)

(The door of the farm-house is heard to unlock. Carwin hides the knife in his bosom, and hurries off at the back of the court-yard, Lavigne and Bridget run in with lights.)

Lav.—What's all this? Bless us, what's all this? (Sees Therese, and staggers back frightened.) Ha!

Brid.—Why, if it isn't Mariette! (Runs to help her up.)

Lav.—Miss Mariette!

(Holding out his light.)

Brid.—Why, girl, what are you about here! What's the matter! How came you out of your bedroom?

Lav.—(Trembling.) Did you hear anything? Do you think there's thieves about?

Brid.—Dear me, how she's trembling! Her hands are like two cakes of ice.

Lav.—Stop, I'll fetch my double-barrelled gun.

Brid.—No, no, you'd better call up Nannette, to come and help the poor girl—

Ther.—Don't be alarmed. 'Tis nothing—Don't call up any one. I'm better now.

Brid.—But what did ail you, then?

Lav.—Why didn't you go to bed?

Ther.—I—I—I don't know—it was—I was going—but then thinking I heard a noise—I was frightened, and so I came down with the light; a gust of wind blew it out—and—

Lav.—(Seeing the lamp, and picking it up.) True enough; there it is. (The gate bell rings.) Ah! oh! oh! oh! How my heart thumps!

Brid.—Hey day! Who can that be at such an hour! Go, Lavigne; go and see.

Lav.—It's nothing; nothing—but the gust of wind that blew Miss's lamp out. (Still trembling, the bell rings again.)

Brid.—There's somebody there, I tell you. Make haste. It rains as fast as it can pour. Nannette! Nannette! There's somebody at the gate.

(Nannette answers from within.)

Nan.—(Entering.) Going, madam, going!

Lav.—Wait, Nannette, I'll go with you.

(Goes off through gate with Nannette.)

Brid.—Perhaps 'tis Mr. Fontaine come to look after you.

Ther.—Heaven grant it may be! Hark!

(Lavigne returns.)

Lav.—Wife! wife!

Brid.—What now?

Lav.—Oh, wife! wife! You don't know—

Brid.—To be sure I don't.

Lav.—'Tis the countess!

Ther.—The countess?

Lav.—She herself, and the young count! Here's a business!

Ther.—(With emotion.) Charles!

Brid.—So late?

Lav.—They were on the road to Lausanne; they've got the old steward and all the servants with 'em; but the wind and the rain, and the fear of the storm, made 'em turn back there at the bottom of the village, and they're all come here to sleep.

(Exit Lavigne.)

Ther.—Hide me, I implore you, hide me; I cannot meet the countess.

Brid.—Stop a minute—don't bewilder me. There! There! Run into Nannette's bedroom, and to-morrow at day-break, you shall be off, and nobody the wiser. Make haste.

Ther.—But my things are in the chamber—should they be seen—

Brid.—Well thought of—wait.

(Takes the lamp and runs up to get them.)

Ther.—Charles—Charles here!—Powers of mercy! if 'tis your will that my trials should be increased, oh! grant me strength and patience to sustain them!

(Lavigne is heard outside.)

Lav.—(Without.) This way, my lady—take care—

Brid.—(Coming down.) There they come. In, child, in! Shut yourself up in the bottom room at the right hand, till I come.

(Puts Therese into the farm-house, and shuts the door after her. The countess enters the court-yard at the top, followed by servants with torches. The count and Picard accompany her, and Lavigne walks before them with a lamp. Nannette follows.)

Lav.—This way, now—that's right—there, there!—Here we are at last, my lady. (Going up to Bridget.) Where have you put the child!

Brid.—Hush! (Crosses to the countess.) Your ladyship's welcome to our farm. Nannette!—Won't your ladyship and the count take something before you go to bed?

Countess.—Nothing, thank you, Bridget—we shall retire immediately. Are the rooms ready?

Brid.—Oh, yes, my lady, they're always ready. (Apart.) What a mercy it is that Mariette had not gone to bed!

Countess.—Picard, take the things out of the carriage, and put them into our rooms.

Pic.—(At the back.) Yes, my lady.

(Goes out with the servants.)

Countess.—Can you find beds for the servants, Bridget?

Brid.—Certainly, my lady.

Lav.—(Low, directing Bridget's attention to the count, who stands buried in thought.) Poor young man!—how he's cast down!—If he knew who was here——

Brid.—(Aside to him.) See that you don't tell him. Oh! that tongue of yours—you're worse than a woman. (To the countess.) I'll go up and see whether everything is in order, and come and tell your ladyship.

Countess.—Do so, Bridget.

(Bridget takes a light and goes up, making an angry sign to Lavigne to go off.)

Lav.—(Aside, going.) My wife's a nice woman!

Countess.—(Approaching Charles, who is plunged in meditation.) Charles!

Count.—Pardon me—I was not aware that you were alone.

Countess.—I cannot be alone where my son is. What! still dejected? Shall I never awaken your reason and your fortitude? I know the power of love over a warm, confiding spirit, and when the object is deserving, adorned with the perfections we fancied in Therese——

Count.—Mother!

Countess.—But the mask once fallen, the deformity of guilt——

Count.—Hold! Mother, were she proved innocent——

Countess.—Impossible!

Count.—The pastor defends her—you know his rigid virtue.

Countess.—His good heart may mislead him—remember.
The tribunals—

Count.—May doom the guiltless. Such things have been,
and may again be, mother.

Countess.—How! still uphold her? Charles, I pity your infatuation—I blush for you: but though I cannot quell this passion, I'll save you from the world's contempt. Never, while your mother breathes, shall you sully the pure blood from which you sprang! Never shall my dwelling be disgraced by the Orphan of Geneva!

Count.—What! 'though proved spotless?

(Bridget appears at the top of the steps—Lavigne at the door of the farm-house—Picard and the servants at the back of the court-yard. All are suddenly riveted by the last words of the countess, who speaks in an emphatic and impassioned tone.)

Countess.—(With great energy.) By my weak hand, Heaven has preserved you—the time will come, when you'll kneel down and pour forth thanks for it—but for your mother—may the tomb yawn and swallow me, ere I consent to this detested union! (Perceiving the persons on the stage.) Respect yourself before your servants.

Lav.—(Aside, as Bridget is coming down stairs.) Dear! dear! sad news for the poor wench!

Brid.—(On the steps.) The chamber is ready, my lady.

Lav.—(To the servants.) Your beds are all made, and you can come in—Father Picard, I've kept the best for you.

Pic.—(At the back holding a pair of pistols.) Thank ye, Lavigne, thank ye. (To the count.) Shall I take the pistols up into your room?

Countess.—No matter about them—put 'em back into the carriage.

Pic.—Yes, my lady—but as Master is always— (The countess gives him a look.) I obey, my lady. (To Lavigne.) Wait for me, Lavigne, I've something to do.

Countess.—Light us, Bridget.

Lav.—(To the servants.) This way, lads—this way.

(Exit into farm-house.)

(Picard goes out through the court-yard—the rest or the servants go in after Lavigne. The countess and Charles follow Bridget, who lights them up the staircase. When they get up into the entrance-chamber, Bridget gives Charles a light, and then takes another into the countess' bedroom. As they are separating, Charles takes his mother's hand and kisses it respectfully. The countess retires, and Charles is left alone in the entrance-chamber—the light in his hand, standing before the table, at which Therese was writing. Just as Charles is turning to go into his own bedroom, happening to cast his eyes on the table, he sees a paper there—starts—catches it up, and sets down the light.)

Count.—What do I see? Great Heaven, do I not dream? No, 'tis the handwriting of Therese—yes—yes—her farewell to my mother—the letter is unfinished—the pen—the ink-stand—the chair before the table—all seem to say, that in this spot—can she have been here?—can she still be here? Ah! could I see her—could I speak to her—my heart still says she is not guilty—hark!—the farmer's wife returns—I'll in till she descends.

(Retires, through the door facing the window, into the back bed-chamber. Bridget comes in with a light, stops a moment at the countess' door, as if speaking and receiving orders—gives a look round, and goes down. As soon as she is gone, Charles reappears—while this passes, Lavigne comes in.)

Lav.—(While Bridget is in the pavilion.) So much for them—they're all stowed away—there's nobody to be put to bed now but old Picard. (A flash of lightning.) Whew! there was a slap in the eye! Ah! there's something like a storm coming now—there was only that wanting to keep me from getting any sleep to-night.

(The count comes to the top of the steps the moment Bridget is down.)

Brid.—(Eagerly.) I say, Lavigne——

Lav.—(The same.) Where have you put her?

Brid.—Did you notice——

Lav.—No.

Brid.—Not? You were there.

Lav.—I tell you I've been looking every where——

Brid.—When my lady said, "May the tomb yawn and swallow me, ere I consent to this detested union"——

Count.—(In a suppressed voice from the top of the staircase.) Bridget!—Lavigne!

(Both frightened, start back a step, and turn, looking on all sides in such a way as to end by coming face to face.)

Lav.—Hey!

Brid.—What was it?

Count.—This way.

Brid. and Lav.—(Turning back to back.) Ah!

Count.—Hush, wait there!

Brid.—(Whose face is turned to the pavilion.) Oh! 'tis the count.
(The count comes down with the light.)

Brid.—(To Lavigne.) What can he want with us? Do you think he knows that Mariette——

Count.—My friends, do not fear me: you shall not be betrayed; but I supplicate you, I implore you not to conceal the truth. Has Mariette been here?

Lav.—(Quickly.) Yes.

Brid.—(At the same moment.) No!

Count.—How?

(Bridget makes signs to Lavigne not to speak.)

Lav.—Don't be frightened, wife, the count don't wish any harm to the poor girl. Yes, count, she has been here, and what's better, she's here yet.

Count.—Here! Oh, my friends, I shall owe you more than life itself, if you will only enable me to speak to her one moment.

Brid.—Well, wait there, and I'll come back as fast as I can.

(Goes into the farm-house.)

Lav.—(Going up to the count.) She's gone, count! ah! my wife's a troublesome bit of goods; but she's like all women—she clamors, she storms, she's always in her airs; but for all that, her heart's in the right place, and that's why I love her—there! she comes, with your dear Miss Mariette!

(Bridget leads in Therese. Flashes of lightning are seen, and distant thunder heard. The count and Lavigne recede a little, to give place to Therese.)

Brid.—This way, Miss—don't be afraid; my lady's fast asleep.

Ther.—(With uneasiness.) Why do you bring me here again? Hark! don't you hear the thunder—oh, pray, come back—

Brid.—(Drawing her forward.) Here's somebody that wants you.

Ther.—(More terrified.) Me! oh no—come—come.

Count.—(Approaching.) Mariette, 'tis your friend, your Charles!

Ther.—Heavens! is it you, count?

(Charles takes one hand, while, with the other, she puts her handkerchief to her eyes.)

Lav.—(They retire up.) Don't you see she's not frightened now? Stand out of the way, and let 'em chat.

Count.—Dear girl, why turn your eyes from me? Charles never thought you guilty.

Ther.—Indeed! then I shall be less wretched. No, count, no,—'tis a vile plot, and Carwin has the proofs. He would compel me by persecution to give him my hand, in order to obtain a right to claim the fortune of which I have been robbed.

Count.—He? Carwin claim your hand! You rouse my vengeance, and revive my hopes—Carwin shall not escape! This arm shall wrest the proofs from him, e'en though it tear them from his bleeding heart. I'll watch his steps as the fiend watches yours. Charles will redress your wrongs, and lead you happy to his mother's arms.

Ther.—Your mother! ah! that oath—

Count.—What oath?

Ther.—(Pointing to the farm-house door.) I was there: denied the comfort of seeing you, I stole thither—a sad, banished wretch—to catch a farewell sound of your loved, well-known voices. Oh, Charles, picture to yourself my feelings—“While I breathe,” cried your mother, “you shall ne’er sully the pure blood from which you sprang; may the tomb yawn and swallow me, ere I consent to this detested union!”

Brid.—(To Lavigne.) So, she heard it too?

(Picard partly appears at the back of the court-yard.)

Pic.—Master!

Ther.—(Alarmed.) Ah!

Count.—’Tis only Picard.

Ther.—Let us separate. I would not for the world be seen.

Count.—When shall we meet again?

Ther.—Your mother has forbidden it.

Pic.—(At the same place.) Master!

Ther.—Pray, let me go.

Count.—First tell me whither you direct your steps.

Ther.—I cannot—must not—I must fly far—far, from you—but, Charles, I leave my heart with you.

(She tears herself from Charles, who kisses her hand fervently. Exits into farm-house—Bridget and Lavigne go in after her. Picard comes down under the shade, all aghast.)

Pic.—Hush! gently! hush!

Count.—Why?

Pic.—I have seen——

Count.—Whom?

Pic.—That devil of a fellow who came to the Chateau this morning—did all the mischief he could—turned every thing topsy-turvy, and then made off.

Count.—How?

Pic.—He’s here.

Count.—Carwin?

Pic.—Hush! As I was settling the things in the carriage, all at once I thought I saw a figure dart out of the forest that borders on the farm, pass behind the hedge, come on with a wolf’s trot, and prowl round the carriage. I was greatly aston-

ished, as you may guess; but I took courage, and put my head out of the window, and just then there came a broad flash of lightning, and I recognized the damn'd questioner posting along the fence and hurrying this way.

Count.—Here? monster! here? Doubtless, for his victim. Picard, where are my pistols?

Pic.—Master! dear young master!

Count.—No words—Where are they?

Pic.—In the carriage—but, master——

Count.—Follow me.

Pic.—What! without letting her ladyship know——

Count.—Follow, and be silent. If this, indeed, be Carwin, he shall no longer outrage heaven unpunished! Follow, I say!

(They go out—the lightning increases—the thunder becomes heavier—Carwin enters cautiously. The stage is entirely dark.)

Car.—(Alone.) Now all is still. Yes, this is the spot at which I first entered—'tis there Therese reposes—(smiling) a long, sound, quiet sleep! Ay, the door next beyond the window. I observed minutely. The darkness and the storm second my design. Hush! no sound but bursting thunder can be heard—fit music for my purpose. On! (Music.) My sight grows dim; spite of myself, I tremble! Courage! it must be. (Looking back into the court-yard, draws the knife out of his bosom and ascends.) The door stands open. Now—(going up)—she dies!

(Rushes in—at the same moment the count and Picard are seen traversing the back of the court-yard, seeking for some one. A shriek is heard in the pavilion, and on the instant, a terrific thunderbolt shatters down a part of the pavilion, and sets the rest on fire. Carwin precipitates himself through window to the front of the stage in frightful confusion.)

Car.—I escaped the thunderbolt. I'm safe. Therese is now no more.

(Disappears suddenly. Cries of distress and alarm increase momentarily. Therese runs out of the farmhouse.)

Ther.—(Alone, seeing the blaze.) The chamber blazing—my benefactress lost! (Plunges into the flame, crying.) Help! help!

(Lavigne, Bridget, Nannette, the count, Picard, all the servants and neighbors rush on.)

Lav.—We're struck by lightning!

Count.—(Rushing forward.) Great Powers! my mother!

Lav.—Fly! save the countess!

(All spring toward the pavilion. Therese appears amid the flames, pale, with dishevelled hair—a bloody knife in her hand.)

Ther.—It is too late. She's murdered!

Count.—Murdered! Just Heaven! (Going thither.)

Ther.—Look!—look!—her blood!—'twas I—'twas I——

(Throws the knife on the stage, and stands rooted to the spot.)

(The flames burst from the pavilion. Some regard Therese with horror. Lavigne stands petrified on seeing the knife which Therese has thrown from the pavilion. Others prevent Charles from plunging into the flames. The fire lights up the grouping on the stage.)

QUICK DROP.

ACT III.

The great parlor of the farm-house, with two windows down to the ground, and a large middle door, through which the court-yard is perceptible, and in it the out-houses and pavilion smoking in ruins. On the left hand, upper entrance, a door, placed diagonally, leading to one of the apartments.

Lavigne enters through a large door in the middle, which he leaves open, and Bridget by the left-hand side door, upper entrance.

Brid.—Ah, husband, I'm afraid there's a great deal more in that girl's business than she told us of—I rue my kind gentle

nature that made me give way and let her in. You were the cause of it, you old blunder-pate!

Lav.—Where is she now?

Brid.—She's in that room, and she faints away, and comes to herself, and faints away;—and between the fits talks wild, not knowing what she says—"Why did I come hither?" she calls out—"Twas I—'twas I, that should have perished!"—then she fancies she's at Geneva;—then defends herself as if she was in a court;—then rattles away name after name that one never heard of before!—She's gone mad, there's no doubt on't!—The count—the pastor—nobody can settle her mind!—If she wasn't so very young, one might almost be led away to suspect—

Lav.—Suspect? hey! now I think of it. (Noise without.) Hush! what's that bustle?

Brid.—Bless us! bless us!—Is there any more trouble coming?

Lav.—Wife, look there!

Brid.—Oh, poor, dear, good mistress!

(The country people pass along the back of the courtyard, bearing the body of the countess on a bier. The Magistrate Delparc follows—the count's voice is heard.)

Count.—(Within.) In vain you struggle.

Lav.—(To the procession.) The count! the count!

(The bustle increases, and the count, springing from the grasp of Picard and Fontaine, darts out of the side door at the left hand, and rushing wildly to the centre, gazes distractedly round.)

Count.—(Endeavoring to disengage himself.) In vain you struggle—I must—I will have one last look—utter a last farewell!

Pic.—Master! dear master!

Count.—Barbarians! would you snatch from me the last, the mournful consolation of bathing with my tears all that remains to me of the dearest, best beloved of mothers! (Falling on his knees.) Oh! sainted shade! here, in the face of Heaven, I swear!—my body shall not rest—my mind shall know no

comfort—till thy relentless murderer's blood smoke on thy grave, and bring thy spirit peace!

(A shriek—all start—Therese rushes in, in great disorder. Delparc follows.)

Ther.—Save me!—save me!

Count.—Marianne!

Fon.—Daughter!

Ther.—(Throwing herself into the arms of Fontaine.) Father, abandon not your child—you know I'm innocent—Oh, do not let them tear me from your bosom!

(Delparc attempts to seize her. Fontaine passes Therese round.)

Count.—(Throwing himself between.) What would ye do? stand off.

Fon.—(To Delparc.) As a magistrate, Sir, we demand your protection.

Delp.—As a magistrate, I have ordered her arrest.

Count and Fon.—Hers?

Brid.—(To Lavigne.) There! I guessed as much!

Delp.—I could have wished, gentlemen, to spare you both this new source of affliction—for I know the interest you take in this young person:—but the agitation—the disorder of her mind—riveted my attention—and the broken sentences which escaped in her distraction, led me to recognize in her—Therese—

All.—Therese!

Delp.—The Orphan of Geneva, who has long fled the justice to which I am bound to give her up.

Ther.—'Tis over!

Delp.—Nay, more: Minuter inquiry has convinced me that, not satisfied with insulting the memory of her first benefactress, she has been still more criminal to the second;—in short, that Therese has been guilty of this night's murder!

Ther.—Do my senses fail me?—It cannot be!—What?—No, count—no, father—could I—could I—

(Therese faints in the arms of Fontaine, laughing hysterically, and during the ensuing speech of the

Magistrate, imperfectly revives, and seems from time to time to catch some fragments, and to endeavor, by gesture, to repel the accusation.)

Delp.—I know you deem me rash, and easily misled;—but listen. In whom could the countess ever have provoked revenge?—Everybody loved her. There is but one direction in which we can look for a vindictive feeling. What passed yesterday at the Chateau? Your young impostor was expelled—suddenly deprived of the most brilliant hopes. Driven from the bosom of your family, whither did she direct her course? to this farm, where your mother often passed the night—she stole in secret, begging to be concealed. Scarcely was she received here, when a man, following in darkness, enters secretly, with all the mystery of crime;—and Therese is surprised outside of her chamber, in frightful perturbation. You arrive—her agitation increases—she implores her host not to make known she is here. She listens to your mother's voice, and weigh well these fatal words;—she hears her swear—"That while she lives, ne'er shall her consent be given to this detested union." All go to rest—everything seems calm. The mysterious follower is observed again—suddenly the thunder bursts—a scream is heard—throngs crowd the court-yard—and Therese, pale, distracted, darts from the chamber where your mother fell, holding on high a bloody knife, and shrieking wildly, "'Twas I—'twas I!"

Count.—I freeze with horror—Yet stay!—A light dawns!—This mysterious follower—it must be Carwin!—

Delp.—What malice could he bear against your mother?

Count.—(Starts confounded.) Ha! true—true.

Delp.—You, sir, are silent. (To Fontaine.) Now, do you own your error?

Fon.—No, sir; still my hopes are not extinguished—let me implore one favor from you, sir—grant me your confidence:—leave Therese alone with me for a moment.

Delp.—Your vocation entitles you to that; but, trust me, I have no hope.

Count.—(To Fontaine.) My bereavement cannot destroy my confidence in her. Like you, I know her heart. Friend!—father!—she shall not perish!

(Fontaine raises his eyes with a look of uncertainty and grief. The count exit. Delparc, officers, etc., follow through the middle door.)

Fon.—She shall not perish! Yet—yet I see no means of rescue! Look up, my daughter! With me you need have no reserves—no fears! You were seen coming out of the chamber of the countess, at the very moment when the murder must have been committed. My child, how came you there?

Ther.—(Distractedly.) I—I told them how! Terrific thunder—a scream!—I darted forward—the pavilion was in flames—I rushed through—horror!—my benefactress—half hanging out of bed—a poniard in her bosom!—I dragged it forth—she was murdered!—I cannot call to mind what passed after that. You know—you know—I saw you by my side!

(Hiding her head on the breast of Fontaine.)

Fon.—You went there, then, to save her from the flames?

Ther.—Would I not have died for Charles' mother?

Fon.—And yet this noble act—courage, daughter! Stay, there is something more. Tell me—were you followed to the farm? 'Tis said a person was concealed here in the night, and that you know this person.

Ther.—Carwin—oh, yes—true, true. They were all gone—he stood before me—his flashing eyes—'twas terrible!—he threatened my life—but voices were heard—he fled!

Fon.—Carwin! her life—this night—I seem to get nearer and nearer to the truth. Why didn't you mention this before?

Ther.—I did not dare. Now I have nothing to conceal!

Fon.—But, how to reconcile events so contradictory? Where did this take place?

Ther.—Before the pavilion. He enticed me from my chamber—I thought 'twas you!

Fon.—Your chamber!—where was it?

Ther.—The bedroom, where the murder was committed.

Fon.—Merciful powers!—the chamber of the countess?

Ther.—Yes—yes—I was there when the countess came; but then they made me go into the farm-house.

Fon.—I see the clue to this appalling labyrinth—oh! give it to my grasp—let me not lose it, justice!—kneel down, my

child!—implore heaven's light to guide us!—kneel, and ask aid where in the last wretchedness we can only look!—kneel, as the child of Abraham knelt at his funeral pyre, uttered an innocent prayer and was sav'd!

(Therese drops on her knees, clasping her hands with fervor. Fontaine stands near her, his eyes upturned, seeming to ask help. The magistrate enters by the middle door, and stops, astonished. Suddenly two shots are heard—tumultuous cries follow. Therese starts up, affrighted. Lavigne, Bridget and villagers run in through the middle door.)

Lavigne.—(Without.) Victory! victory!

Delp.—Whence this tumult? What mean these shouts?

Lav.—(Appearing at the back.) We've got him, sir!—we've got him!

Delp.—Whom have you got?

Lav.—Beelzebub! The steward saw him prowling round my house all night.

Fon.—It must be Carwin.

Bridget.—I can't tell who it is—but I'm sure he's a rascal.

Lav.—That's plain enough, whoever it is. He gave us a brace of shots before we took him. What must we do with him, sir?

Delp.—Bring him here. Go back to those who have taken him—tell them, from me, not to ask any questions of him, nor to answer any he may ask.

Lav.—Make yourself easy, Mr. Magistrate—there's no danger of their talking to him.

Delp.—Do as I bid you. (Lavigne is going.)

Brid.—(Following Lavigne up the stage.) Take care of yourself, husband, take care—you don't know how many pistols he may have under his cloak.

(Lavigne goes out through the middle door and villagers follow him.)

Fon.—(To Delparc.) Be sure, sir, the hand of heaven is in this. I have obtained lights unexpected, and my hopes revive; but everything will be lost unless you grant me perfect confidence.

Delp.—You have it—I shall rejoice to second your exertions. I have already received some important information from the count concerning Carwin.

(A bustle is heard without, and distant voices crying, "Bring him along.")

Fon.—I hear them coming. Let me beg that Therese may be removed.

Delp.—(To Bridget.) Take her away!

Fon.—They're here. Go in—go in, my child.

(Bridget conducts Therese into the left-hand apartment. A great bustle announces Carwin, who continues to resist. Lavigne, the servants and all the villagers surround him, entering in a throng through the middle door and dragging him violently to the stage. Carwin is in the greatest disorder—pale and agitated.)

Lav.—(Pulling Carwin.) This way, Lucifer, this way—come, come, no hanging back! Here, Mr. Magistrate, here he is;—and mind (to Carwin), you grim devil, you—you're to ask no questions, for nobody will have a word to say to you.

(Lavigne is at the right-hand corner, Fontaine next to him, Carwin in the centre and Delparc at the left hand. Carwin eyes Lavigne ferociously. The villagers are at the back.)

Carwin.—(To the magistrate.) Why is this violence permitted? Sir, I am told you are a magistrate. Be it so. But, by what right dare you detain my person?

Delp.—The right of protecting the public safety. You are a stranger—what brought you hither? who are you?

Car.—My name is Carwin. I come from the Chateau de Morville. (Pointing to Fontaine.) That gentleman can tell you what brought me there:—I was returning to my home.

Delp.—For what reason did you fly? And, when you were approached, how came you to resist?

Car.—I had cause to think my life in danger.

Delp.—You were observed this night at the farm.

Car.—'Tis false!—I took the forest path, and wasn't near the farm.

Delp.—Have a care! Two witnesses can prove it.

Car.—(Startled.) Who are they?

Delp.—The Count de Morville and his servant.

Car.—(Ironically.) The Count de Morville and his servant!—a noble vengeance in the lover of Therese! and for what? for preventing disgrace to him and his family! (Pointing to Fontaine.) That gentleman can explain. He saw my conduct; he can avouch I did no more than bound to do by honor! Is it to be wondered at, that, blinded by his love and frantic at her loss, the count should prove unjust to my pure motives, and, deeming me her foe, attempt to fix on me the odium of the deed?

Delp.—What deed?

Fon.—In heaven's name, do not stop him! (Carwin looks at him distrustfully.) Go on, sir—you make a brave defense! But, how did you know a murder had been committed in a place which you say you did not come near?

Car.—By what right do you question me?

Lav.—There's impudence!

Delp.—Answer, I command.

Lav.—You've got it now!

Car.—(Ill-temperedly.) I knew it from report.

Delp.—Reports in a forest!—and at midnight?

Car.—Were not persons sent to take me? From them——

Lav.—It's a lie. Nobody said a word to him—that's plain enough—for, you see, he don't know——

Fon.—Silence!

Lav.—I'm dumb.

Delp.—(To Fontaine.) I cannot make out your object.

Fon.—Command perfect silence.

(Delparc does so by gesture.)

Car.—(Apart.) What trap are they concerting?—no matter. (Fontaine takes out tablets and writes with a pencil.) He writes—what has he in view?

(Fontaine hands the tablets to Lavigne, who runs round with them to the magistrate at the left-hand side of the stage, and, having delivered them, returns to his former place.)

Delp.—(Having cast a look at Carwin.) I understand.

Car.—(Apart, with concern.) He “understands!” I must be on my guard.

Delp.—(To Carwin.) You know, then, that the unfortunate Therese—is dead, and that she has been assassinated on this farm?

Lav.—Therese! (Fontaine motions him to be silent.)

Car.—(Affecting assurance.) What is there strange in that? Is it a secret? Don’t everybody know it?

Fon.—Enough. (To Carwin.) I charge you, sir, with this night’s murder.

Car.—Me?

Fon.—(Crossing to Delparc.) I will answer for the result. All I have now to ask, sir, is that he should be secured and shut out from all communication. (Taking Delparc aside.) I have a plan in view, which, my conscience tells me, will bring forth the truth. Grant me a word in private.

Car.—You exceed your authority in detaining any man without just grounds of suspicion.

Delp.—You are distinctly accused, sir, and, of course, my prisoner. Let all the avenues be closed and guarded—and none accost this person on any pretext.

Lav.—Give me charge of him. I’ll be bound he don’t get away from me.

Delp.—(To Fontaine.) Now, sir——

Lav.—Out of the way, wife—I’m Major Domo, now.

(Villagers, servants, etc., go out into the court-yard, and Lavigne shuts the middle door and follows them. The magistrate, Fontaine, Bridget and Lavigne retire last of all. The window shutters are closed and the stage darkened.)

Car.—Why, this is more and more inexplicable—I said nothing—confessed nothing—yet this strange person brands me on a sudden. Can I bear traces on my dress? Perhaps her blood? No—I see none!—ha! the papers!—some may have fallen! They regard her innocence. (Searching eagerly and drawing out the papers.) One—two—three! No—no—all here—all right—all right! (Replacing them in his bosom.) Come,

manly resolution, be my shield!—I am suspected—nothing more;—but they can have no proof, nor certainty. The count and steward say they saw me—but their assertion's readily impeached—there is no other evidence—Therese is dead—and naught is left to fear, if to myself I'm true!—I will be so—they come—'tis fix'd!—firmness, and I am free!

(The middle door is thrown open. Twelve soldiers, six on each side, with drawn swords, march down on the right and left hand; after them, six male villagers, three on each side; and next, twelve female villagers, six on each side. The characters follow. The count makes a movement of indignation on seeing Carwin, who is surrounded by Del-parc, Lavigne, the count, Picard and Fontaine. He affects perfect composure. The middle door is closed, and part of the subordinate characters are standing before it.)

Car.—(Apart.) This display is meant to intimidate:—I expected as much.

Delp.—Sir, your accuser stands before you. You know the crime with which you are charged—a deep, a fiend-like murder! The information which I have just received concerning you, and the circumstances of your past life, inculcate you in a manner most irresistible and most grave! (Carwin betrays surprise, but instantly recovers self-possession.) To escape conviction will be impossible; but you may even yet appease the wrath of him whose image you have horribly destroyed by a confession of your guilt.

Car.—A moment since (pointing to Fontaine), my accuser was the judge; now the judge is my accuser! 'Twere trouble thrown away to protest against the decency or honesty of this collusion, since the whole charge can be refuted in one word:—I was not here, and I defy you to the proof!

Picard.—I saw him here.

Count.—And I myself, with arms, pursued him to the courtyard.

Car.—With arms! To have identified me in such darkness, you must have been very near, and, being so, you were most

generous not to use your arms. I have already explained the motives which prompt your charge;—I shall no further notice it but by contempt and silence!

(The count springs forward, indignantly. Fontaine restrains him. Carwin turns to the villagers, and, in the course of his speech, takes the centre, and walks back to his former place.)

I call on all those who encircle me: is there one among ye who has seen me at the farm? Look at me! View me well! There—you see they're silent! Aye, among all the people of the farm—all those of the village, too—not one that ever saw me; no, not one! And yet, because a servant, paid for lying—a lover, whose bewildered mind pursues a phantom, unite in obvious fraud, I am accused of murder and deprived of liberty. (To Fontaine.) For you, sir whose zeal has carried you so far beyond discretion, if this is all your mighty allegation, 'tis at once foolhardy and absurd; and that you may learn a lesson which you stand in need of, I summon you, to answer to the laws, for this atrocious calumny.

Fon.—Carwin!—there is a judge more awful, more infallible than man;—the Great Avenger, who cannot be deceived! This inevitable judge needs neither proof, nor witnesses, nor confession. He sees into the heart. In silence he prepares the punishment reserved for crime, and on the moment when the wicked deems his triumph sure, bursts on him in a miracle, and he is gone! For you, that dreadful moment is at hand! Unhappy man! you fly from it in vain! Your conscience tells you it is come. If human means are impotent, a superhuman power will rend the tomb; your victim, pale and bleeding, will rise up before you, and lift the fatal knife, and shriek, "Behold the murderer!" You tremble, sir.

Car.—(Endeavoring to regain composure.) 'Tis with indignation, then.

Fon.—No, 'tis with terror! Eternal justice, which, after committing crime, man braves, but shudders at, has already struck you. Invoke it—if you dare—to shield you, if you are not guilty! Your victim's corpse is there. (Pointing to the middle door.) It slumbers on the bier! Approach it! Gaze

on its livid features; place on its gory breast your hand; and call celestial vengeance on its accursed destroyer! Ha!—you recoil. You are right. Could you do that, you had been innocent!

Car.—(Agitated.) I'm going, sir.

Fon.—Go, and remember—the Eternal sees you!

Car.—(Approaching.) Well, sir, I—I—am—going.

(All stand aside, leaving an open passage to the middle door. Carwin, endeavoring to conquer his alarm, advances, hesitatingly, and stopping frequently; all eyes are bent upon him. When he is near the middle door, it opens, as if spontaneously, and Therese appears—in one hand holding the knife, and pointing to it with the other. She comes slowly forward. Carwin recedes before her, in agony and consternation.)

Lash me not, furies! Lash me not to madness! Hold! hold! Terrible spectre, hence! Spare, spare your murderer! (Kneels.) The world shall know your innocence—my guilt. Here, at your feet, I cast the damning proofs. Let them appease you—but save! oh, save—save me from vengeance! Shield me from despair!

(Falls senseless. When he throws down the papers, they are instantly caught up by the count, and taken to the magistrate, who runs over them, and hands them to Fontaine. All having read, the count rushes to Therese, who, being overcome by the madness of Carwin and her own situation, falls into her lover's arms. Fontaine exultingly springs forward, displaying the papers. All the characters advance at the same time before the body of Carwin.)

Fon.—Heaven has heard our prayers! Triumph, my daughter! Shout, all, for rescued innocence! Shout for Therese, the Countess of Belmour!

THE END.

THE SPANISH STUDENT

A DRAMA

BY

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

First published in 1842.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

HYPOLITO, }
VICTORIAN, } *Students of Alcalá.*
DON CARLOS, }
THE COUNT OF LARA, } *Gentlemen of Madrid.*
THE ARCHBISHOP OF TOLEDO.
A CARDINAL.
BELTRAN CRUZADO, *Count of the Gypsies.*
BARTOLOME ROMAN, *a young Gypsy.*
THE PADRE CURA OF GUADARRAMA.
PEDRO CRESPO, *Alcalde.*
PANCHO, *Alguacil.*
FRANCISCO, *Lara's Servant.*
CHISPA, *Victorian's Servant.*
BALTASAR, *Innkeeper.*
PRECIOSA, *a Gypsy girl.*
ANGELICA, *a poor girl.*
MARTINA, *the Padre Cura's niece.*
DOLORES, *Preciosa's maid.*
Gypsies, Musicians, etc.

ACT I. SCENE I.

The Count of Lara's chambers. Night. The Count in his dressing-gown, smoking and conversing with Don Carlos.

Lara.—You were not at the play to-night, Don Carlos;
How happened it?

Don Carlos.—I had engagements elsewhere.
Pray who was there?

Lara.—Why, all the town and court.
The house was crowded; and the busy fans
Among the gayly dressed and perfumed ladies
Fluttered like butterflies among the flowers.
There was the Countess of Medina Celi;
The Goblin Lady with her Phantom Lover,
Her Lindo Don Diego; Doña Sol,
And Doña Serafina, and her cousins.

Don C.—What was the play?

Lara.—It was a dull affair;
One of those comedies in which you see,
As Lope says, the history of the world
Brought down from Genesis to the Day of Judgment.
There were three duels fought in the first act,
Three gentlemen receiving deadly wounds,
Laying their hands upon their hearts, and saying,
"O, I am dead!" a lover in a closet,
An old hidalgo, and a gay Don Juan,
A Doña Inez with a black mantilla,
Followed at twilight by an unknown lover,
Who looks intently where he knows she is not!

Don C.—Of course, the Preciosa danced to-night?

Lara.—And never better. Every footstep fell
As lightly as a sunbeam on the water.
I think the girl extremely beautiful.

Don C.—Almost beyond the privilege of woman!
I saw her in the Prado yesterday.
Her step was royal,—queen-like,—and her face
As beautiful as a saint's in Paradise.

Lara.—May not a saint fall from her Paradise,
And be no more a saint?

Don C.— Why do you ask?

Lara.—Because I have heard it said this angel fell,
And, though she is a virgin outwardly,
Within she is a sinner; like those panels
Of doors and altar-pieces the old monks
Painted in convents, with the Virgin Mary
On the outside, and on the inside Venus!

Don C.—You do her wrong; indeed, you do her wrong!
She is as virtuous as she is fair.

Lara.—How credulous you are! Why look you, friend,
There's not a virtuous woman in Madrid,
In this whole city! And would you persuade me
That a mere dancing-girl, who shows herself,
Nightly, half naked, on the stage, for money,
And with voluptuous motions fires the blood
Of inconsiderate youth, is to be held
A model for her virtue?

Don C.— You forget
She is a Gypsy girl.

Lara.— And therefore won
The easier.

Don C.— Nay, not to be won at all;
The only virtue that a Gypsy prizes
Is chastity. That is her only virtue.
Dearer than life she holds it. I remember
A Gypsy woman, a vile, shameless bawd,
Whose craft was to betray the young and fair;
And yet this woman was above all bribes.
And when a noble lord, touched by her beauty,

The wild and wizard beauty of her race,
Offered her gold to be what she made others
She turned upon him, with a look of scorn,
And smote him in the face!

Lara.— And does that prove
That Preciosa is above suspicion?

Don C.—It proves a nobleman may be repulsed
When he thinks conquest easy. I believe
That woman, in her deepest degradation,
Holds something sacred, something undefiled,
Some pledge and keepsake of her higher nature,
And, like the diamond in the dark, retains
Some quenchless gleam of the celestial light!

Lara.—Yet Preciosa would have taken the gold.

Don C.—(Rising.) I do not think so.

Lara.— I am sure of it.
But why this haste? Stay yet a little longer,
And fight the battles of your Dulcinea.

Don C.—'Tis late. I must begone, for if I stay
You will not be persuaded.

Lara.— Yes; persuade me.

Don C.—No one so deaf as he who will not hear!

Lara.—No one so blind as he who will not see!

Don C.—And so good night. I wish you pleasant dreams,
And greater faith in woman. (Exit.)

Lara.— Greater faith!
I have the greatest faith; for I believe
Victorian is her lover. I believe
That I shall be to-morrow; and thereafter
Another, and another, and another,
Chasing each other through her zodiac,
As Taurus chases Aries.

(Enter Francisco with a casket.)

Well, Francisco,
What speed with Preciosa?

Francisco.—

None, my lord.

She sends your jewels back, and bids me tell you
She is not to be purchased by your gold.

Lara.—Then I will try some other way to win her.

Pray, dost thou know Victorian?

Fran.—

Yes, my lord;

I saw him at the jeweller's to-day.

Lara.—What was he doing there?

Fran.—

I saw him buy

A golden ring, that had a ruby in it.

Lara.—Was there another like it?

Fran.—

One so like it

I could not choose between them.

Lara.—

It is well.

To-morrow morning bring that ring to me.

Do not forget. Now light me to my bed. (Exeunt.)

SCENE II.

A street in Madrid. Enter Chispa, followed by musicians, with a bagpipe, guitars, and other instruments.

Chispa.—Abernuncio Satanas! and a plague on all lovers who ramble about at night, drinking the elements, instead of sleeping quietly in their beds. Every dead man to his cemetery, say I; and every friar to his monastery. Now, here's my master, Victorian, yesterday a cow-keeper, and to-day a gentleman; yesterday a student, and to-day a lover; and I must be up later than the nightingale, for as the abbot sings so must the sacristan respond. God grant he may soon be married, for then shall all this serenading cease. Ay, marry! marry! marry! Mother, what does marry mean? It means to spin, to bear children, and to weep, my daughter! And, of a truth, there is something more in matrimony than the wedding-ring. (To the musicians.) And now, gentlemen, Pax vobiscum! as the ass said to the cabbages. Pray, walk this way; and don't hang down your heads. It is no disgrace to have an old father

and a ragged shirt. Now, look you, you are gentlemen who lead the life of crickets; you enjoy hunger by day and noise by night. Yet, I beseech you, for this once be not loud, but pathetic; for it is a serenade to a damsel in bed, and not to the Man in the Moon. Your object is not to arouse and terrify, but to soothe and bring lulling dreams. Therefore, each shall not play upon his instrument as if it were the only one in the universe, but gently, and with a certain modesty, according with the others. Pray, how may I call thy name, friend?

First Musician.—Gerónimo Gil, at your service.

Chispa.—Every tub smells of the wine that is in it. Pray, Gerónimo, is not Saturday an unpleasant day with thee?

First Mus.—Why so?

Chispa.—Because I have heard it said that, Saturday is an unpleasant day with those who have but one shirt. Moreover, I have seen thee at the tavern, and if thou canst run as fast as thou canst drink, I should like to hunt hares with thee. What instrument is that?

First Mus.—An Aragonese bagpipe.

Chispa.—Pray, art thou related to the bagpiper of Buja-lance, who asked a maravedí for playing, and ten for leaving off?

First Mus.—No, your honor.

Chispa.—I am glad of it. What other instruments have we?

Second and Third Mus.—We play the bandurria.

Chispa.—A pleasing instrument. And thou?

Fourth Mus.—The fife.

Chispa.—I like it; it has a cheerful, soul-stirring sound, that soars up to my lady's window like the song of a swallow. And you others?

Other Mus.—We are the singers, please your honor.

Chispa.—You are too many. Do you think we are going to sing mass in the cathedral of Córdoba? Four men can make but little use of one shoe, and I see not how you can all sing in one song. But follow me along the garden wall. That is the

way my master climbs to the lady's window. It is by the Vicar's skirts that the Devil climbs into the belfry. Come, follow me, and make no noise. (Exeunt.)

SCENE III.

Preciosa's chamber. She stands at the open window.

Preciosa.—How slowly through the lilac-scented air
Descends the tranquil moon! Like thistle-down
The vapory clouds float in the peaceful sky;
And sweetly from yon hollow vaults of shade
The nightingales breathe out their souls in song.
And hark! what songs of love, what soul-like sounds,
Answer them from below!

SERENADE.

Stars of the summer night,
Far in yon azure deeps,
Hide, hide your golden light!
She sleeps!
My lady sleeps!
Sleeps!

Moon of the summer night!
Far down yon western steepes,
Sink, sink in silver light!
She sleeps!
My lady sleeps!
Sleeps!

Wind of the summer night!
Where yonder woodbine creeps,
Fold, fold thy pinions light!
She sleeps!
My lady sleeps!
Sleeps!

Dreams of the summer night!
Tell her, her lover keeps
Watch! while in slumbers light
She sleeps!
My lady sleeps!
Sleeps!

(Enter Victorian by the balcony.)

Victorian.—Poor little dove! Thou tremblest like a leaf!

Prec.—I am so frightened! 'Tis for thee I tremble!
I hate to have thee climb that wall by night!
Did no one see thee?

Vict.— None, my love, but thou.

Prec.—'Tis very dangerous; and when thou art gone
I chide myself for letting thee come here
Thus stealthily by night. Where hast thou been?
Since yesterday I have no news from thee.

Vict.—Since yesterday I've been in Alcalá.
Erelong the time will come, sweet Preciosa,
When that dull distance shall no more divide us;
And I no more shall scale thy wall by night
To steal a kiss from thee, as I do now.

Prec.—An honest thief, to steal but what thou givest.

Vict.—And we shall sit together unmolested,
And words of true love pass from tongue to tongue,
As singing birds from one bough to another.

Prec.—That were a life to make time envious!
I knew that thou wouldst come to me to-night.
I saw thee at the play.

Vict.— Sweet child of air!
Never did I behold thee so attired
And garmented in beauty as to-night!
What hast thou done to make thee look so fair?

Prec.—Am I not always fair?

Vict.— Ay, and so fair
That I am jealous of all eyes that see thee,
And wish that they were blind.

Prec.— I heed them not;
When thou art present, I see none but thee!

Vict.—There's nothing fair nor beautiful, but takes
Something from thee, that makes it beautiful.

Prec.—And yet thou leavest me for those dusty books.

Vict.—Thou comest between me and those books too often!
I see thy face in everything I see!
The paintings in the chapel wear thy looks,
The canticles are changed to sarabands,
And with the learned doctors of the schools
I see thee dance cachuchas.

Prec.— In good sooth,
I dance with learned doctors of the schools
To-morrow morning.

Vict.— And with whom, I pray?

Prec.—A grave and reverend Cardinal, and his Grace
The Archbishop of Toledo.

Vict.— What mad jest
Is this?

Prec.—It is no jest; indeed it is not.

Vict.—Prithee, explain thyself.

Prec.— Why, simply thus.
Thou knowest the Pope has sent here into Spain
To put a stop to dances on the stage.

Vict.—I have heard it whispered.

Prec.— Now the Cardinal,
Who for this purpose comes, would fain behold
With his own eyes these dances; and the Archbishop
Has sent for me—

Vict.—That thou mayst dance before them!
Now viva la cachucha! It will breathe
The fire of youth into these gray old men!
'Twill be thy proudest conquest!

Prec.— Saving one.
And yet I fear these dances will be stopped,
And Preciosa be once more a beggar.

Vict.—The sweetest beggar that e'er asked for alms;
With such beseeching eyes, that when I saw thee
I gave my heart away!

Prec.— Dost thou remember
When first we met?

Vict.— It was at Córdoba.
In the cathedral garden. Thou wast sitting
Under the orange-trees, beside a fountain.

Prec.—'Twas Easter-Sunday. The full-blossomed trees
Filled all the air with fragrance and with joy.
The priests were singing, and the organ sounded,
And then anon the great cathedral bell.
It was the elevation of the Host.
We both of us fell down upon our knees,
Under the orange boughs, and prayed together.
I never had been happy till that moment.

Vict.—Thou blessed angel!

Prec.— And when thou wast gone
I felt an aching here. I did not speak
To any one that day. But from that day
Bartolomé grew hateful unto me.

Vict.—Remember him no more. Let not his shadow
Come between thee and me. Sweet Preciosa!
I loved thee even then, though I was silent!

Prec.—I thought I ne'er should see thy face again.
Thy farewell had a sound of sorrow in it.

Vict.—That was the first sound in the song of love!
Scarce more than silence is, and yet a sound.
Hands of invisible spirits touch the strings
Of that mysterious instrument, the soul,
And play the prelude of our fate. We hear
The voice prophetic, and are not alone.

Prec.—That is my faith. Dost thou believe these warnings?

Vict.—So far as this. Our feelings and our thoughts
Tend ever on, and rest not in the Present.
As drops of rain fall into some dark well,
And from below comes a scarce audible sound,
So fall our thoughts into the dark Hereafter,
And their mysterious echo reaches us.

Vict.— As the hunter's horn
Doth scare the timid stag, or bark of hounds
The moor-fowl from his mate.

Prec.— Pray, do not go!

Vict.—I must away to Alcalá to-night.
Think of me when I am away.

Prec.— Fear not!
I have no thoughts that do not think of thee.

Vict.—(Giving her a ring.) And to remind thee of my love,
take this;
A serpent, emblem of eternity;
A ruby—say, a drop of my heart's blood.

Prec.—It is an ancient saying that the ruby
Brings gladness to the wearer, and preserves
The heart pure, and, if laid beneath the pillow,
Drives away evil dreams. But, then, alas!
It was a serpent tempted Eve to sin.

Vict.—What convent of barefooted Carmelites
Taught thee so much theology?

Prec.—(Laying her hand upon his mouth.) Hush! hush!
Good-night! and may all holy angels guard thee!

Vict.—Good-night! good-night! Thou art my guardian angel!
I have no other saint than thou to pray to!
(He descends by the balcony.)

Prec.—Take care, and do not hurt thee. Art thou safe?

Vict.—(From the garden.) Safe as my love for thee! But art
thou safe?
Others can climb a balcony by moonlight
As well as I. Pray, shut thy window close!
I am jealous of the perfumed air of night
That from this garden climbs to kiss thy lips.

Prec.—(Throwing down her handkerchief.) Thou silly child!
Take this to blind thine eyes,
It is my benison!

Vict.— And brings to me
Sweet fragrance from thy lips, as the soft wind
Wafts to the out-bound mariner the breath
Of the beloved land he leaves behind.

Prec.—Make not thy voyage long.

Vict.—To-morrow night
Shall see me safe returned. Thou art the star
To guide me to an anchorage. Good-night!
My beauteous star! My star of love, good-night!

Prec.—Good-night!

Watchman.—(At a distance.) Ave Maria Purissima!

SCENE IV.

An inn on the road to Alcalá. Baltasar asleep on a bench.
Enter Chispa.

Chispa.—And here we are, half way to Alcalá, between
cocks and midnight. Body o' me! what an inn this is! The
lights out, and the landlord asleep. Holá! ancient Baltasar!

Baltasar.—(Waking.) Here I am.

Chispa.—Yes, there you are, like a one-eyed Alcalde in a
town without inhabitants. Bring a light, and let me have
supper.

Bal.—Where is your master?

Chispa.—Do not trouble yourself about him. We have
stopped a moment to breathe our horses; and, if he chooses
to walk up and down in the open air, looking into the sky
as one who hears it rain, that does not satisfy my hunger,
you know. But be quick, for I am in a hurry, and every man
stretches his legs according to the length of his coverlet.
What have we here?

Bal.—(Setting a light on the table.) Stewed rabbit.

Chispa.—(Eating.) Conscience of Portalegre! Stewed
kitten, you mean!

Bal.—And a pitcher of Pedro Ximenes, with a roasted
pear in it.

Chispa.—(Drinking.) Ancient Baltasar, amigo! You
know how to cry wine and sell vinegar. I tell you this is
nothing but Vino Tinto of La Mancha, with a tang of the
swine-skin.

Bal.—I swear to you by Saint Simon and Judas, it is all as I say.

Chispa.—And I swear to you by Saint Peter and Saint Paul that it is no such thing. Moreover, your supper is like the hidalgo's dinner—very little meat and a great deal of tablecloth.

Bal.—Ha! ha! ha!

Chispa.—And more noise than nuts.

Bal.—Ha! ha! ha! You must have your joke, Master Chispa. But shall I not ask Don Victorian in, to take a draught of the Pedro Ximenes?

Chispa.—No; you might as well say, "Don't you want some?" to a dead man.

Bal.—Why does he go so often to Madrid?

Chispa.—For the same reason that he eats no supper. He is in love. Were you ever in love, Baltasar?

Bal.—I was never out of it, good Chispa. It has been the torment of my life.

Chispa.—What! are you on fire, too, old haystack? Why, we shall never be able to put you out.

Vict.—(Without.) Chispa!

Chispa.—Go to bed, Pero Grullo, for the cocks are crowing.

Vict.—Ea! Chispa! Chispa!

Chispa.—Ea! Señor. Come with me, ancient Baltasar, and bring water for the horses. I will pay for the supper to-morrow.
(Exeunt.)

SCENE V.

Victorian's chambers at Alcalá. Hypolito asleep in an arm-chair. He awakes slowly.

Hypolito.—I must have been asleep! ay, sound asleep!

And it was all a dream. O sleep, sweet sleep!

Whatever form thou takest, thou art fair,

Holding unto our lips thy goblet filled

Out of oblivion's well, a healing draught!

The candles have burned low; it must be late.
 Where can Victorian be? Like Fray Carrillo,
 The only place in which one cannot find him
 Is his own cell. Here's his guitar, that seldom
 Feels the caresses of its master's hand.
 Open thy silent lips, sweet instrument!
 And make dull midnight merry with a song.
(He plays and sings.)

Padre Francisco!
 Padre Francisco!
 What do you want of Padre Francisco?
 Here is a pretty young maiden
 Who wants to confess her sins!
 Open the door and let her come in,
 I will shrive her from every sin.

Enter Victorian.

Victorian.—Padre Hypolito! Padre Hypolito!

Hyp.—What do you want of Padre Hypolito?

Vict.—Come, shrive me straight; for, if love be a sin,
 I am the greatest sinner that doth live.
 I will confess the sweetest of all crimes,
 A maiden wooed and won.

Hyp.—The same old tale
 Of the old woman in the chimney-corner,
 Who, while the pot boils, says, "Come here, my child;
 I'll tell thee a story of my wedding-day."

Vict.—Nay, listen, for my heart is full; so full
 That I must speak.

Hyp.—Alas! that heart of thine
 Is like a scene in the old play; the curtain
 Rises to solemn music, and lo! enter
 The eleven thousand virgins of Cologne!

Vict.—Nay, like the Sibyl's volumes, thou shouldst say;
 Those that remained, after the six were burned,
 Being held more precious than the nine together.
 But listen to my tale. Dost thou remember
 The Gypsy girl we saw at Córdoba
 Dance the Romalis in the market-place?

Hyp.—Thou meanest Preciosa.

Vict.— Ay, the same.
Thou knowest how her image haunted me
Long after we returned to Alcalá.
She's in Madrid.

Hyp.— I know it.

Vict.— And I'm in love.

Hyp.—And therefore in Madrid when thou shouldst be
In Alcalá.

Vict.— O pardon me, my friend,
If I so long have kept this secret from thee;
But silence is the charm that guards such treasures,
And, if a word be spoken ere the time,
They sink again, they were not meant for us.

Hyp.—Alas! alas! I see thou art in love.
Love keeps the cold out better than a cloak.
It serves for food and raiment. Give a Spaniard
His mass, his olla, and his Doña Luisa—
Thou knowest the proverb. But, pray, tell me lover,
How speeds thy wooing? Is the maiden coy.
Write her a song, beginning with an Ave;
Sing as the monk sang to the Virgin Mary,

Ave! cujus calcem clare
Nec centenni commendare
Sciret Seraph studio!

Vict.—Pray, do not jest! This is no time for it!
I am in earnest!

Hyp.— Seriously enamored?
What, ho! The primus of great Alcalá
Enamored of a Gypsy? Tell me frankly,
How meanest thou?

Vict.— I mean it honestly.

Hyp.—Surely, thou wilt not marry her!

Vict.— Why not?

Hyp.—She was betrothed to one Bartolomé,
If I remember rightly, a young Gypsy
Who danced with her at Córdoba.

- Vict.*—They quarreled,
And so the matter ended.
- Hyp.*—But in truth
Thou wilt not marry her.
- Vict.*—In truth I will.
The angels sang in heaven when she was born!
She is a precious jewel I have found
Among the filth and rubbish of the world.
I'll stoop for it; but when I wear it here,
Set on my forehead like the morning star,
The world may wonder, but it will not laugh.
- Hyp.*—If thou wear'st nothing else upon thy forehead,
'T will be, indeed, a wonder.
- Vict.*—Out upon thee
With thy unseasonable jests! Pray, tell me,
Is there no virtue in the world?
- Hyp.*—Not much.
What, think'st thou, is she doing at this moment;
Now, while we speak of her?
- Vict.*—She lies asleep,
And from her parted lips her gentle breath
Comes like the fragrance from the lips of flowers.
Her tender limbs are still, and on her breast
The cross she prayed to, ere she fell asleep,
Rises and falls with the soft tide of dreams,
Like a light barge safe moored.
- Hyp.*—Which means, in prose,
She's sleeping with her mouth a little open!
- Vict.*—Oh, would I had the old magician's glass
To see her as she lies in childlike sleep!
- Hyp.*—And wouldst thou venture?
- Vict.*—Ay, indeed I would!
- Hyp.*—Thou art courageous. Hast thou e'er reflected
How much lies hidden in that one word, *now*?
- Vict.*—Yes; all the awful mystery of life!
I oft have thought, my dear Hypolito,

That could we, by some spell of magic, change
The world and its inhabitants to stone,
In the same attitudes they now are in,
What fearful glances downward might we cast
Into the hollow chasms of human life!
What groups should we behold about the death-bed,
Putting to shame the group of Niobe!
What joyful welcomes, and what sad farewells!
What stony tears in those congealed eyes!
What visible joy or anguish in those cheeks!
What bridal pomps, and what funeral shows!
What foes, like gladiators, fierce and struggling!
What lovers with their marble lips together!

Hyp.—Ay, there it is! and, if I were in love,
That is the very point I most should dread.
This magic glass, these magic spells of thine,
Might tell a tale were better left untold.
For instance, they might show us thy fair cousin,
The Lady Violante, bathed in tears
Of love and anger, like the maid of Colchis,
Whom thou, another faithless Argonaut,
Having won that golden fleece, a woman's love,
Desertest for this Glauce.

Vict.— Hold thy peace!
She cares not for me. She may wed another,
Or go into a convent, and, thus dying,
Marry Achilles in the Elysian Fields.

Hyp.—(Rising.) And so, good-night! Good-morning I should say. (Clock strikes three.)

Hark! how the loud and ponderous mace of time
Knocks at the golden portals of the day!
And so, once more, good-night! We'll speak more
largely
Of Preciosa when we meet again.
Get thee to bed, and the magician, sleep,
Shall show her to thee, in his magic glass,
In all her loveliness. Good-night! (Exit.)

Vict.— Good-night!
But not to bed; for I must read awhile.

(Throws himself into the arm-chair which Hypo-
lito has left, and lays a large book open upon
his knees.)

Must read, or sit in revery and watch
The changing color of the waves that break
Upon the idle seashore of the mind!
Visions of fame! that once did visit me,
Making night glorious with your smile, where are ye?
Oh, who shall give me, now that ye are gone,
Juices of those immortal plants that bloom
Upon Olympus, making us immortal?
Or teach me where that wondrous mandrake grows
Whose magic root, torn from the earth with groans,
At midnight hour, can scare the fiends away,
And make the mind prolific in its fancies?
I have the wish, but want the will to act!
Souls of great men departed! Ye whose words
Have come to light from the swift river of time,
Like Roman swords found in the Tagus' bed,
Where is the strength to wield the arms ye bore?
From the barred visor of antiquity
Reflected shines the eternal light of truth,
As from a mirror! All the means of action—
The shapeless masses, the materials—
Lie everywhere about us. What we need
Is the celestial fire to change the flint
Into transparent crystal, bright and clear.
That fire is genius! The rude peasant sits
At evening in his smoky cot, and draws
With charcoal uncouth figures on the wall.
The son of genius comes, foot-sore with travel,
And begs a shelter from the inclement night.
He takes the charcoal from the peasant's hand,
And, by the magic of his touch at once
Transfigured, all its hidden virtues shine,
And, in the eyes of the astonished clown,
It gleams a diamond! Even thus transformed,
Rude popular traditions and old tales
Shine as immortal poems, at the touch
Of some poor, houseless, homeless, wandering bard,

Who had but a night's lodging for his pains.
 But there are brighter dreams than those of fame,
 Which are the dreams of love! Out of the heart
 Rises the bright ideal of these dreams,
 As from some woodland fount a spirit rises
 And sinks again into its silent deeps,
 Ere the enamored knight can touch her robe!
 'T is this ideal that the soul of man,
 Like the enamored knight beside the fountain,
 Waits for upon the margin of life's stream;
 Waits to behold her rise from the dark waters,
 Clad in a mortal shape! Alas! how many
 Must wait in vain! The stream flows evermore,
 But from its silent deeps no spirit rises!
 Yet I, born under a propitious star,
 Have found the bright ideal of my dreams.
 Yes! she is ever with me. I can feel,
 Here, as I sit at midnight and alone,
 Her gentle breathing! on my breast can feel
 The pressure of her head! God's benison
 Rest ever on it! Close those beauteous eyes,
 Sweet sleep! and all the flowers that bloom at night
 With balmy lips breathe in her ears my name!
 (Gradually sinks asleep.)

ACT II. SCENE I.

Preciosa's chamber, morning. Preciosa and Angelica.

Preciosa.—Why will you go so soon? Stay yet awhile.
 The poor too often turn away unheard
 From hearts that shut against them with a sound
 That will be heard in heaven. Pray, tell me more
 Of your adversities. Keep nothing from me.
 What is your landlord's name?

Angelica.— The Count of Lara.

Prec.—The Count of Lara? Oh, beware that man!
 Mistrust his pity—hold no parley with him!
 And rather die an outcast in the streets
 Than touch his gold.

- Ang.*— You know him, then!
- Prec.*— As much
As any woman may, and yet be pure.
As you would keep your name without a blemish,
Beware of him!
- Ang.*— Alas! what can I do?
I cannot choose my friends. Each word of kindness,
Come whence it may, is welcome to the poor.
- Prec.*—Make me your friend. A girl so young and fair
Should have no friends but those of her own sex.
What is your name?
- Ang.*— Angelica.
- Prec.*— That name
Was given you, that you might be an angel
To her who bore you! When your infant smile
Made her home Paradise, you were her angel.
Oh, be an angel still! She needs that smile.
So long as you are innocent, fear nothing.
No one can harm you! I am a poor girl,
Whom chance has taken from the public streets.
I have no other shield than mine own virtue.
That is the charm which has protected me!
Amid a thousand perils, I have worn it
Here on my heart! It is my guardian angel.
- Ang.*—(Rising.) I thank you for this counsel, dearest lady.
- Prec.*—Thank me by following it.
- Ang.*— Indeed I will.
- Prec.*—Pray, do not go. I have much more to say.
- Ang.*—My mother is alone. I dare not leave her.
- Prec.*—Some other time, then, when we meet again.
You must not go away with words alone.
(Gives her a purse.) Take this. Would it were more.
- Ang.*— I thank you, lady.
- Prec.*—No thanks. To-morrow come to me again.
I dance to-night—perhaps for the last time.
But what I gain I promise shall be yours,
If that can save you from the Count of Lara.

Ang.—Oh, my dear lady! how shall I be grateful
For so much kindness?

Prec.— I deserve no thanks.
Thank heaven, not me.

Ang.—Both heaven and you.

Prec.— Farewell.
Remember that you come again to-morrow.

Ang.—I will. And may the Blessed Virgin guard you,
And all good angels. (Exit.)

Prec.— May they guard thee, too,
And all the poor; for they have need of angels.
Now, bring me, dear Dolores, my basquiña,
My richest maja dress—my dancing dress,
And my most precious jewels! Make me look
Fairer than night e'er saw me! I've a prize
To win this day, worthy of Preciosa!

Enter Beltran Cruzado.

Cruzado.—Ave Maria!

Prec.— O God! my evil genius!
What seekest thou here to-day?

Cruz.— Thyself—my child.

Prec.—What is thy will with me?

Cruz.— Gold! gold!

Prec.—I gave thee yesterday; I have no more.

Cruz.—The gold of the Busné—give me his gold!

Prec.—I gave the last in charity to-day.

Cruz.—That is a foolish lie.

Prec.— It is the truth.

Cruz.—Curses upon thee! Thou art not my child!
Hast thou given gold away, and not to me?
Not to thy father? To whom, then?

Prec.— To one
Who needs it more.

Cruz.— No one can need it more.

Prec.—Thou art not poor.

Cruz.—What, I, who lurk about
In dismal suburbs and unwholesome lanes;
I, who am housed worse than the galley slave;
I, who am fed worse than the kennelled hound;
I, who am clothed in rags—Beltran Cruzado—
Not poor!

Prec.—Thou hast a stout heart and strong hands.
Thou canst supply thy wants; what wouldst thou more?

Cruz.—The gold of the Busné? give me his gold!

Pres.—Beltran Cruzado! hear me once for all.
I speak the truth. So long as I had gold,
I gave it to thee freely, at all times,
Never denied thee; never had a wish
But to fulfill thine own. Now, go in peace!
Be merciful, be patient, and ere long
Thou shalt have more.

Cruz.— And if I have it not,
Thou shalt no longer dwell here in rich chambers,
Wear silken dresses, feed on dainty food,
And live in idleness; but go with me,
Dance the Romalis in the public streets,
And wander wild again o'er field and fell;
For here we stay not long.

Prec.—What! march again?

Cruz.—Ay, with all speed. I hate the crowded town!
I cannot breathe shut up within its gates!
Air.—I want air, and sunshine, and blue sky,
The feeling of the breeze upon my face,
The feeling of the turf beneath my feet,
And no walls but the far-off mountain-tops.
Then I am free and strong—once more myself,
Beltran Cruzado. Count of the Calés!

Prec.—God speed thee on thy march!—I cannot go.

Cruz.—Remember who I am and who thou art!
Be silent and obey! Yet one thing more.
Bartolomé Román—

Prec.—(With emotion.) Oh, I beseech thee!
If my obedience and blameless life,

If my humility and meek submission
 In all things hitherto, can move in thee
 One feeling of compassion; if thou art
 Indeed my father, and canst trace in me
 One look of her who bore me, or one tone
 That doth remind thee of her, let it plead
 In my behalf, who am a feeble girl,
 Too feeble to resist, and do not force me
 To wed that man! I am afraid of him!
 I do not love him! On my knees I beg thee
 To use no violence, nor do in haste
 What cannot be undone!

Cruz.— O child, child, child!

Thou hast betrayed thy secret, as a bird
 Betrays her nest, by striving to conceal it,
 I will not leave thee here in the great city
 To be a grandee's mistress. Make thee ready
 To go with us; and until then remember
 A watchful eye is on thee. (Exit.)

Prec.— Woe is me!
 I have a strange misgiving in my heart!
 But that one deed of charity I'll do,
 Befall what may; they cannot take that from me.
 (Exit.)

SCENE II.

A room in the Archbishop's palace. The Archbishop and a
 Cardinal, seated.

Archbishop.—Knowing how near it touched the public morals,
 And that our age is grown corrupt and rotten
 By such excesses, we have sent to Rome,
 Beseeching that his Holiness would aid
 In curing the gross surfeit of the time,
 By seasonable stop put here in Spain
 To bull-fights and lewd dances on the stage.
 All this you know.

Cardinal.—

Know and approve.

Arch.—

And, further,

That, by a mandate from his Holiness,

The first have been suppressed.

Card.—

I trust, forever.

It was a cruel sport.

Arch.—

A barbarous pastime,

Disgraceful to the land that calls itself

Most Catholic and Christian.

Card.—

Yet the people

Murmur at this; and, if the public dances

Should be condemned upon too slight occasion,

Worse ills might follow than the ills we cure.

As Panem et Circenses was the cry

Among the Roman populace of old,

So Pan y Toros is the cry in Spain.

Hence I would act advisedly herein;

And therefore have induced your grace to see

These national dances, ere we interdict them.

Enter a Servant.

Servant.—The dancing-girl, and with her the musicians

Your grace was pleased to order, wait without.

Arch.—Bid them come in. Now shall your eyes behold

In what angelic yet voluptuous shape

The devil came to tempt Saint Anthony.

.Enter Preciosa, with a mantle thrown over her head. She advances slowly, in a modest, half-timid attitude.

Card.—(Aside.) Oh, what a fair and ministering angel
Was lost to heaven when this sweet woman fell!

Preciosa.—(Kneeling before the Archbishop.) I have obeyed
the order of your grace.

If I intrude upon your better hours,

I proffer this excuse, and here beseech

Your holy benediction.

Arch.—

May God bless thee,

And lead thee to a better life. Arise.

Card.—(Aside.) Her acts are modest, and her words discreet!
I did not look for this! Come hither, child.
Is thy name Preciosa?

Prec.— Thus I am called.

Card.—That is a Gypsy name. Who is thy father?

Prec.—Beltran Cruzado, Count of the Calés.

Arch.—I have a dim remembrance of that man;
He was a bold and reckless character,
A sun-burnt Ishmael!

Card.— Dost thou remember
Thy earlier days?

Prec.— Yes; by the Darro's side
My childhood passed. I can remember still
The river, and the mountains capped with snow;
The villages, where, yet a little child,
I told the traveller's fortune in the street;
The smuggler's horse, the brigand and the shepherd;
The march across the moor; the halt at noon;
The red fire of the evening camp, that lighted
The forest where we slept; and, further back,
As in a dream or in some former life,
Gardens and palace walls.

Arch.— 'Tis the Alhambra,
Under whose towers the Gypsy camp was pitched.
But the time wears; and we would see thee dance.

Prec.—Your grace shall be obeyed.

(She lays aside her mantilla. The music of the cachucha is played, and the dance begins. The Archbishop and the Cardinal look on with gravity and an occasional frown; then make signs to each other; and, as the dance continues, become more and more pleased and excited; and at length rise from their seats, throw their caps in the air, and applaud vehemently as the scene closes.)

SCENE III.

The Prado. A long avenue of trees leading to the gate of Atocha. On the right the dome and spires of a convent. A fountain. Evening. Don Carlos and Hypolito, meeting.

Don Carlos.—Holá! good-evening, Don Hypolito.

Hypolito.—And a good-evening to my friend, Don Carlos.
Some lucky star has led my steps this way.
I was in search of you.

Don C.— Command me always.

Hyp.—Do you remember, in "Quevedo's Dreams,"
The miser, who, upon the day of judgment,
Asks if his money-bags would rise?

Don C.— I do;
But what of that?

Hyp.— I am that wretched man.

Don C.—You mean to tell me yours have risen empty?

Hyp.—And amen! said my Cid the Campeador.

Don C.—Pray, how much need you?

Hyp.— Some half dozen ounces,
Which, with due interest—

Don C.—(Giving his purse.) What, am I a Jew
To put my moneys out at usury?
Here is my purse.

Hyp.—Thank you. A pretty purse,
Made by the hand of some fair Madrileña;
Perhaps a keepsake.

Don C.—No, 'tis at your service.

Hyp.—Thank you again. Lie there, good Chrysostom,
And with thy golden mouth remind me often,
I am the debtor of my friend.

Don C.— But, tell me,
Come you to-day from Alcalá?

Hyp.— This moment.

Don C.—And, pray, how fares the brave Victorian?

Hyp.—Indifferent well; that is to say, not well.

A damsel has ensnared him with the glances
Of her dark, roving eyes, as herdsman catch
A steer of Andalusia with a lazo.
He is in love.

Don C.— And is it faring ill
To be in love?

Hyp.— In his case, very ill.

Don C.—Why so?

Hyp.—For many reasons. First and foremost,
Because he is in love with an ideal;
A creature of his own imagination;
A child of air; an echo of his heart;
And, like a lily on a river floating,
She floats upon the river of his thoughts.

Don C.—A common thing with poets. But who is
This floating lily? For, in fine, some woman,
Some living woman—not a mere ideal—
Must wear the outward semblance of his thought.
Who is it? Tell me.

Hyp.— Well, it is a woman!
But, look you, from the coffer of his heart
He brings forth precious jewels to adorn her,
As pious priests adorn some favorite saint
With gems and gold, until at length she gleams
One blaze of glory. Without these, you know,
And the priest's benediction, 'tis a doll.

Don C.—Well, well! who is this doll?

Hyp.— Why, who do you think?

Don C.—His cousin Violante.

Hyp.— Guess again.
To ease his laboring heart, in the last storm
He threw her overboard, with all her ingots.

Don C.—I cannot guess; so tell me who it is.

Hyp.—Not I.

Don C.— Why not?

Hyp.—(Mysteriously.) Why? Because Mari Franca
Was married four leagues out of Salamanca!

Don C.—Jesting aside, who is it?

Hyp.— Preciosa.

Don C.—Impossible! The Count of Lara tells me
She is not virtuous.

Hyp.— Did I say she was?
The Roman Emperor Claudius had a wife
Whose name was Messalina, as I think;
Valeria Messalina was her name.
But hist! I see him yonder through the trees,
Walking as in a dream.

Don C.— He comes this way.

Hyp.—It has been truly said by some wise man
That money, grief and love cannot be hidden.

Enter Victorian in front.

Victorian.—Where'er thy step has passed is holy ground!
These groves are sacred! I behold thee walking
Under these shadowy trees, where we have walked
At evening, and I feel thy presence now;
Feel that the place has taken a charm from thee,
And is forever hallowed.

Hyp.— Mark him well!
See how he strides away with lordly air,
Like that odd guest of stone, that grim commander
Who comes to sup with Juan in the play.

Don C.—What ho! Victorian!

Hyp.— Wilt thou sup with us?

Vict.—Holá! amigos! Faith, I did not see you.
How fares Don Carlos?

Don C.— At your service ever.

Vict.—How is that young and green-eyed Gaditana
That you both wot of?

Don C.— Ay, soft, emerald eyes!
She has gone back to Cadiz.

- Hyp.*— Ay de mí!
- Vict.*—You are much to blame for letting her go back.
A pretty girl; and in her tender eyes
Just that soft shade of green we sometimes see
In evening skies.
- Hyp.*— But, speaking of green eyes,
Are thine green?
- Vict.*— Not a whit. Why so?
- Hyp.*— I think
The slightest shades of green would be becoming,
For thou art jealous.
- Vict.*— No, I am not jealous.
- Hyp.*—Thou shouldst be.
- Vict.*— Why?
- Hyp.*— Because thou art in love.
And they who are in love are always jealous.
Therefore, thou shouldst be.
- Vict.*— Marry, is that all?
Farewell; I am in haste. Farewell, Don Carlos.
Thou sayest I should be jealous?
- Hyp.*— Ay, in truth,
I fear there is reason. Be upon thy guard.
I hear it whispered that the Count of Lara
Lays siege to the same citadel.
- Vict.*— Indeed!
Then he will have his labor for his pains.
- Hyp.*—He does not think so, and Don Carlos tells me
He boasts of his success.
- Vict.*— How's this, Don Carlos?
- Don C.*—Some hints of it I heard from his own lips.
He spoke but lightly of the lady's virtue,
As a gay man might speak.
- Vict.*— Death and damnation!
I'll cut his lying tongue out of his mouth,
And throw it to my dog! But no, no, no!
This cannot be. You jest, indeed you jest.
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Trifle with me no more. For otherwise
We are no longer friends. And so, farewell! (Exit.)

Hyp.—Now, what a coil is here! The Avenging Child
Hunting the traitor Quadros to his death,
And the great Moor Calaynos, when he rode
To Paris for the ears of Oliver,
Were nothing to him! O hot-headed youth!
But, come; we will not follow. Let us join
The crowd that pours into the Prado. There
We shall find merrier company; I see
The Marialonzos and the Almagivas,
And fifty fans, that beckon me already. (Exeunt.)

SCENE IV.

Preciosa's chamber. She is sitting, with a book in her hand,
near a table, on which are flowers. A bird singing in its
cage. The Count of Lara enters behind, unperceived.

Preciosa.—(Reads.) All are sleeping, weary heart!
Thou, thou only sleepless art!
Heigho! I wish Victorian were here.
I know not what it is makes me so restless!
(The bird sings.)
Thou little prisoner with thy motley coat,
That from thy vaulted, wiry dungeon singest,
Like thee I am a captive, and, like thee,
I have a gentle jailer. Lack-a-day!
All are sleeping, weary heart!
Thou, thou only sleepless art!
All this throbbing, all this aching,
Evermore shall keep thee waking,
For a heart in sorrow breaking
Thinketh ever of its smart!
Thou speakest truly, poet! and methinks
More hearts are breaking in this world of ours
Than one would say. In distant villages
And solitudes remote, where winds have wafted
The barbed seeds of love, or birds of passage

Scattered them in their flight, do they take root,
And grow in silence, and in silence perish.
Who hears the falling of the forest leaf?
Or who takes note of every flower that dies?
Heigho! I wish Victorian would come.
Dolores! (Turns to lay down her book, and perceives
the count.)

Ha!

Lara.— Señora, pardon me!

Prec.—How's this? Dolores!

Lara.— Pardon me—

Prec.— Dolores!

Lara.—Be not alarmed; I found no one in waiting.

If I have been too bold—

Prec.—(Turning her back upon him.) You are too bold!

Retire! retire, and leave me!

Lara.— My dear lady,

First hear me! I beseech you, let me speak!

'Tis for your good I come.

Prec.—(Turning toward him with indignation.)

Begone! begone!

You are the Count of Lara, but your deeds
Would make the statues of your ancestors
Blush on their tombs! Is it Castilian honor,
Is it Castilian pride, to steal in here
Upon a friendless girl, to do her wrong?
O shame! shame! shame! that you, a nobleman,
Should be so little noble in your thoughts
As to send jewels here to win my love,
And think to buy my honor with your gold!
I have no words to tell you how I scorn you!
Begone! The sight of you is hateful to me!
Begone, I say!

Lara.—Be calm; I will not harm you.

Prec.—Because you dare not.

Lara.— I dare anything!

Therefore beware! You are deceived in me.

In this false world, we do not always know

Who are our friends and who our enemies,
We all have enemies, and all need friends.
Even you, fair Preciosa, here at court
Have foes, who seek to wrong you.

Prec.— If to this
I owe the honor of the present visit,
You might have spared the coming. Having spoken,
Once more I beg you, leave me to myself.

Lara.—I thought it but a friendly part to tell you
What strange reports are current here in town.
For my own self, I do not credit them;
But there are many who, not knowing you,
Will lend a readier ear.

Prec.— There was no need
That you should take upon yourself the duty
Of telling me these tales.

Lara.— Malicious tongues
Are ever busy with your name.

Prec.— Alas!
I've no protectors. I am a poor girl,
Exposed to insults and unfeeling jests.
They wound me, yet I cannot shield myself.
I give no cause for these reports. I live
Retired; am visited by none.

Lara.— By none?
O, then, indeed, you are much wronged!

Prec.— How mean you?

Lara.—Nay, nay; I will not wound your gentle soul
By the report of idle tales.

Prec.— Speak out!
What are these idle tales? You need not spare me.

Lara.—I will deal frankly with you. Pardon me;
This window, as I think, looks toward the street,
And this into the Prado, does it not?
In yon high house, beyond the garden wall,—
You see the roof there just above the trees,—
There lives a friend, who told me yesterday,
That on a certain night,—be not offended

If I too plainly speak,—he saw a man
Climb to your chamber window. You are silent!
I would not blame you, being young and fair—

(He tries to embrace her. She starts back, and draws a dagger
from her bosom.)

Prec.—Beware! beware! I am a Gypsy girl!
Lay not your hand upon me. One step nearer
And I will strike!

Lara.—Pray you, put up that dagger
Fear not.

Prec.—I do not fear. I have a heart
In whose strength I can trust.

Lara.—Listen to me.
I come here as your friend,—I am your friend,—
And by a single word can put a stop
To all those idle tales, and make your name
Spotless as lilies are. Here on my knees,
Fair Preciosa! on my knees I swear,
I love you even to madness, and that love
Has driven me to break the rules of custom,
And force myself unasked into your presence.

(Victorian enters behind.)

Prec.—Rise, Count of Lara! That is not the place
For such as you are. It becomes you not
To kneel before me. I am strangely moved
To see one of your rank thus low and humbled;
For your sake I will put aside all anger,
All unkind feeling, all dislike, and speak
In gentleness, as most becomes a woman,
And as my heart now prompts me. I no more
Will hate you, for all hate is painful to me.
But if, without offending modesty
And that reserve which is a woman's glory,
I may speak freely, I will teach my heart
To love you.

Lara.—O sweet angel!

Prec.— Ay, in truth,
Far better than you love yourself or me.

Lara.—Give me some sign of this,—the slightest token.
Let me but kiss your hand!

Prec.— Nay, come no nearer!
The words I utter are its sign and token.
Misunderstand me not! Be not deceived!
The love wherewith I love you is not such
As you would offer me. For you come here
To take from me the only thing I have,
My honor. You are wealthy, you have friends
And kindred, and a thousand pleasant hopes
That fill your heart with happiness; but I
Am poor, and friendless, having but one treasure,
And you would take that from me, and for what?
To flatter your own vanity, and make me
What you would most despise. O sir, such love,
That seeks to harm me, cannot be true love.
Indeed it cannot. But my love for you
Is of a different kind. It seeks your good.
It is a holier feeling. It rebukes
Your earthly passion, your unchaste desires,
And bids you look into your heart, and see
How you do wrong that better nature in you,
And grieve your soul with sin.

Lara.— I swear to you,
I would not harm you; I would only love you.
I would not take your honor, but restore it,
And in return I ask but some slight mark
Of your affection. If indeed you love me,
As you confess you do, O let me thus
With this embrace—

Vict.—(Rushing forward.) Hold! hold! This is too much.
What means this outrage?

Lara.— First, what right have you
To question thus a nobleman of Spain?

Vict.—I too am noble, and you are no more!
Out of my sight!

Lara.— Are you the master here?

Vict.—Ay, here and elsewhere, when the wrong of others
Gives me the right!

Prec.—(To *Lara*.) Go! I beseech you go!

Vict.—I shall have business with you, Count, anon!

Lara.— You cannot come too soon. (Exit.)

Prec.— Victorian!

O we have been betrayed!

Vict.— Ha! ha! betrayed!

'Tis I have been betrayed, not we!—not we!

Prec.—Dost thou imagine—

Vict.— I imagine nothing;

I see how 'tis thou whilest the time away

When I am gone!

Prec.— O speak not in that tone!

It wounds me deeply.

Vict.— 'Twas not meant to flatter.

Prec.—Too well thou knowest the presence of that man

Is hateful to me!

Vict.— Yet I saw thee stand

And listen to him, when he told his love.

Prec.—I did not heed his words.

Vict.— Indeed thou didst,

And answeredst them with love.

Prec.— Hadst thou heard all—

Vict.—I heard enough.

Prec.— Be not so angry with me.

Vict.—I am not angry; I am very calm.

Prec.—If thou wilt let me speak—

Vict.— Nay, say no more.

I know too much already. Thou art false!

I do not like these Gypsy marriages!

Where is the ring I gave thee?

Prec.— In my casket.

Vict.—There let it rest! I would not have thee wear it:

I thought thee spotless, and thou art polluted!

Prec.—I call the Heavens to witness——

Vict.— Nay, nay, nay!
Take not the name of Heaven upon thy lips!
They are forsworn!

Prec.— Victorian! dear Victorian!

Vict.—I gave up all for thee; myself, my fame,
My hopes of fortune, ay, my very soul!
And thou hast been my ruin! Now, go on!
Laugh at my folly with thy paramour,
And, sitting on the Count of Lara's knee,
Say what a poor, fond fool Victorian was!

(He casts her from him and rushes out.)

Prec.— And this from thee!

SCENE V.

The Count of Lara's rooms. Enter the Count.

Lara.—There's nothing in this world so sweet as love,
And next to love the sweetest thing is hate!
I've learned to hate, and therefore am revenged.
A silly girl to play the prude with me!
The fire that I have kindled——

Enter Francisco.

Well, Francisco,
What tidings from Don Juan?

Fran.— Good, my lord;
He will be present.

Lara.— And the Duke of Lermos?

Fran.—Was not at home.

Lara.— How with the rest?

Fran.— I've found
The men you wanted. They will all be there,
And at the given signal raise a whirlwind
Of such discordant noises, that the dance
Must cease for lack of music.

Lara.—

Bravely done.

Ah! little dost thou dream, sweet Preciosa,
What lies in wait for thee. Sleep shall not close
Thine eyes this night! Give me my cloak and sword.
(*Exeunt.*)

SCENE VI.

A retired spot beyond the city gates. Enter *Victorian* and
Hypolito.

Vict.—O shame! O shame! Why do I walk abroad
By daylight, when the very sunshine mocks me,
And voices, and familiar sights and sounds
Cry, "Hide thyself!" O what a thin partition
Doth shut out from the curious world the knowledge
Of evil deeds that have been done in darkness!
Disgrace has many tongues. My fears are windows,
Through which all eyes seem gazing. Every face
Expresses some suspicion of my shame,
And in derision seems to smile at me!

Hyp.—Did I not caution thee? Did I not tell thee
I was but half persuaded of her virtue?

Vict.—And yet, *Hypolito*, we may be wrong,
We may be over-hasty in condemning!
The Count of *Lara* is a cursed villain.

Hyp.—And therefore is she cursed, loving him.

Vict.—She does not love him! 'Tis for gold! for gold!

Hyp.—Ay, but remember, in the public streets
He shows a golden ring the Gypsy gave him,
A serpent with a ruby in its mouth.

Vict.—She had that ring from me! God! she is false!
But I will be revenged! The hour is passed.
Where stays the coward?

Hyp.— Nay, he is no coward;
A villain, if thou wilt, but not a coward.
I've seen him play with swords; it is his pastime.
And therefore be not over-confident,
He'll task thy skill anon. Look, here he comes.

Enter Lara, followed by Francisco.

Lara.—Good evening, gentlemen.

Hyp.— Good evening, Count.

Lara.—I trust I have not kept you long in waiting.

Vict.—Not long, and yet too long. Are you prepared?

Lara.—I am.

Hyp.— It grieves me much to see this quarrel
Between you, gentlemen. Is there no way
Left open to accord this difference,
But you must make one with your swords?

Vict.— No! none!
I do entreat thee, dear Hypolito,
Stand not between me and my foe. Too long
Our tongues have spoken. Let these tongues of steel
End our debate. Upon your guard, Sir Count!
(They fight. Victoriano disarms the Count.)
Your life is mine; and what shall now withhold me
From sending your vile soul to its account?

Lara.—Strike! strike!

Vict.—You are disarmed. I will not kill you.
I will not murder you. Take up your sword.

(Francisco hands the Count his sword, and Hypolito interposes.)

Hyp.—Enough! Let it end here. The Count of Lara
Has shown himself a brave man, and Victoriano
A generous one, as ever. Now be friends.
Put up your swords; for, to speak frankly to you,
Your cause of quarrel is too slight a thing
To move you to extreme.

Lara.— I am content.
I sought no quarrel. A few hasty words,
Spoken in the heat of blood, have led to this.

Vict.—Nay, something more than that.

Lara.— I understand you.
Therein I did not mean to cross your path.
To me the door stood open, as to others.

But, had I known the girl belonged to you,
 Never would I have sought to win her from you.
 The truth stands now revealed; she has been false
 To both of us.

Vict.— Ay, false as hell itself!

Lara.—In truth, I did not seek her; she sought me;
 And told me how to win her, telling me
 The hours when she was oftenest left alone.

Vict.—Say, can you prove this to me? O, pluck out
 These awful doubts, that goad me into madness!
 Let me know all! all! all!

Lara.— You shall know all.
 Here is my page, who was the messenger
 Between us. Question him. Was it not so,
 Francisco?

Fran.— Ay, my lord.

Lara.— I. further proof
 Is needful, I have here a ring she gave me.

Vict.—Pray let me see that ring? It is the same!
 (Throws it upon the ground, and tramples upon it.)
 Thus may she perish who once wore that ring!
 Thus do I spurn her from me; do thus trample
 Her memory in the dust! O Count of Lara,
 We both have been abused, been much abused!
 I thank you for your courtesy and frankness.
 Though, like the surgeon's hand, yours gave me **pain**,
 Yet it has cured my blindness, and I thank you.
 I now can see the folly I have done,
 Though 'tis, alas! too late. So fare you well!
 To-night I leave this hateful town forever.
 Regard me as your friend. Once more, farewell!

Hyp.—Farewell, Sir Count.

(Exeunt Victorian and Hypolito.)

Lara.—Farewell! farewell! farewell!
 Thus have I cleared the field of my worst foe!
 I have none else to fear; the fight is done,
 The citadel is stormed, the victory won!
 (Exit with Francisco.)

SCENE VII.

A lane in the suburbs. Night. Enter Cruzado and Bartolomé.

Cruzado.—And so, Bartolomé, the expedition failed. But where wast thou for the most part?

Bartolomé.—In the Guadarrama mountains, near San Ildefonso.

Cruz.—And thou bringest nothing back with thee? Didst thou rob no one?

Bart.—There was no one to rob, save a party of students from Segovia, who looked as if they would rob us; and a jolly little friar, who had nothing in his pockets but a missal and a loaf of bread.

Cruz.—Pray, then, what brings thee back to Madrid?

Bart.—First tell me what keeps thee here?

Cruz.—Preciosa.

Bart.—And she brings me back. Hast thou forgotten thy promise?

Cruz.—The two years are not passed yet. Wait patiently. The girl shall be thine.

Bart.—I hear she has a Busné lover.

Cruz.—That is nothing.

Bart.—I do not like it. I hate him,—the son of a Busné harlot. He goes in and out, and speaks with her alone, and I must stand aside, and wait his pleasure.

Cruz.—Be patient, I say. Thou shalt have thy revenge. When the time comes, thou shalt waylay him.

Bart.—Meanwhile, show me her house.

Cruz.—Come this way. But thou wilt not find her. She dances at the play to-night.

Bart.—No matter. Show me the house. (Exeunt.)

SCENE VIII.

The Theatre. The orchestra plays the cachucha. Sound of castanets behind the scenes. The curtain rises, and dis-

covers Preciosa in the attitude of commencing the dance. The cachucha. Tumult; hisses; cries of "Brava!" and "A fuera!" She falters and pauses. The music stops. General confusion. Preciosa faints.

SCENE IX.

The Count of Lara's chambers. Lara and his friends at supper.

Lara.—So, Caballeros, once more many thanks!

You have stood by me bravely in this matter.

Pray fill your glasses.

Don F.— Did you mark, Don Luis,
How pale she looked, when first the noise began,
And then stood still, with her large eyes dilated!
Her nostrils spread! her lips apart! her bosom
Tumultuous as the sea!

Don L.— I pitied her.

Lara.—Her pride is humbled; and this very night
I mean to visit her.

Don F.— Will you serenade her?

Lara.—No music! no more music!

Don L.— Why not music?
It softens many hearts.

Lara.— Not in the humor
She now is in. Music would madden her.

Don F.—Try golden cymbals.

Don L.— Yes, try Don Dinero;
A mighty wooer is your Don Dinero.

Lara.—To tell the truth, then, I have bribed her maid.
But, Caballeros, you dislike this wine.
A bumper and away; for the night wears.
A health to Preciosa. (They rise and drink.)

All.— Preciosa.

Lara.—(Holding up his glass.) Thou bright and flaming minister of Love!

Thou wonderful magician! who hast stolen
My secret from me, and 'mid sighs of passion

Caught from my lips, with red and fiery tongue,
 Her precious name! O nevermore henceforth
 Shall mortal lips press thine; and nevermore
 A mortal name be whispered in thine ear.
 Go! keep my secret!

(Drinks and dashes the goblet down.)

Don F.—

Ite! missa est!

SCENE X.

Street and garden wall. Night. Enter Cruzado and Bartolomé.

Cruz.—This is the garden wall, and above it, yonder, is her house. The window in which thou seest the light is her window. But we will not go in now.

Bart.—Why not?

Cruz.—Because she is not at home.

Bart.—No matter; we can wait. But how is this? The gate is bolted. (Sounds of guitars and voices in a neighboring street.) Hark! There comes her lover with his infernal serenade! Hark!

SONG.

Good night! Good night, beloved!
 I come to watch o'er thee!
 To be near thee,—to be near thee,
 Alone is peace for me.
 Thine eyes are stars of morning,
 Thy lips are crimson flowers!
 Good night! Good night, beloved,
 While I count the weary hours.

Cruz.—They are not coming this way.

Bart.—Wait, they begin again.

SONG (coming nearer.)

Ah! thou moon that shinest
 Argent-clear above!
 All night long enlighten
 My sweet lady-love!

Moon that shinest,
All night long enlighten!

Bart.—Woe be to him, if he comes this way!

Cruz.—Be quiet, they are passing down the street.

SONG (dying away.)

The nuns in the cloister
Sang to each other;
For so many sisters
Is there not one brother!
Ay, for the partridge, mother!
The cat has run away with the partridge!
Puss! puss! puss!

Bart.—Follow that! follow that! Come with me. Puss!
puss!

(*Exeunt.* On the opposite side enter the Count of Lara and gentlemen, with Francisco.)

Lara.—The gate is fast. Over the wall, Francisco,
And draw the bolt. There, so, and so, and over.
Now, gentlemen, come in, and help me scale
Yon balcony. How now? Her light still burns.
Move warily. Make fast the gate, Francisco.

(*Exeunt.* Re-enter Cruzado and Bartolomé.)

Bart.—They went in at the gate. Hark! I hear them in the garden. (Tries the gate.) Bolted again! Vive Cristo! Follow me over the wall. (They climb the wall.)

SCENE XI.

Preciosa's bedchamber. Midnight. She is sleeping in an arm-chair, in an undress. Dolores watching her.

Dol.—She sleeps at last! (Opens the window and listens.)
All silent in the street,
And in the garden. Hark!

Prec.—(In her sleep.) I must go hence!
Give me my cloak!

Dol.—He comes! I hear his footsteps!

Prec.—Go tell them that I cannot dance to-night;
 I am too ill! Look at me! See the fever
 That burns upon my cheek! I must go hence.
 I am too weak to dance. (Signal from the garden.)

Dol.—(From the window.) Who's there?

Voice.—(From below.) A friend.

Dol.—I will undo the door. Wait till I come.

Prec.—I must go hence. I pray you do not harm me!
 Shame! shame! to treat a feeble woman thus!
 Be you but kind, I will do all things for you.
 I'm ready now,—give me my castanets.
 Where is Victorian? Oh, those hateful lamps!
 They glare upon me like an evil eye.
 I cannot stay. Hark! how they mock at me!
 They hiss at me like serpents! Save me! save me!

(She wakes.)

How late is it, Dolores?

Dol.— It is midnight.

Prec.—We must be patient. Smooth this pillow for me.
 (She sleeps again. Noise from the garden and voices.)

Voice.—Muera!

Another Voice.—O villains! villains!

Lara.— So! have at you!

Voice.—Take that!

Lara.— O, I am wounded!

Dol.—(Shutting the window.) Jesu Maria!

ACT III. SCENE I.

A cross-road through a wood. In the background a distant village spire. Victorian and Hypolito, as travelling students, with guitars, sitting under the trees. Hypolito plays and sings.

SONG.

Ah, Love!
 Perjured, false, treacherous Love!
 Enemy

Of all that mankind may not rue!
 Most untrue
 To him who keeps most faith with thee,
 Woe is me!
 The falcon has the eyes of the dove.
 Ah, Love!
 Perjured, false, treacherous Love!

Victorian.—Yes, love is ever busy with his shuttle,
 Is ever weaving into life's dull warp
 Bright, gorgeous flowers and scenes Arcadian;
 Hanging our gloomy prison-house about
 With tapestries, that make its walls dilate
 In never-ending vistas of delight.

Hypolito.—Thinking to walk in those Arcadian pastures,
 Thou hast run thy noble head against the wall.

SONG (*continued*).

Thy deceits
 Give us clearly to comprehend,
 Whither tend
 All thy pleasures, all thy sweets!
 They are cheats,
 Thorns below and flowers above.
 Ah, love!
 Perjured, false, treacherous love!

Vict.—A very pretty song. I thank thee for it.

Hyp.—It suits thy case.

Vict.—Indeed, I think it does.
 What wise man wrote it?

Hyp.—Lopez Maldonald.

Vict.—In truth, a pretty song.

Hyp.—With much truth in it.
 I hope thou wilt profit by it; and in earnest
 Try to forget this lady of thy love.

Vict.—I will forget her! All dear recollections
 Pressed in my heart, like flowers within a book,
 Shall be torn out, and scattered to the winds!
 I will forget her! But perhaps hereafter,
 16—Part I, Vol. XIX.

When she shall learn how heartless is the world,
A voice within her will repeat my name,
And she will say, "He was, indeed, my friend!"
Oh, would I were a soldier, not a scholar,
That the loud march, the deafening beat of drums,
The shattering blast of the brass-throated trumpet,
The din of arms, the onslaught and the storm,
And a swift death might make me deaf forever
To the upbraidings of this foolish heart!

Hyp.—Then let that foolish heart upbraid no more!
To conquer love, one need but will to conquer.

Vict.—Yet, good Hypolito, it is in vain
I throw into oblivion's sea the sword
That pierces me; for, like Excalibar,
With gemmed and flashing hilt, it will not sink.
There rises from below a hand that grasps it,
And waves it in the air; and wailing voices
Are heard along the shore.

Hyp.— And yet at last
Down sank Excalibar to rise no more.
This is not well. In truth, it vexes me,
Instead of whistling to the steeds of time,
To make them jog on merrily with life's burden,
Like a dead weight thou hangest on the wheels.
Thou art too young, too full of lusty health
To talk of dying.

Vict.— Yet I fain would die!
To go through life, unloving and unloved;
To feel that thirst and hunger of the soul
We cannot still; that longing, that wild impulse,
And struggle after something we have not
And cannot have; the effort to be strong;
And, like the Spartan boy, to smile and smile,
While secret wounds do bleed beneath our cloaks;
All this the dead feel not—the dead alone!
Would I were with them!

Hyp.— We shall all be soon.

Vict.—It cannot be too soon; for I am weary
Of the bewildering masquerade of life,

Where strangers walk as friends, and friends as
strangers;

Where whispers overheard betray false hearts;
And through the mazes of the crowd we chase
Some form of loveliness, that smiles, and beckons,
And cheats us with fair words, only to leave us
A mockery and a jest; maddened—confused—
Not knowing friend from foe.

Hyp.— Why seek to know?

Enjoy the merry shrove-tide of thy youth!
Take each fair mask for what it gives itself,
Nor strive to look beneath it.

Vict.— I confess,

That were the wiser part. But hope no longer
Comforts my soul. I am a wretched man,
Much like a poor and shipwrecked mariner,
Who, struggling to climb up into the boat,
Has both his bruised and bleeding hands cut off,
And sinks again into the weltering sea,
Helpless and hopeless!

Hyp.— Yet thou shalt not perish.

The strength of thine own arm is thy salvation.
Above thy head, through rifted clouds, there shines
A glorious star. Be patient. Trust thy star!

(Sound of village bell in the distance.)

Vict.—Ave Maria! I hear the sacristan

Ring the chimes from yonder village belfry!
A solemn sound, that echoes far and wide
Over the red roofs of the cottages,
And bids the laboring hind a-field, the shepherd,
Guarding his flock, the lonely muleteer,
And all the crowd in village streets, stand still,
And breathe a prayer unto the blessed Virgin!

Hyp.—Amen! amen! Not half a league from hence
The village lies.

Vict.— This path will lead us to it,
Over the wheatfields, where the shadows sail
Across the running sea, now green, now blue,

And, like an idle mariner on the main,
Whistles the quail. Come, let us hasten on. (Exeunt.)

SCENE II.

Public square in the village of Guadarrama. The Ave Maria still tolling. A crowd of villagers, with their hats in their hands, as if in prayer. In front, a group of Gypsies. The bell rings a merrier peal. A Gypsy dance. Enter Pancho, followed by Pedro Crespo.

Pancho.—Make room, ye vagabonds and Gypsy thieves!
Make room for the Alcalde and for me!

Pedro Crespo.—Keep silence all! I have an edict here
From our most gracious lord, the king of Spain,
Jerusalem and the Canary Islands,
Which I shall publish in the market-place.
Open your ears and listen!

(Enter the Padre Cura at the door of his cottage.)

Padre Cura,
Good-day! and, pray you, hear this edict read.

Padre Cura.—Good-day, and God be with you! Pray, what is it?

Pedro C.—An act of banishment against the Gypsies!

(Agitation and murmurs in the crowd.)

Pancho.—Silence!

Pedro C.—(Reads.) "I hereby order and command,
That the Egyptian and Chaldean strangers,
Known by the name of Gypsies, shall henceforth
Be banished from the realm, as vagabonds
And beggars; and if, after seventy days,
Any be found within our kingdom's bounds,
They shall receive a hundred lashes each;
The second time, shall have their ears cut off;
The third, be slaves for life to him who takes them,
Or burnt as heretics. Signed, I, the King."
Vile miscreants and creatures unbaptized!
You hear the law! Obey and disappear!

Pancho.—And if in seventy days you are not gone,
Dead or alive, I make you all my slaves.

(The Gypsies go out in confusion, showing signs of
fear and discontent. *Pancho* follows.)

Padre C.—A righteous law! A very righteous law!
Pray, you, sit down.

Pedro C.— I thank you heartily.

(They seat themselves on a bench at the *Padre*
Cura's door. Sound of guitars heard at a dis-
tance, approaching during the dialogue which
follows.)

A very righteous judgment, as you say.
Now, tell me, *Padre Cura*—you know all things—
How came these Gypsies into Spain?

Padre C.— Why, look you:

They came with *Hercules* from *Palestine*,
And hence are thieves and vagrants, *Sir Alcalde*,
As the *Simoniacs* from *Simon Magus*.
And, look you, as *Fray Jayme Bleda* says,
There are a hundred marks to prove a Moor
Is not a Christian, so 'tis with the Gypsies.
They never marry, never go to mass,
Never baptize their children, nor keep Lent,
Nor see the inside of a church—nor—nor——

Pedro C.—Good reasons, good, substantial reasons all!
No matter for the other ninety-five.
They should be burnt, I see it plain enough,
They should be burnt.

Enter *Victorian* and *Hypolito*, playing.

Padre C.—And, pray, whom have we here?

Pedro C.—More vagrants! By *Saint Lazarus*, more vagrants!

Hyp.—Good-evening, gentlemen! Is this *Guadarrama*?

Padre C.—Yes, *Guadarrama*, and good-evening to you.

Hypolito.—We seek the *Padre Cura* of the village;
And, judging from your dress and reverend mien,
You must be he.

Padre C.—I am. Pray, what's your pleasure?

Hyp.—We are poor students, travelling in vacation.
You know this mark?

(Touching the wooden spoon in his hat-band.)

Padre C.—(Joyfully.) Ay, know it, and have worn it.

Pedro C.—(Aside.) Soup-eaters! by the mass! The worst of
vagrants!

And there's no law against them. Sir, your servant.

(Exit.)

Padre C.—Your servant, Pedro Crespo.

Hyp.—Padre Cura,
From the first moment I beheld your face,
I said within myself, "This is the man!"
There is a certain something in your looks,
A certain scholar-like and studious something—
You understand—which cannot be mistaken;
Which marks you as a very learned man,
In fine, as one of us.

Victorian.—(Aside.) What impudence!

Hyp.—As we approached, I said to my companion,
"That is the Padre Cura; mark my words!"
Meaning your grace. "The other man," said I,
"Who sits so awkwardly upon the bench,
Must be the sacristan."

Padre C.—Ah! said you so?
Why, that was Pedro Crespo, the Alcalde!

Hyp.—Indeed! you much astonish me! His air
Was not so full of dignity and grace
As an Alcalde's should be.

Padre C.—That is true.
He's out of humor with some vagrant Gypsies,
Who have their camp here in the neighborhood.
There's nothing so undignified as anger.

Hyp.—The Padre Cura will excuse our boldness,
If, from his well-known hospitality,
We crave a lodging for the night.

Padre C.—I pray you!
You do me honor! I am but too happy
To have such guests beneath my humble roof.

It is not often that I have occasion
To speak with scholars; and Emollit mores,
Nec sinit esse feros, Cicero says.

Hyp.—'Tis Ovid, is it not?

Padre C.— No, Cicero.

Hyp.—Your grace is right. You are the better scholar.

Now, what a dunce was I, to think it Ovid!

But hang me if it is not! (Aside.)

Padre C.— Pass this way.

He was a very great man, was Cicero!

Pray, you, go in, go in! no ceremony. (Exeunt.)

SCENE III.

A room in the Padre Cura's house. Enter the Padre and Hypolito.

Padre Cura.—So, then, Señor, you come from Alcalá.

I am glad to hear it. It was there I studied.

Hypolito.—And left behind an honored name, no doubt.

How may I call your grace?

Padre C.— Gerónimo

De Santillana, at your honor's service.

Hyp.—Descended from the Marquis Santillana?

From the distinguished poet?

Padre C.— From the marquis,

Not from the poet.

Hyp.— Why, they were the same.

Let me embrace you! O some lucky star

Has brought me hither! Yet once more!—once more!

Your name is ever green in Alcalá,

And our professor, when we are unruly,

Will shake his hoary head and say, "Alas!

It was not so in Santillana's time!"

Padre C.—I did not think my name remembered there.

Hyp.—More than remembered; it is idolized.

Padre C.—Of what professor speak you?

Hyp.—

Timoneda.

Padre C.—I don't remember any Timoneda.

Hyp.—A grave and sombre man, whose beetling brow
O'erhangs the rushing current of his speech
As rocks o'er rivers hang. Have you forgotten?

Padre C.—Indeed, I have. Oh, those were pleasant days,
Those college days! I ne'er shall see the like!
I had not buried, then, so many hopes!
I had not buried, then, so many friends!
I've turned my back on what was then before me;
And the bright faces of my young companions
Are wrinkled like my own, or are no more.
Do you remember Cueva?

Hyp.—

Cueva? Cueva?

Padre C.—Fool that I am! He was before your time.
You're a mere boy, and I am an old man.

Hyp.—I should not like to try my strength with you.

Padre C.—Well, well. But I forget; you must be hungry.
Martina! ho! Martina! 'Tis my niece.

Enter Martina.

Hyp.—You may be proud of such a niece as that.
I wish I had a niece. Emollit mores. (Aside.)
He was a very great man, was Cicero!
Your servant, fair Martina.

Martina.—

Servant, sir.

Padre C.—This gentleman is hungry. See thou to it.
Let us have supper.

Mart.—

'Twill be ready soon.

Padre C.—And bring a bottle of my Val-de-Peñas
Out of the cellar. Stay; I'll go myself.
Pray, you, Señor, excuse me.

(Exit.)

Hyp.—

Hist! Martina!

One word with you. Bless me! what handsome eyes!
To-day there have been Gypsies in the village.
Is it not so?

Mart.—

There have been Gypsies here.

Hyp.—Yes, and they told your fortune.

Mart.—(Embarrassed.) Told my fortune?

Hyp.—Yes, yes; I know they did. Give me your hand.
I'll tell you what they said. They said—they said,
The shepherd boy that loved you was a clown,
And him you should not marry. Was it not?

Mart.—(Surprised.) How know you that?

Hyp.— Oh, I know more than that.
What a soft, little hand! and then they said,
A cavalier from court, handsome and tall
And rich, should come one day to marry you,
And you should be a lady. Was it not?
He has arrived, the handsome cavalier.
(Tries to kiss her. She runs off.)

Enter Victorian, with a letter.

Victorian.—The muleteer has come.

Hyp.— So soon?

Vict.— I found him
Sitting at supper by the tavern door,
And, from a pitcher that he held aloft
His whole arm's length, drinking the blood-red wine.

Hyp.—What news from court?

Vict.— He brought this letter only.
(Reads.) "O cursed perfidy! Why did I let
That lying tongue deceive me! Preciosa,
Sweet Preciosa! how art thou avenged!"

Hyp.—What news is this, that makes thy cheek turn pale,
And thy hand tremble?

Vict.— Oh, most infamous!
The Count of Lara is a worthless villain!

Hyp.—That is no news, forsooth.

Vict.— He strove in vain
To steal from me the jewel of my soul,
The love of Preciosa. Not succeeding,
He swore to be revenged; and set on foot
A plot to ruin her, which has succeeded.
She has been hissed and hooted from the stage,
Her reputation stained by slanderous lies

Too foul to speak of; and, once more a beggar,
She roams a wanderer over God's green earth,
Housing with Gypsies!

Hyp.— To renew again
The Age of Gold, and make the shepherd swains
Desperate with love, like Gasper Gil's Diana.
Redit et Virgo!

Vict.— Dear Hypolito,
How have I wronged that meek, confiding heart!
I will go seek for her; and with my tears
Wash out the wrong I've done her!

Hyp.— O beware!
Act not that folly o'er again.

Vict.— Ay, folly,
Delusion, madness, call it what thou wilt,
I will confess my weakness—I still love her!
Still fondly love her!

Enter the Padre Cura.

Hyp.— Tell us, Padre Cura,
Who are these Gypsies in the neighborhood?

Padre Cura.—Beltran Cruzado and his crew.

Vict.— Kind heaven,
I thank thee! She is found! is found again!

Hyp.—And have they with them a pale, beautiful girl,
Called Preciosa?

Padre C.— Ay, a pretty girl.
The gentleman seems moved.

Hyp.— Yes, moved with hunger,
He is half famished with this long day's journey.

Padre C.—Then, pray you, come this way. The supper waits.
(Exeunt.)

SCENE IV.

A post-house on the road to Segovia, not far from the village
of Guadarrama. Enter Chispa, cracking a whip and sing-
ing the Cachucka.

Chispa.—Hallo! Don Fulano! Let us have horses, and quickly. Alas, poor Chispa! what a dog's life dost thou lead! I thought, when I left my old master Victorian, the student, to serve my new master Don Carlos, the gentleman, that I, too, should lead the life of a gentleman; should go to bed early and get up late. For when the abbot plays cards, what can you expect of the friars? But, in running away from the thunder, I have run into the lightning. Here I am in hot chase after my master and his Gypsy girl. And a good beginning of the week it is, as he said who was hanged on Monday morning.

Enter Don Carlos.

Don Carlos.—Are not the horses ready yet?

Chispa.—I should think not, for the hostler seems to be asleep. Ho! within there! Horses! horses! horses! (He knocks at the gate with his whip, and enter Mosquito, putting on his jacket.)

Mosquito.—Pray, have a little patience. I'm not a musket.

Chispa.—Health and pistareens! I'm glad to see you come on dancing, padre! Pray, what's the news?

Mosq.—You cannot have fresh horses; because there are none.

Chispa.—Cachiporra! Throw that bone to another dog. Do I look like your aunt?

Mosq.—No; she has a beard.

Chispa.—Go to! go to!

Mosq.—Are you from Madrid?

Chispa.—Yes; and going to Estramadura. Get us horses.

Mosq.—What's the news at court?

Chispa.—Why, the latest news is that I am going to set up a coach, and I have already bought the whip.

(Strikes him round the legs.)

Mosq.—Oh! oh! you hurt me!

Don C.—Enough of this folly. Let us have horses. (Gives money to Mosquito.) It is almost dark; and we are in haste. But, tell me, has a band of Gypsies passed this way of late?

Mosq.—Yes; and they are still in the neighborhood.

Don C.—And where?

Mosq.—Across the fields yonder, in the woods near Guadarrama. (Exit.)

Don C.—Now, this is lucky. We will visit the Gypsy camp.

Chispa.—Are you not afraid of the evil eye? Have you a stag's horn with you?

Don C.—Fear not. We will pass the night at the village.

Chispa.—And sleep like the Squires of Hernan Daza, nine under one blanket.

Don C.—I hope we may find the Preciosa among them.

Chispa.—Among the Squires?

Don C.—No; among the Gypsies, blockhead!

Chispa.—I hope we may; for we are giving ourselves trouble enough on her account. Don't you think so? However, there is no catching trout without wetting one's trousers. Yonder come the horses. (Exeunt.)

SCENE V.

The Gypsy camp in the forest. Night. Gypsies working at a forge. Others playing cards by the fire-light.

Gypsies.—(At the forge sing.)

On the top of a mountain I stand,
With a crown of red gold in my hand,
Wild Moors come trooping over the lea,
O how from their fury shall I flee, flee, flee?
O how from their fury shall I flee?

First Gypsy.—(Playing.) Down with your John-Dorados, my pigeon. Down with your John-Dorados, and let us make an end.

Gypsies.—(At the forge sing.)

Loud sang the Spanish cavalier,
And thus his ditty ran:
God send the Gypsy lassie here,
And not the Gypsy man.

First Gypsy.—(Playing.) There you are in your morocco!

Second Gypsy.—One more game. The Alcalde's doves against the Padre Cura's new moon.

First Gypsy.—Have at you, Chirelin.

Gypsies.—(At the forge sing.)

At midnight, when the moon began
To show her silver flame,
There came to him no Gypsy man,
The Gypsy lassie came.

(Enter Beltran Cruzado.)

Cruzado.—Come hither, Murcigalleros and Rastilleros; leave work, leave play; listen to your orders for the night. (Speaking to the right.) You will get you to the village, mark you, by the stone cross.

Gypsies.—Ay!

Cruz.—(To the left.) And you, by the pole with the hermit's head upon it.

Gypsies.—Ay!

Cruz.—As soon as you see the planets are out, in with you, and be busy with the ten commandments, under the sly, and Saint Martin asleep. D'ye hear?

Gypsies.—Ay!

Cruz.—Keep your lanterns open, and, if you see a goblin or a papagayo, take to your trampers. Vineyards and Dancing John is the word. Am I comprehended?

Gypsies.—Ay! ay!

Cruz.—Away, then!

(Exeunt severally. Cruzado walks up the stage, and disappears among the trees. Enter Preciosa.)

Preciosa.—How strangely gleams through the gigantic trees

The red light of the forge! Wild, beckoning shadows
Stalk through the forest, ever and anon
Rising and bending with the flickering flame,
Then flitting into darkness! So within me
Strange hopes and fears do beckon to each other,
My brightest hopes giving dark fears a being
As the light does the shadow. Woe is me!
How still it is about me, and how lonely!

(Bartolomé rushes in.)

Bartolomé.—Ho! Preciosa!

Prec.— O Bartolomé!
Thou here?

Bart.— Lo! I am here.

Prec.— Whence comest thou?

Bart.—From the rough ridges of the wild Sierra,
From caverns in the rocks, from hunger, thirst,
And fever! Like a wild wolf to the sheepfold
Come I for thee, my lamb.

Prec.— O touch me not!
The Count of Lara's blood is on thy hands!
The Count of Lara's curse is on thy soul!
Do not come near me! Pray, begone from here!
Thou art in danger! They have set a price
Upon thy head!

Bart.—Ay, and I've wandered long
Among the mountains; and for many days,
Have seen no human face, save the rough swineherd's.
The wind and rain have been my sole companions.
I shouted to them from the rocks thy name,
And the loud echo sent it back to me,
Till I grew mad. I could not stay from thee,
And I am here! Betray me, if thou wilt.

Prec.—Betray thee? I betray thee?

Bart.— Preciosa?
I come for thee! for thee I thus brave death!
Fly with me o'er the borders of this realm!
Fly with me!

Prec.—Speak of that no more. I cannot.
I'm thine no longer.

Bart.— O, recall the time
When we were children! how we played together,
How we grew up together; how we plighted
Our hearts unto each other, even in childhood!
Fulfill thy promise, for the hour has come.
I'm hunted from the kingdom, like a wolf!
Fulfill thy promise.

Prec.— 'Twas my father's promise,
Not mine. I never gave my heart to thee,
Nor promised thee my hand!

Bart.— False tongue of woman!
And heart more false!

Prec.— Nay, listen unto me.
I will speak frankly. I have never loved thee;
I cannot love thee. This is not my fault,
It is my destiny. Thou art a man
Restless and violent. What wouldst thou with me,
A feeble girl, who have not long to live,
Whose heart is broken? Seek another wife,
Better than I, and fairer; and let not
Thy rash and headlong moods estrange her from thee.
Thou art unhappy in this hopeless passion.
I never sought thy love; never did aught
To make thee love me. Yet I pity thee,
And most of all I pity thy wild heart,
That hurries thee to crimes and deeds of blood.
Beware, beware of that.

Bart.— For thy dear sake
I will be gentle. Thou shalt teach me patience.

Prec.—Then take this farewell, and depart in peace.
Thou must not linger here.

Bart.— Come, come with me.

Prec.—Hark! I hear footsteps.

Bart.— I entreat thee, come!

Prec.—Away! It is in vain.

Bart.— Wilt thou not come?

Prec.—Never!

Bart.— Then woe, eternal woe, upon thee!
Thou shalt not be another's. Thou shalt die. (Exit.)

Prec.—All holy angels keep me in this hour!
Spirit of her who bore me, look upon me!
Mother of God, the glorified, protect me!
Christ and the saints, be merciful unto me!
Yet why should I fear death? What is it to die?
To leave all disappointment, care, and sorrow,
To leave all falsehood, treachery, and unkindness
All ignominy, suffering, and despair,
And be at rest forever! O dull heart,

Be of good cheer! When thou shalt cease to beat,
Then shalt thou cease to suffer and complain!

(Enter Victorian and Hypolito behind.)

Victorian.—'Tis she! Behold, how beautiful she stands
Under the tent-like trees!

Hypolito.— A woodland nymph!

Vict.—I pray thee, stand aside. Leave me.

Hyp.— Be wary.

Do not betray thyself too soon.

Vict.—(Disguising his voice.) Hist! Gypsy!

Prec.—(Aside, with emotion.) That voice! that voice from
heaven! O speak again!

Who is it calls?

Vict.— A friend.

Prec.—(Aside.) 'Tis he! 'Tis he!

I thank thee, Heaven, that thou hast heard my prayer,
And sent me this protector! Now be strong,
Be strong, my heart! I must dissemble here.
False friend or true?

Vict.— A true friend to the true;
Fear not; come hither. So; can you tell fortunes?

Prec.—Not in the dark. Come nearer to the fire.
Give me your hand. It is not crossed, I see.

Vict.—(Putting a piece of gold into her hand.) There is the
cross.

Prec.— Is 't silver?

Vict.— No, 'tis gold.

Prec.—There is a fair lady at the court, who loves you,
And for yourself alone.

Vict.— Fie! the old story!

Tell me a better fortune for my money;
Not this old woman's tale!

Prec.— You are passionate;
And this same passionate humor in your blood
Has marred your fortune. Yes; I see it now;
The line of life is crossed by many marks.

Shame! shame! O you have wronged the maid who
loved you!

How could you do it?

Vict.— I never loved a maid;
For she I loved was then a maid no more.

Prec.—How know you that?

Vict.— A little bird in the air
Whispered the secret.

Prec.— There, take back your gold!
Your hand is cold, like a deceiver's hand!
There is no blessing in its charity!
Make her your wife, for you have been abused;
And you shall mend your fortunes, mending hers.

Vict.—(Aside.) How like an angel's speaks the tongue of
woman,
When pleading in another's cause her own!
That is a pretty ring upon your finger.
Pray give it me. (Tries to take the ring.)

Prec.— No; never from my hand
Shall that be taken!

Vict.— Why, 'tis but a ring.
I'll give it back to you; or, if I keep it,
Will give you gold to buy you twenty such.

Prec.—Why would you have this ring?

Vict.— A traveller's fancy,
A whim, and nothing more. I would fain keep it
As a memento of the Gypsy camp
In Guadarrama, and the fortune-teller
Who sent me back to wed a widowed maid.
Pray, let me have the ring.

Prec.— No, never! never!
I will not part with it, even when I die;
But bid my nurse fold my pale fingers thus,
That it may not fall from them. 'Tis a token
Of a beloved friend, who is no more.

Vict.— How? dead!

Prec.—Yes; dead to me; and worse than dead.
He is estranged! And yet I keep this ring.

I will rise with it from my grave hereafter,
To prove to him that I was never false.

Vict.—(Aside.) Be still, my swelling heart! one moment, still!
Why, 'tis the folly of a love-sick girl.
Come, give it me, or I will say 'tis mine,
And that you stole it.

Prec.— O, you will not dare
To utter such a falsehood!

Vict.— I not dare?
Look in my face, and say if there is aught
I have not dared, I would not dare, for thee!
(She rushes into his arms.)

Prec.—'Tis thou! 'tis thou! Yes; yes; my heart's elected!
My dearest-dear Victorian! my soul's heaven!
Where hast thou been so long? Why didst thou leave me?

Vict.—Ask me not now, my dearest Preciosa.
Let me forget we ever have been parted!

Prec.—Hadst thou not come—

Vict.—I pray thee, do not chide me!

Prec.—I should have perished here among these Gypsies.

Vict.—Forgive me, sweet! for what I made thee suffer
Think'st thou this heart could feel a moment's joy,
Thou being absent? O, believe it not!
Indeed, since that sad hour I have not slept,
For thinking of the wrong I did to thee!
Dost thou forgive me? Say, wilt thou forgive me?

Prec.—I have forgiven thee. Ere those words of anger
Were in the book of Heaven writ down against thee,
I had forgiven thee.

Vict.— I'm the veriest fool
That walks the earth, to have believed thee false.
It was the Count of Lara—

Prec.— That bad man
Has worked me harm enough. Hast thou not heard—

Vict.—I have heard all. And yet speak on, speak on!
Let me but hear thy voice, and I am happy;
For every tone, like some sweet incantation,
Calls up the buried past to plead for me.

Speak, my beloved, speak into my heart,
 Whatever fills and agitates thine own.

(They walk aside.)

Hyp.—All gentle quarrels in the pastoral poets,
 All passionate love scenes in the best romances,
 All chaste embraces on the public stage,
 All soft adventures, which the liberal stars
 Have winked at, as the natural course of things,
 Have been surpassed here by my friend, the student,
 And this sweet Gypsy lass, fair Preciosa!

Prec.—Señor Hypolito! I kiss your hand.
 Pray, shall I tell your fortune?

Hyp.— Not to-night;
 For, should you treat me as you did Victorian,
 And send me back to marry maids forlorn,
 My wedding day would last from now till Christmas.

Chispa.—(Within.) What ho! the Gypsies, ho! Beltran
 Cruzado!

Halloo! halloo! halloo! halloo!

(Enters booted, with a whip and lantern.)

Vict.— What now?
 Why such a fearful din? Hast thou been robbed?

Chispa.—Ay, robbed and murdered; and good evening to you,
 My worthy masters.

Vict.—Speak; what brings thee here?

Chispa.—(To Preciosa.) Good news from court; good news!
 Beltran Cruzado,

The Count of the Calés is not your father,
 But your true father has returned to Spain
 Laden with wealth. You are no more a Gypsy.

Vict.—Strange as a Moorish tale!

Chispa.— And we have all
 Been drinking at the tavern to your health,
 As wells drink in November, when it rains.

Vict.—Where is the gentleman?

Chispa.— As the old song says,
 His body is in Segovia,
 His soul is in Madrid.

Prec.—Is this a dream? Oh, if it be a dream,
 Let me sleep on, and do not wake me yet!
 Repeat thy story! Say I'm not deceived!
 Say that I do not dream! I am awake;
 This is the Gypsy camp; this is Victorian,
 And this his friend, Hypolito! Speak! speak!
 Let me not wake and find it all a dream!

Vict.—It is a dream, sweet child! a waking dream,
 A blissful certainty, a vision-bright
 Of that rare happiness which even on earth
 Heaven gives to those it loves. Now art thou rich,
 As thou wast ever beautiful and good;
 And I am now the beggar.

Prec.—(Giving him her hand.) I have still
 A hand to give.

Chispa.—(Aside.) And I have two to take.
 I've heard my grandmother say that heaven gives al-
 monds
 To those who have no teeth. That's nuts to crack.
 I've teeth to spare, but where shall I find almonds?

Vict.—What more of this strange story?

Chispa.— Nothing more.
 Your friend, Don Carlos, is now at the village
 Showing to Pedro Crespo, the Alcalde,
 The proofs of what I tell you. The old hag,
 Who stole you in your childhood, has confessed;
 And probably they'll hang her for the crime,
 To make the celebration more complete.

Vict.—No; let it be a day of general joy;
 Fortune comes well to all, that comes not late.
 Now let us join Don Carlos.

Hyp.— So farewell,
 The student's wandering life! Sweet serenades,
 Sung under ladies' windows in the night,
 And all that makes vacation beautiful!
 To you, ye cloistered shades of Alcalá,
 To you, ye radiant visions of romance,
 Written in books, but here surpassed by truth,

The Bachelor Hypolito returns,
And leaves the Gypsy with the Spanish Student.

SCENE VI.

A pass in the Guadarrama mountains. Early morning. A muleteer crosses the stage, sitting sideways on his mule, and lighting a paper cigar with flint and steel.

SONG.

If thou art sleeping, maiden,
Awake and open thy door,
'Tis the break of day, and we must away,
O'er meadow, and mount, and moor.

Wait not to find thy slippers,
But come with thy naked feet;
We shall have to pass through the dewy grass,
And waters wide and fleet.

(Disappears down the pass. Enter a Monk. A Shepherd appears on the rocks above.)

Monk.—Ave Maria, gratia plena. Olá! good man!

Shep.—Olá!

Monk.—Is this the road to Segovia?

Shep.—It is, your reverence.

Monk.—How far is it?

Shep.—I do not know.

Monk.—What is that yonder in the valley?

Shep.—San Ildefonso.

Monk.—A long way to breakfast.

Shep.—Ay, marry.

Monk.—Are there robbers in these mountains?

Shep.—Yes, and worse than that.

Monk.—What?

Shep.—Wolves.

Monk.—Santa Maria! Come with me to San Ildefonso, and thou shalt be well rewarded.

Shep.—What wilt thou give me?

Monk.—An Agnus Dei and my benediction.

(They disappear. A mounted Contrabandista passes, wrapped in his cloak, and a gun at his saddle-bow. He goes down the pass singing.)

SONG.

Worn with speed is my good steed,
And I march me hurried, worried;
Onward, caballito mio,
With the white star in thy forehead!
Onward, for here comes the Ronda,
And I hear their rifles crack!
Ay, jaléo! Ay, ay, jaléo!
Ay, jaléo! They cross our track.

(Song dies away. Enter Preciosa, on horseback, attended by Victorian, Hypolito, Don Carlos and Chispa, on foot, and armed.)

Vict.—This is the highest point. Here let us rest.
See, Preciosa, see how all about us
Kneeling, like hooded friars, the misty mountains
Receive the benediction of the sun!
O glorious sight!

Prec.— Most beautiful indeed!

Hyp.—Most wonderful!

Vict.— And in the vale below,
Where yonder steeples flash like lifted halberds,
San Ildefonso, from its noisy belfries,
Sends up a salutation to the morn,
As if an army smote their brazen shields,
And shouted victory!

Prec.— And which way lies
Segovia?

Vict.— At a great distance yonder.
Dost thou not see it?

Prec.— No, I do not see it.

Vict.—The merest flaw that dents the horizon's edge.
There, yonder!

Hyp.— 'Tis a notable old town,
 Boasting an ancient Roman aqueduct,
 And as Alcázar, builded by the Moors,
 Wherein, you may remember, poor Gil Blas
 Was fed on Pan del Rey. O, many a time
 Out of its grated windows have I looked
 Hundreds of feet plumb down to the Eresma,
 That, like a serpent through the valley creeping,
 Glides at its foot.

Prec.— O yes! I see it now,
 Yet rather with my heart than with mine eyes,
 So faint it is. And, all my thoughts sail thither,
 Freighted with prayers and hopes, and forward urged
 Against all stress of accident, as in
 The Eastern Tale, against the wind and tide
 Great ships were drawn to the Magnetic Mountains,
 And there were wrecked, and perished in the sea!
 (She weeps.)

Vict.—O gentle spirit! Thou didst bear unmoved
 Blasts of adversity and frosts of fate!
 But the first ray of sunshine that falls on thee
 Melts thee to tears! O, let thy weary heart
 Lean upon mine! and it shall faint no more,
 Nor thirst, nor hunger; but be comforted
 And filled with my affection.

Prec.— Stay no longer!
 My father waits. Methinks I see him there,
 Now looking from the window, and now watching
 Each sound of wheels or footfall in the street,
 And saying, "Hark! She comes!" O father! father!

(They descend the pass. Chispa remains behind.)

Chispa.—I have a father, too, but he is a dead one. Alas
 and alack-a-day! Poor was I born, and poor do I remain. I
 neither win nor lose. Thus I wag through the world, half the
 time on foot, and the other half walking; and always as merry
 as a thunder-storm in the night. And so we plough along, as
 the fly said to the ox. Who knows what may happen? Patience,
 and shuffle the cards! I am not yet so bald that you can see

my brains; and perhaps, after all, I shall some day go to Rome, and come back Saint Peter. Benedicite! (Exit.)

(A pause. Then enter Bartolomé wildly, as if in pursuit, with a carbine in his hand.)

Bartolomé.—They passed this way! I hear their horses' hoofs! Yonder I see them! Come, sweet caramillo, This serenade shall be the Gypsy's last!

(Fires down the pass.)

Ha! ha! Well whistled, my sweet caramillo!

Well whistled!—I have missed her!—O my God!

(The shot is returned. Bartolomé falls.)

END.

THE WEPT OF THE WISH-TON-WISH

A DRAMA, IN TWO ACTS

FROM

J. FENIMORE COOPER'S NOVEL.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

PURITANS.

MAJOR GOUGH, *one of the exiled Judges of King Charles.*

CAPTAIN HEATHCOTE, *Governor of Settlement.*

CONTENT, *Heathcote's Son.*

FEARNOUGHT LANGTON, } *Spies in search*
EZEKIEL DAVIS, } *of Major Gough.*

SATISFACTION SKUNK, *alias TAMMING*
TAMABOO, *formerly a select-man, and now a*
Mud Turtle.

FAITH HEATHCOTE, *wife of Content.*

ABUNDANCE SKUNK, *relict of the Mud Turtle.*

INDIANS.

CONANCHET, *Chief of the Narragansetts.*

UNCAS, *Chief of the Mobicans.*

NARRAMATTAH, *the Wept of the Wish-ton-Wish.*

SCENE.—*The valley of the Wish-ton-Wish.*

TIME.—1670.

From 1850, during a number of years, this historic American drama was in great favor with the people. It was enacted by the foremost native performers, and might be revived in popular theatres with advantage to a generation forgetful of the perilous days of the Founders.

The Wept of the Wish-ton-Wish.

ACT I. SCENE I.

A chamber in Captain Heathcote's house; a secret panel in the wall.

Enter Heathcote and Faith.

Heathcote.—Your father has not left his chamber.

Faith.—And yet, sir, sleep is a stranger to his lids; or, when nature sinks under his daily weight of grief, repose, which blesses others, brings no forgetfulness to him! His dreams prolong his misery; at night, he hears the cry of pursuers, or sees his child torn from his arms by yelling savages, and carried off amidst the crackling beams of the stockade. Oh, sir, do you forget that hideous night?

Heath.—Forget it, girl! 'tis burnt upon my brain; can I forget our previous thankful days and tranquil nights, which made us think this valley the Canaan promised to the faithful? Can I forget your father's first look and word as he stepped

across my threshold, with his children in his hands, the exiled judge of a despotic king, and begged the shelter of my roof from his pursuers?

Faith.—Nor should you, sir, forget that, by your unfailing friendship, he hath been ever since preserved from foe and want and all things but regret.

Heath.—And yet, girl, how visibly the mercy of our Ruler is apparent in our deepest visitations. That day the hireling servants of the crown pursued your father to the valley of the Wish-ton-Wish. They were cut off to a man, by the savages, who fired our stockade, whilst all of us found a safe retreat beneath the block-house, in a well that but the day before grew dry.

Faith.—All of us? you think not of my unhappy sister.

Heath.—Yet, even she may have escaped the fate you dread. Why limit the arm of Providence in one particular, when we have seen its might in others? But soft! here comes your father.

(The secret panel opens and Gough enters, in antique mourning, of black velvet—his appearance exhibiting premature old age from grief. He advances in a reverie, not taking notice of Heathcote or Faith.)

Faith.—And, as is his wont, he walks in a waking dream, conversing with sad shadows.

Gough.—I see you still before me, Charles Stuart, with your fixed burning eye, and clouded brow, as when arraigned and doomed by my voice among others, you summoned your judges to a higher bar, and in that summons cursed them. What said I, in the judgment I pronounced; but that you were an enemy to England's liberty, and peace, and so should die the death. Heaven knows I spoke but for my country, not myself. Yet, has thy curse cloven to me day and night, in heart and in possessions, a crushed and writhing worm. My vortures have been lengthened out, that groan by groan and sigh by sigh, your hovering spirit might have its glut of recompense. Proscribed, shunned as an outcast, a second Cain, with the brand upon my brow, hunted in the woods, where even wolves are safe,—all this was not enough; my child, my pure,

my infant one, must be torn from me by the savages, to bleed in expiation!

Faith.—(Kneeling and taking Gough's hand.) My father!

Gough.—(Falling on her neck.) Forgive me, my dear child, that I sometimes slight thee; but I see thee not when this shade is on my soul; yet, let this pressure tell thee, if not always in my sight, thou art ever in my heart!

Heath.—Come, brother, the day looks kindly on us—there is a peace whispering from the woods and smiling in the sky. Let us walk abroad and give our hearts to its enjoyment.

Gough.—Nay, Isaac, there is a film before my eyes that shuts out the light of heaven; a weight is hanging o'er my soul portending some disaster which I know is near; for my dreams, my daily thoughts, my inward whisperings, have all proclaimed it.

Heath.—If the evil that you fear is from our old enemies that fired the stockade, war has removed them to a safe remoteness; or, did they come to attack us now, our settlement has grown too strong to fear the consequences.

Gough.—I cannot see into the future, but the mist that veils it from me is dark and threatening.

Faith.—Nay, my father, is it right that a soldier who has conquered real dangers, should waste his strength on fancied ones? Let thy daughter's voice, if thou indeed dost love her, lead thee to consent. This home becomes a dungeon if it is never quitted,—let us go into the fields!

Gough.—My child, I strain a heart-string when I deny thee aught; but with every word the weight upon my mind increases, it is a warning voice, I cannot disobey. I will not walk to-day.

Enter Content.

Content.—Father, Uncas, the chief of the Mohicans, our allies, has this instant reached the settlement, and would speak with you.

(Content beckons and Uncas enters, Gough retires to couch and sits, Faith with him).

Heath.—(Extending his hand, which Uncas grasps.) My brother is welcome! 'tis many moons since I have looked upon his face.

Uncas.—The pale face is a good man.

Heath.—What can the white man do for his brother? Is he poor? there are blankets and a rifle in his house;—is he sick? there is a skillful leach at hand.

Uncas.—The white chief does not know his errand. Uncas is neither sick nor poor,—Uncas is strong, and so must be his brothers,—Uncas brings news of war.

Heath.—War?

Uncas.—The Narragansetts, who many years ago brought the brand and knife among you to your dwelling, are in the valley, they have once more returned to their old hunting grounds.

Heath.—Has my brother seen these red skins?

Uncas.—With his own eyes.

Heath.—Who leads them hither?

Uncas.—Conanchet, the son of Mian-to-ni-moh.

Heath.—Conanchet, the son of our oldest enemy, and the inheritor of all his father's hate.

Uncas.—Uncas was hunting—he came upon their wigwams—a bush concealed him, and he overheard their council; let but the night drop its shadows on your huts, and again the knife and brand will come among them.

Heath.—Uncas is our friend?

Uncas.—The pale face speaks the truth. Uncas hates the Narragansetts, and will hunt them like a dog! let my brothers load their rifles, he will lead them where their enemies are sleeping; the sun shall not rise again upon a Narragansett.

(Going.)

Heath.—Stay; Conanchet must be spared and brought before our council; he hath committed crimes against the settlement, and by its voice must die.

Uncas.—Then, Uncas claims to strike his death blow.

Heath.—Be it so; we would show our foe, the red-skin, that our vengeance is but another word for justice—not a thirst for blood.

Uncas.—Uncas' blood grows cool; come, white man, to the war-path. (Gough advances.)

Gough.—A father's voice must now be heard! Chief, hast thou a wife?

Uncas.—Wacontah, the bounding fawn.

Gough.—Hast thou a child?

Uncas.—The son of Uncas will one day be the Eagle of his tribe.

Gough.—Then my appeal will not be vain; I had a child, a daughter, the twin of her you see before you, in beauty and in goodness; I loved her as I love my life, nay more, for I would give my life to know she was alive, and well, and pure. On the night the Narragansetts broke into our dwelling, she was but six years old, a tender flower, that had but lately lost its parent stem, a mother, whose image she reflected. She was, perhaps, the dearest treasure I had left, for I was an exiled man, who had been driven from my native land, across the great salt lake; when on that treasure an Indian fixed his eye, and 'midst the wreathing flames and hissing blood he bore her off. Ten years have I mourned for her as dead. Yet she may live, though it must be in bondage; fetters, perhaps, upon her gentle limbs, or oh! far worse, the chains of ignorance and guilt around her soul. Chief! thou wilt go among her capturers, thou may'st seize or see some one that has heard of her, learn if she lives, is well, is near, or far, if only that! If all hope of our future meeting is denied me, learn that my child is still alive, and thou wilt fill a father's heart with the first gleam of joy that it has known for ten long, dreary, desolate years.

Uncas.—(Grasping Gough's hand.) Uncas will do the gray-head's bidding. (Gough turns away.)

Heath.—Now, Chief, I will summon the settlement, and arm the expedition. Content, to your hands its command will be entrusted.

(Heathcote and Uncas go out, followed by Content and Faith.)

Gough.—Yes, perhaps the hope is not too sanguine, that she may live! I dare not think that we shall ever meet again, that the spoilers will bring her back to me. No, no!—that joy would make me mad. Oh, when I think of my deserted home in England, and those sweet times past, never to return, when we would gather around our door at eventide, and she, my lost one, climbed her mother's knee, or lifted her tiny hands in prayer, her golden hair all flowing, and her eyes, so radiant with the hopes of youth, such she was then! what is she now? The thought tortures, bewilders me; I'll sleep awhile and chase it from my brain.

(He lies down on couch—the stage has become gradually darkened—the scene opens and discovers, through a gauze, the figure of a young female, in an antique English dress, sitting at a table and a child kneeling by her side.)

Gough.—Alice! my wife! my child! (Spoken in sleep.)

(He then rises and gazes around; the lights put up.)

Why I could have sworn they were again before me—within hearing of my voice. It was a dream; well, will not that content ye, craving heart? be thankful for the past. Does my child live? where is she now?

(He sleeps again—stage dark—the scene opens and discovers, through the gauze an Indian village. Narramattah appears with a bandage round her eyes feeling her way, as if in search of some one. Gough becomes restless on his couch and stretches out his hands as if to clutch. Narramattah, at length exhibiting equal emotion, tears the bandage from her eyes, and extends her hands toward her father in an attitude of recognition. Gough starts up; the scene closes; stage light.)

Gough.—She lives! she lives! I gazed upon her then, my heart, my beating heart, nature's great minister, her sacred oracle cannot be wrong; a thousand voices whisper through my veins she lives! Faith, my child! my child! my friends partake my joy ere it has burst my swelling bosom, my lost one lives! I shall again behold her. (Gough rushes out.)

SCENE II.

The village of the Narragansetts, on the banks of the Connecticut.

Indians discovered mending their nets, making spears and arrows at the doors of their wigwams. Conanchet, in the dress of an Indian chief, enters. Indians spring up and welcome him with a yell.

Conanchet.—The Narragansett, after many years, comes back to his native woods. Look, brothers, on that valley—it is the Wish-ton-Wish! Ten years ago it was our hunting ground. When the pale-face came and built a hut there, we burnt it into ashes; yet from its ashes he has raised a mighty village. Soon his huts will overspread our woods and leave us not a blade of grass to rest upon—shall we lie down like beaten dogs and look at them, or shall we up and carry the brand to them once more.

Indians.—Hugh!

Conan.—The shade of Mian-to-ni-moh shall be appeased. Death to the pale-face and the treacherous Mohican. Death, instant death to the cheating musk-rat.

(Two Indians bring in Skunk, in a half Indian dress, his face painted extravagantly, his head shaved to a scalp-lock, and his face and arms tattooed, on one leg a boot, on the other a shoe, and his whole appearance half Indian, half European.)

Skunk.—Hulloa, Chief! Is this abiding by your agreement? didn't you consent, as soon as I had given you information about the settlement, to do business with me in a liberal manner?

Conan.—The pale-face shall die.

Skunk.—Yes, but that's doing business in a very liberal manner.

Conan.—The pale-face hates the Narragansett.

Skunk.—But I am not a pale-face. I will submit it to the most prejudiced person, whether I am not a genuine red-skin.

Conan.—We found you in the wigwams of our enemies. Are you not a cunning musk-rat?

Skunk.—No, I'm a great Mud Turtle. Ten years ago I was a deacon and a select man at New London, but I had no opportunity of exercising a talent inherited from my cradle, that of swapping, so at last I swapped colors and countries, I emigrated, I went like a lion into the back woods, and there became Chief of the Mud Turtles.

Conan.—Hear, brothers! hear the cunning pale-face. He had no gun to drive the warrior from his path, but he must change the color of his skin; does that change the color of his heart? Who has filled the air with the smoke of our huts, and whitened the woods with the bones of our fathers? The lying, cheating, plundering pale-face!

Skunk.—Chief, I beg to say that is very strong language.

Conan.—Go! the Narragansett is a man—the pale-face is a woman.

Skunk.—It is the first time I was ever told of the resemblance.

Conan.—Conanchet cannot waste his words, prepare!

(Prepares his gun.)

Skunk.—Hulloa! Chief, what are you about!

Conan.—Die!

(Conanchet raises his gun, when Narramattah runs in and arrests it; she points to heaven and then to Skunk, with an expression of contempt.)

Conan.—The Wept! Maneto would despise the offering, let the coward and pale-face go, the red warrior despises him—begone!

(Indians take Skunk off, and Conanchet prepares his rifle. Narramattah commands him again to despise so mean a victim; he surveys her with admiration and is subdued. She now bids them all invoke the blessing of heaven.)

Conan.—Brothers! we must ask Maneto's blessing.

(They kneel to heaven. Content heard without.)

Content.—Hilloa! Reuben!

Conan.—The white-skins!

Indians.—Hugh!

(They drop to the ground and listen—they collect their guns and silently creep out on their hands and knees, carrying their other weapons in their mouths. Skunk reënters, bound.)

Skunk.—Why, swap my stockings, if that wild woman, the Chief's wife, isn't Major Gough's daughter that was stolen at the burning of the stockade. The fright, it seems, unseated her reason, and took away her speech; now, if I could get her down to the settlement, I'd swap her. (Guns fired without.) Oh, lord, they are at it! the first shot that misses will hit me, that's always my luck—I'm undone—no, I wish I was—I'm done up. Ha! some one's coming. Hulloo! help! murder!

Content rushes in, presents gun at Skunk.

Content.—Surrender!

Skunk.—Brother Content!

Con.—Who speaks?

Skunk.—Don't you know me?

Con.—(Approaching him.) Deacon Skunk!

Skunk.—My dear friend, I'm rejoiced to see you!

Con.—We were in hopes, for the credit of the settlement, that you were dead.

Skunk.—How very charitable!

Con.—What, sir! not satisfied with robbing our poor community, and turning Indian to escape the punishment, you are here actually leading our old enemies to lay the settlement once more in ashes.

Skunk.—(Displaying himself.) You are not aware, young man, that you are addressing Tamming Tamaboo, prime minister of the Mud Turtles.

Con.—Can you remember what you have done, sir, and not blush to look a white man in the face?

Skunk.—I have blushed so much that the hue of modesty has become permanent; answer me one question, is Major Gough still alive?

Con.—I must know the nature of that question before I answer it.

Skunk.—Then, perhaps, it won't answer for me to tell you!

Con.—Come, sir, no mysteries; you are in my power, tell me if the hirelings of the king are again in pursuit of him? is his retreat discovered? is anyone at hand?

Skunk.—There is.

Con.—Whom?

Skunk.—His daughter!

Con.—What, the long lost girl! the Wept, as we have called her, of the Wish-ton-Wish?

Skunk.—The Wept!

Con.—Where is she? how is she?

Skunk.—Oh, that's my secret! what will you swap for it?

Con.—Rascal! I could drive a bullet through your heart. (Lifting gun.) But, I forgot, you are a wonder—you live without one; but I see your object; this is a subterfuge by which you hope to elude the anger of our council. You shall tell your story to my father; had the devil a cleverer head than yours in framing devices?

Skunk.—I'd want to swap. (Content drives Skunk off, and follows him.)

(Uncas enters, struggling with Conanchet. Conanchet is overthrown, and Content, reëntering, levels at Conanchet, is about to fire when Narramattah rushes in and strikes up his rifle.)

Con.—(Recognizing her.) Ah; as I live, it is the Wept!

(Content drops his gun and rushes off. Conanchet has now mastered Uncas. Narramattah picks up Content's rifle. Conanchet holds Uncas on ground.)

Conan.—Fire, Narramattah, the Mohican dog may growl! but he cannot bite!

(Narramattah, having no ammunition, reaches powder-flask from side of Conanchet, and loads gun.)

Uncas.—Content, hither! hither!

Conan.—Fire! White Bird! fire!

Uncas.—Save me!

Con.—This way, brothers!

Conan.—Fire! Narramattah, fire!

(Narramattah raises rifle, when Content rushes in with her child and holds it before Uncas.

Con.—Her child! her child!

(Narramattah in corner shrieks, drops gun, and advances to Content, who repels her; Langton and Davis enter, seize and force Conanchet off, Uncas following Content, holding up the child; Narramattah crouches to him and extends her arms to receive it, but Content refuses to part with it, and she follows him out submissively.)

SCENE III.

A chamber at Heathcote's; a window backed by landscape; loud shouts.

Enter Heathcote and Faith as scene opens.

Heathcote.—Now, girl, where are your doubts of that protecting wing beneath whose shadow we have so long inhabited these wilds in safety? The expedition has returned victorious, and our enemies have been destroyed, dispersed or taken.

Faith.—And my husband, sir—your son?

Heath.—Is safe, though lingering behind with prisoners.

Faith.—Then I am indeed thankful. Oh, sir, forgive me if, in the feelings of a wife, I momentarily forgot the gratitude and duty of a woman.

Enter Langton and Davis, with Skunk, bound.

Heath.—Who is your prisoner—a sagamore?

Skunk.—(Displaying himself.) Ahem!

Langton.—Your son placed him under my charge. I understood he was formerly deacon of New London, and absconded ten years since with the money of your community.

Skunk.—Emigrated, sir, not absconded.

Heath.—Skunk! 'Tis he, indeed; this is a goodly fashion; 'tis but right that he who cherishes the feelings of a savage should put on his raiment. Speak! Unhappy man, can you say aught in your defense?

Skunk.—I can say a good deal if I'm not confined.

Heath.—Release him. (*Langton* does so.) Now, sir, I am your hearer.

Skunk.—Well, then, governor, in the first place, you may perhaps remember what was the first determination of my tastes.

Heath.—To wickedness?

Skunk.—No! to swapping. 'Tis easily accounted for; it's run in our family from generation to generation. My great-grand-daddy was a swapper—he swapped horses in Yorkshire; his son was a celebrated swapper—he swapped a tradesman's insignificance for a ride to Tyburn. My own father swapped a cavalier's dress for a clear conscience, and I was always willing to swap—

Heath.—What, sir?

Skunk.—Empty pockets for full ones.

Heath.—To the point, sir! What does this explain?

Skunk.—It explains my turning Indian, that's all; I made something by the change. When I went among the Mud Turtles they made me their prime minister at once, and a prime minister I became. I had all the government on my shoulders. I had to get up the cabinet council in the open fields, fill the pipes and rum bottles, and take care, when the chiefs began to argue, that they didn't make use of any pointed arguments. I was chancellor of the exchequer, but that was a sinecure. I was attorney-general to the men, and solicitor in general to the women; that was the sinecure.

Heath.—And at length remorse for your offenses brings you back to us to expiate them.

Skunk.—Remorse! Oh, you mean the old money accounts. I have nothing to do with that now; that was a civil transaction, and now you know I'm a savage; you would not punish a savage for the acts of a civilized being.

Heath.—We shall teach you differently.

Skunk.—Then you mean to civilize me against my will—European philanthropy! I tell you what; if you intend to make me give you public satisfaction, you must be content to go without a private one.

Heath.—What mean you?

Enter Gough.

Skunk.—I mean to say that I have got news upon my tongue of the long lamented daughter of Major Gough.

Heath. and Faith.— } The Wept!
Skunk.—Yes.

Gough.—(Rushing forward.) Of Hope? my child! my lost one! where is she? speak! though they be your last words.
 (Seizing Skunk.)

Skunk.—They will be my last words if you don't take away your hands from my throat.

Gough.—Pattering fool! you have given an old man the strength of lions,—if thy breast hides aught of knowledge of my child, I'll tear it open; but, no, no, you have brought me blessed news, and I am thankful! but do not trifle with the broken hearted,—you say my daughter lives?

Skunk.—Yes, but not as a Christian is accustomed to live. The fright of her capture and, I suppose, her bad usage in the woods, has robbed her both of speech and reason.

Faith.—(Turning away with a burst of tears) Merciful powers!

Gough.—(Pausing.) Well, 'tis sad tidings, but she lives, she lives! I bless heaven for that. I shall again see her; mad, speechless, though she be, she will have enough of knowledge in her heart to know her father,—enough of language in her eyes to welcome him.
 (Retires with Faith.)

Heath.—And where is she to be found?

Skunk.—Oh, now Governor, you come to business. What will you swap for the information?

Heath.—Friends, take him hence. (Retires.)

(Langton, advancing, seizes Skunk by the collar, who throws him off.)

Skunk.—Remember, sir, I am Tamming Tamaboo, prime minister of the Mud Turtles.

(Swaggers off, followed by Langton and Davis.)

Content enters hastily, with the child in his arms.

Con.—Major Gough, the Wept!

Gough.—Oh, my daughter!

(Gough rushes to meet her as Narramattah enters, he stands appalled by the change.)

Gough.—Horror! horror!

Con.—Chance threw her in my path in the middle of the conflict and fortunately, having obtained possession of her child—

Gough and Faith.— } Her child!

(Narramattah takes child from Content, presses it to her bosom.—Gough approaches Narramattah.)

Gough.—Hope!—my loved, my wept, and my recovered!—do you not know me? will you not speak, to your poor father? (She repels him and caresses child.) It is too true—her very heart is speechless.

Faith.—(Approaching Narramattah.) Hope! do you not know me—your sister? (Narramattah repels her.) Merciful powers! to see you thus, living, yet dead, the form without the spirit! You, that once shed such light and gladness around our hearth; but droop not, cheer thee, my father! think you she will not regain her recollection when alone with us?

Heath.—Doubtless, dear Faith; heaven waits but for the trial. Come, Content, let not our presence stay it.

(Exit Heathcote, Content and child.)

Gough.—Still no recollection breaks upon her darkness. Memory is a closed door and the vista of the past is shrouded.

Faith.—Hope, my sister! do you not know me? Answer me by some look, or motion, or my heart will break.

(Narramattah surveys her with indifference and turning to window utters a low moan.)

Gough.—She yearns to be again in the wild woods;—we cannot change her heart.

Faith.—My father! a thought, a happy thought! Perhaps I may kindle her remembrance, by some token of our early years; do not let her go, I'll fly like the feathered arrow; be sure you hold her fast my father.

(Faith hurries off, Narramattah goes to window, stretches out her hands, goes to her father's feet and implores him to release her.)

Gough.—She pines to join the heathen, and prays to her own father to release her. 'Tis plain she is past all human aid, and if I keep her here, will it not be to see her pine away and die? Could I live and see her miserable? since it is so, in heavens name, I give you liberty.

(Narramattah trembles—Faith reënters, with basket of trinkets.)

Faith.—Here, here Hope, look at these; do you not remember when you and I worked this pattern, at our dear mother's knee? (Narramattah throws it down.) This book, dear Hope! it was given you by your aunt, your own hand-writing in it, don't you recollect your own hand, Hope? (Narramattah throws away book.) This ring, these beads, this chain that we used to hang about our dolls?

(Narramattah seizes them, plays like a child with them.)

Faith.—(With a burst of grief.) Oh, no, my father, she is past recovery.

Gough.—Shed no more tears; you have done your duty to the utmost and may not repine.

Faith.—I have heard, my father, that music, hath strange influence on bewildered minds; perhaps she might remember one of our dear mother's songs.

Gough.—Nay, nay!

Faith.—Yes, my father! everything is worth the trial.

SONG.—*Faith.*

“A mother's love, a mother's love,
The dew that falls on opening life,
When life is most like Eden's grove;
Faith, purity and pleasure rife.
Our earliest joy, our latest thought,
Howe'er we rise howe'er we rove;
Thou only good of earth unbought,
We think of thee, a mother's love.”

(*Narramattah's* face brightens with a new intelligence—memory kindles—she clasps her father's hand—looks around wildly, becoming affected to tears as the song concludes.)

Gough.—Oh, her memory kindles! My child! my child!

Narra.—(With a full shriek.) Father!

(*Narramattah* rushes toward him—becomes exhausted and falls in his arms—*Faith* kneels to heaven in prayer—*Gough* bending over *Narramattah*.)

ACT II. SCENE I.

The Village of the Wish-ton-Wish—Court House.

Borderers discovered leaning on their rifles, in groups, talking to *Langton* and *Davis*—*Content* advances with *Langton*.

Con.—Truly, friend, our wives may note this day in their calendars, for the favors it has rained upon the settlement. Hope, the wept, the long estranged, restored not only to her father's arms, but reason, and *Conanchet* our oldest and direst foe, brought prisoner to our council.

Lang.—Thanks to *Uncas*, the Mohican. But for him the *Narragansett* had made good his retreat and lived to spring upon you at some future day.

Con.—Thanks, also to those other friends, (Davis advances), who, aiding the Mohicans and trying to do us service, desired our general good and joined in the pursuit.

Lang.—Truly, friend, the little aid I and my brother yielded we trust we would have offered any men bound by the ties of Christian brethren.

Con.—The court will soon pronounce its judgment on Conanchet, then sirs, my father will be swift to offer you in every form that gratitude can take, the thanks of our community. (Turns up stage to borderers.)

Dav.—Well, brother Fearnought Langton, sojourner in the colonies, otherwise Captain Hugh Grimsby, courtier in King Charles' favor and service, and agent of the discovery of the murderers.

Lang.—And well Ezekiel Davis, friend of the sojourner, or otherwise Jack Hambleton, soldier in the service of the said king; I know what thou wouldst say. This is a fair beginning of our enterprise in this settlement. I have received sure intelligence that Gough, if not Dixwell and Nalley, is secreted here; therefore, under favor of this service I have done them, I rest until my suspicions are confirmed.

Dav.—Our companions meanwhile remain ambushed in the woods. If all goes well, Captain, our thousand pounds will be touched easily.

Lang.—But that will not content me; I must snare all the traitors and bring them bodily to England. The money's much, but the fame is more, for nothing short of this will restore my fallen fortunes with the king.

Dav.—The Court breaks up.

(Heathcote and four councilmen, followed by Uncas and Conanchet, enter from Court House. Conanchet advances to the front, folds his arms and surveys his enemies with disdain.)

Heath.—Conanchet, Chief of the Narragansetts, have you aught to reply against the sentence of the Court?

Conan.—Conanchet scorns to talk—he can fight or die. The pale-face has the strong arm, let him kill.

Heath.—Is it not just, that we should kill them who will not let us live upon our land in peace?

Conan.—Your land! White man, Manito gave the western shores to the children of the setting sun; here lived the Red Chief amidst his tribe, in wealth and honor: here sat he around his council fire and grasped his brother's hands, and saw his hunting grounds alive with the brown deer. Why comes the white man to drive him from his home?

Heath.—Why! but to shed upon him the light of reason and humanity.

Conan.—Hear! hear the white skin; the knife, the rifle, and the fire-water; these were the means to make us happier and wiser.

Heath.—We offered to live in peace and share our substance with you—you chose war—by heaven's favor we have survived your persecution, and you, as the strong arm of our foes, must suffer.

Conan.—Conanchet, is content.

Heath.—Having thus pursued the path demanded by the interests of the settlement, Uncas, I fulfill my words to you:—to your hands I commit the execution.

Conan.—Uncas?

Heath.—But mind, 'tis instant death—no savage torturing.
(Uncas advances with rifle.)

Conan.—Must the red chief die by the hand of the treacherous Mohican?

Heath.—To us he hath been faithful.

Conan.—Shall the scalp of the Narragansett blacken in the hut of the Mohican and the cowards of his tribe sing songs and tell how like a woman's it was won? No, no! The white man is more merciful! Conanchet asks for death, but let not Uncas have to boast that by his hand fell the last of the Narragansetts.

Heath.—Our word is passed. (Retires.)

Uncas.—(Taking his ground.) Prepare!

Conan.—Uncas, thou dog! (Crosses to Uncas.) Thou snake! In death I spit at thee! Think not to dismay my soul, but hear the last words Manito puts upon my lips: Thou ser-

vant of the white man, in slaying thy red brethren of the woods, thou shalt the white skins next destroy and trample on thy bones!

Uncas.—Conanchet murmurs, for he fears to die.

Conan.—Fears!

(Conanchet extends his arms and bids Uncas "Fire.

Uncas takes his position, and, as he levels, shriek is heard, and Narramattah rushes down and springs before her husband.)

Conan.—Narramattah!

Heath.—(Putting up Uncas' rifle and advancing.) Hold! Hope! Is this possible? Safe once more, and in the arms of love and light of reason, can you look but with loathing on that savage man?

Narramattah.—What false words has the pale-face to say to the wife of Conanchet?

Heath.—He is your father's enemy. Why came he to steal the child from his father's bosom? Are we not friends?

Narra.—When has the white chief been a friend to the red man?

Heath.—He must die.

Narra.—So must Narramattah.

Heath.—Justice must have its victim.

Uncas.—White Bird, take wing—Uncas will fire.

Narra.—(Standing before Conanchet.) The treacherous Mohican quitted the wigwam of his tribe to dwell in the lodges of the pale-face and betray his red brother of the woods.

Enter Gough, Faith and child, hastily.

Gough.—Do I dream? Her reason is again unsettled. She has flown to her destroyer.

Faith.—His presence is the rivet of her bondage. Take her from him!

(Gough approaches to do so. Narramattah clings desperately to Conanchet and repels all their efforts. Heathcote advances.)

Heath.—'Tis useless—they are inseparable—a gentler course must be pursued. Appeal to the Narragansett—some kindly feelings may be dormant in his heart, one drop of water 'neath a bed of rock.

Gough.—(Approaching Conanchet.) Warrior! 'tis ten years since you bereaved a doting father of his child; would you rob him of her now?

Conan.—Conanchet loved the White Bird and took her to sing on the broad waters.

Gough.—Monster! you tore a pure and happy child from those she loved, to bow her gentle spirit with your savage honors. But I will not curse you—restore her to me now and all shall be forgiven.

Conan.—Why should I cage the White Bird if she is happy? No! let her fly to the free woods and sing my war song when Conanchet sleeps.

Gough.—Art thou the son of Mian-to-ni-moh?

Conan.—Who but the pale-face doubts it?

Gough.—Because he was a noble chief, and they tell the white man that his son is like him—they say that Conanchet is as kind in peace as he is brave in battle; that he loves to defend the young and reverence the gray hairs of the drooping father; art thou that man?

Conan.—My father speaks the words of truth; Conanchet loves to honor the gray head, though a white skin be under it. Narramattah! I am going to the happy hunting grounds, but the old man grieves for you and his hut is empty.

(Conanchet offers to put her away. Gough holds out his hands to receive her, but she clings to her husband.)

Faith.—She will not leave him.

Conan.—Yet Narramattah knows Manito's will.

(She bows her head.)

Gough.—He wavers.

Conan.—(Suddenly seizing Gough's arm.) Let the gray head listen! Will he promise that Conanchet shall sleep under the red oak, upon the river's bank, where his fathers worshipped?

Gough.—He will.

Conan.—Will he let the White Bird, when she has flown back to her nest, come in the springtime and strew green leaves upon his grave?

Gough.—He will.

Conan.—Conanchet is content; the gray head shall be honored.

(Conanchet grasps his hands and gives him Narramattah—she turns, and, seeing her child in Faith's arms, snatches it and returns with it to Conanchet's feet—he waves her away, but she clings to him—he stamps furiously, she shrieks—relinquishes her hold on the child and suffers Gough and Faith to lead her off, her eyes riveted on Conanchet.)

Heath.—To the strong room.

(Conanchet smiles contemptuously at Heathcote and Uncas and stalks out.)

Heath.—Uncas, at the setting of the sun, upon the river's bank the Narragansett will await you.

(Uncas grasps his rifle with a gesticulation of triumph and follows Conanchet out.)

Now, bring forth another enemy to the welfare of our valley.
(Borderers lead in Skunk.) Unhappy man!

Skunk.—You may say that—I am unhappy!

Heath.—I can hear nothing but the appeal of the innocent!
(Davis and Langton advance.) My friends—to whose courage and activity it is indebted for the capture of her great enemy, accept, I pray you, till the morning, the humble shelter of my roof.

Lang.—We thank you, brother, for the offer, and do, in the spirit that it is tendered, take it.

(Exit Heathcote, Langton, Davis and Councilmen.)

Skunk.—Walk in a white sheet, I see the aim of that! that's to give the people an emblem of my innocence; but, to have a log to my leg, what's that for? Do they take me for Nebuchadnezzar? What, do they think I shall go a-grazing?

Con.—Well, deacon, in the depth of your troubles, I have some comfort to offer you—your wife Abundance is still in the settlement.

Skunk.—Do you call that a comfort? I shall have enough to drag without her.

Con.—And your sons and daughters, they were much attached to you—they will give you their sympathy.

Skunk.—Will they lend me a leg?—will they drag that infernal log for me? How many are there alive?

Con.—Fifteen.

Skunk.—Fifteen young Skunks—they are not all mine.

Con.—What say you?

Skunk.—I say, they are not all mine. When Mrs. Skunk and I dissolved partnership, our stock in trade was twelve.

Con.—Who, then, do you suppose claims the rest?

Skunk.—That I can't tell; you may have them if you like; but all I say is, as the old proverb says, "Let the devil take care of his own."

Con.—Deacon, deacon! this is a fall.

Skunk.—Perhaps so; but ten years ago it was a rise.

Con.—And all this sacrifice of character for a little filthy lucre.

Skunk.—Really, you are very fond of dirty expressions.

Con.—Accompanied, perhaps, by some devotion to the rum-keg.

Skunk.—Why, I don't deny, whenever I found a keg in a dropsy, I made a point to tap it. But will no one indulge me in a little trade to-day—will no one swap a doublet, or a beaver, or a buckle for Indian nick-nacks—moccasins or spear-heads? Would anyone like to swap situations?

Con.—No, no.

Skunk.—D—n it, gentlemen—

Con.—Deacon, deacon, swearing!

Skunk.—Well, I'm not a select man now, and needn't mind my phrases.

Con.—I must now fulfill my office and remove you.

Skunk.—But you are not going to confine me. I'm in a weak state of health.

Con.—You must come to the strong room.

Skunk.—Do you think that will restore me?

Con.—Come.

Skunk.—Stay, one moment; how many children have you, my friend?

Con.—Nine.

Skunk.—Small?

Con.—Yes.

Skunk.—And I have fifteen?

Con.—Fifteen.

Skunk.—Large?

Con.—Yes.

Skunk.—(Pausing and considering.) Will you swap?

Con.—No.

Skunk.—The great Mud Turtle's dished.

(Exit Skunk and Content.)

SCENE II.

A chamber at Heathcote's—a portrait on one side.

Enter Heathcote, Langton and Davis.

Heathcote.—'Tis well, my friends, as sojourners in the wilderness, we are bound together by a common tie. Rest beneath this roof till you regain your strength and determine on the path by which you will again set forward. I must now make known to you the inmates of my house, a son and daughter, whose love and duty are my shields from sorrow; and one whom you and I and every man that has been driven away from dear England to these woods, for liberty of conscience, must hold as sacred as the life-blood of his heart.

Langton.—Aye!

Heath.—One of those upright men who sat in judgment on the tyrant Charles—whom England, that once honored, now

rewards by seeking to destroy. Here hath he lived these past years happily and safely, though so secluded. He hath looked upon the cheerful sunbeam as a spy, and each soothing wind that sighed around his temple as a tell-tale of his secret.

Lang.—And the king has never been able to unravel his secret?

Heath.—Thanks be to heaven, he has not. The expedition that pursued him here perished in a conflict with the Indians, whilst we found shelter in a well, beneath the very boards I stand upon, from which a secret passage leads into the woods.

Lang.—(To Davis, apart.) Do you note?

Heath.—Heaven hath been pleased to lay a heavy hand upon our brother exile; and danger, hunger, thirst and shame were not his only sorrows; that girl you saw clinging to the Narragansett is his daughter.

Lang.—May we not see and offer to this afflicted man our mite of sympathy?

Heath.—He comes.

Enter Gough, leading Narramattah, who appears abstracted.

Gough.—My friend, in this world it is not to be. Her reason glimmering into dawn at nature's prompting might have strengthened into day, but this meeting with the savage has plunged her into darkness deeper than before. Look at her; 'tis a sight to make your heart sick. See how she moves and gazes, like one that walks whilst sleeping.

Heath.—Yet, yours and her sister's daily presence may once more wake her to a thankful consciousness.

Gough.—I must trust to the Orderer of all things; but I will not hope again to be again repaid with torture.

Lang.—My friends, if the offer will not offend, perhaps I can be of service in this case. I have had some knowledge of minds diseased during many years of travel in my native land; since then I have materially studied Indian character. Leave me for a few minutes with the maiden and I'll use my little skill to rouse her from this lethargy.

Gough.—My friend, who is this man?

Heath.—A brother in the faith and sufferer in the same cause as ourselves; be known to him, for he is one whose deeds, perhaps, may equal his good wishes.

Gough.—(Crosses to Langton.) Friend, I take your hand! I grasp it with these words: if you can restore that girl, but to the feeblest glimmering of sense, a father's blessing shall reward the gift in this world and the next.

(Gough and Heathcote go out. Narramattah goes to window. Langton leads Davis forward.)

Lang.—Jack, you look astonished.

Davis.—Truly, captain! I may, at such conjurer's words as you have been uttering.

Lang.—Hear, then, the trick explained. You heard the crop-ear say there was a dry well beneath this floor, from which a secret passage leads into the woods. Now that our prey is found, to give notice to our party and yet avoid suspicion! This secret passage is our only path; yet, as we might be bewildered in the woods, listen! I mean to offer this mad girl her liberty if she will guide us to them.

Davis.—Aye!

Lang.—And well I know her Indian nature will insure compliance. Now, then, to find the entrance to this passage—it must be somewhere in the floor—search around.

Davis.—Here runs a line along the wainscot—look, captain!

(They go out examining the floor and wainscot. Narramattah turns from the window, moaning, and at that Faith is heard, without, repeating the song (first act). Narramattah listens and her reason again returns.)

Narramattah.—Mother, dear mother! Father, where are you? When you called upon your child—where am I? Stay—here—in my father's home—and now I remember—this instant by his side, and by the side of my dear sister, Faith. Ah! I have been dreaming, I suppose; again dreaming that I was an Indian girl and married to a chief—yes, I have just dreamed that he was going to be killed and that I leaped quickly to his side and saved him—I dreamed, too, that I had a child; 'tis very strange, 'twas but a dream.

Reënter Langton and Davis.

Langton.—A thousand curses for his cunning who devised the door—I see it nowhere.

Davis.—Think you this mad girl knows it?

Lang.—Not she. We can pause no longer, Jack—you must take the public path. Gough may suspect my mission if I remain here past to-morrow—for such has been his life of watchfulness—his daily apprehension of pursuit—that I should not wonder, though the king's warrant is in my hand (producing it from his bosom), and a score of cavaliers but six miles distant, he would find some ferret-hole to creep into.

Narra.—(Apart, listening.) Cavaliers to seize my father!

Lang.—So, now, to make brief work of it. The red-skin's wife is a prisoner among the pale-faces.

Narra.—Hugh!

Lang.—Does she yearn to be at liberty and with her tribe?

Narra.—Hugh!

Lang.—Will she faithfully guide the white man to the river, if he gives her freedom?

Narra.—Hugh!

Lang.—Not a moment is to be lost; now, Jack, up and away—'sdeath, man, why do you keep fumbling on the floor?

Davis.—Stay, stay, captain, victory! I have found it.

(Pulling up trap door.)

Lang.—The door, by St. George—thou hast a keener eye than I supposed—steps to descend, and yonder yawns the well. (Looking down.) I cannot see the bottom. Does the red man's wife know how to guide us to the woods beneath this floor?

Narra.—Hugh!

Lang.—By my good sword, the scheme fares bravely! Away, Jack, to thy comrades, and by midnight, when the settlement is hushed and the traitor lies in fancied safety on his pallet, be back to seize and bind him. I hold the warrant, thou the arms. Away, Jack! a thousand pounds and honors endless wait the enterprise.

Davis.—But the wild woman?

Lang.—She will lead the way. (To Narramattah.) Descend! thy husband waits for thee. Leave me to answer for her absence.

(Davis descends; Narramattah follows.)

Lang.—Now, have you reached the passage? Speak! I hear footsteps.

Davis.—(Below.) Help, captain! the mad devil has plunged me into the well.

Lang.—Ha!

Davis.—The stagnant water suffocates me—save me or I die! Help, help, help, h-e-l-p!

Lang.—Fiends of hell! minion, thou shalt pay for this.

(Narramattah reascending, Langton seizes and is about to throw her down, when she plucks the warrant from his breast.)

Lang.—The warrant! give it me.

(He relinquishes his hold to regain paper; she obtains a footing on floor, and reaches a pistol; retreats a few steps and fires; Langton falls.)

Enter Heathcote, Gough and two borderers; Content and Faith.

Heathcote.—What is this? Hope a murderess!

Gough.—It cannot be she hath been assailed!

Heath.—Assailed! by worthy brothers in our faith?

Lang.—Dogs! Crop-ear'd traitors! I die a faithful servant of King Charles, whom heaven bless, long keep and prosper.

(Sinks into the arms of borderers, who bear him off.)

Heath.—Treachery! (Takes paper from Narramattah.) 'Tis a warrant for thy apprehension!

Gough.—My child has saved my life!

Heath.—Then her reason must have returned! Speak to her!

Gough.—Hope, my beloved girl, what means the scene we've witnessed? Dispel its mystery. 'Tis thy father speaks to thee.

(Narramattah's emotion gradually subsides with her consciousness; she drops the pistol and gazes in their faces with her former vacuity.)

Heath.—The appeal is vain; her glassy eye betokens that the shroud has again descended on her senses.

(Conanchet speaks as from behind at a distance.)

Conanchet.—Narramattah!

(Narramattah starts and trembles.)

Faith.—(Looking through window.) Ha! 'tis the voice of the Narragansett chief! They lead him to execution.

Conan.—(Without.) Narramattah!

(Narramattah listens.)

Gough.—She hears that voice when she is deaf to mine.

Faith.—He is her husband!

Gough.—Her destroyer!

Conan.—(Nearer.) Narramattah!

(Narramattah shrieks and springs through window.
Scene closes rapidly.)

SCENE III.

Open view of the valley.

Enter Skunk in a white sheet and dragging a large log secured by a chain.

Skunk.—Let the procession halt! I'm to be a standing example, not a walking one. Let me reflect. Is there any similar fate to mine in the history of nobility? There was the Roman general, "Billy Lenius." Eh! who's coming here? Yes, no, yes, it is my wife. Oh, this is a sweet drop in my cup of bitters!

Enter Abundance, with Hope's child; she folds her arms, turns up her eyes and shakes her head.

Skunk.—Abundance! Abundance! I have but one leg to welcome you, but here are two arms.

Abundance.—Verily, Satisfaction—

Skunk.—Satisfaction! How can I be satisfaction with a log to my leg? Won't you embrace me? Oh, you cold-blooded woman!

Abun.—The blue book forbids me to approach the sheet.

Skunk.—Here's tyranny! Deprive a man of his constitutional resources!

Abun.—Bethinking you were dead, I took unto me another helpmate.

Skunk.—What?

Abun.—I espoused another man.

Skunk.—Then you are a vile old sinner.

Abun.—The blue book doth set free the woman whose husband has been absent seven years.

Skunk.—That infernal blue book! Oh, Abundance, Abundance! (With tenderness deepening into tears.) After our many hours of matrimonial recreations, can you so easily forget? Where are my children, madam? Where are my pledges of affection I left in pawn? Where are my little ones?

Abun.—Verily, they stand abashed at their condition. Little ones, approach!

(Enter fifteen men, women and children, some very tall, and decreasing to four years of age; they form a sort of half moon; Skunk marches along the line reviewing them.)

Skunk.—Are these my little ones? Why don't you kneel down to ask my blessing? (Tallest kneels to Skunk.)

Abun.—Thy eldest craves thy blessing.

(Skunk embraces him.)

Skunk.—My dear child—my sweet infant—my baby! You are my son! I acknowledge you—all the rest belong to the settlement. What have you got there, madam? (Pointing to the child.) Is that another proof of the ruin of my character?

Abun.—It belongeth to the Wept, and hath been given me to nurse.

Skunk.—What! a dry nurse? (With uncontrollable grief.) You abandoned woman, it is your own! (Goes toward it and

stumbles over log on ground.) Here's a fallen aristocracy! Nobility in the dust! Abundance! Abundance! (With a look of great tenderness.) Is your heart still obstinate? Can you see your doting husband at your feet and not smother him with love?

(She kneels, opens her arms, and hugs him strenuously; the example is followed by the children, till they form a circle around him.)

Skunk.—Oh, what a deluge of delight! What an earthquake of ecstasy! Let us take a walk and reflect upon the events of our sad separation. (Rises.) Abundance, come under the sheet. My little ones, carry my baggage. (Pointing to his log, which the boys take up, he wraps his wife up in the sheet, and they go off affectionately, bell-ringer following.)

SCENE IV.

The red oak on the river's bank. The sun is setting. Content, heading, descends the rocks and range, then Conanchet, followed by Uncas. Conanchet comes forward, and Uncas remains on rocks. Conanchet now advances to oak, strikes earth at root of it with his hatchet, kneels, offers it to the shade of his father, then returns and casts it into the hole.

Conanchet.—My father! take back thy gift without a stain. No enemy shall wave it over my head and cry, "There lies the conquered Narragansett!" And then, my father's oak, beneath whose branch I've slept and gathered the gray hairs of the western shores—Conanchet sleeps beneath your branch forever. Farewell, bright sun! Like you I rose in glory and in strength; like you I set without a cloud to dim me.

Uncas.—Conanchet is prepared?

Conan.—He is.

Uncas.—Let him look, then, on "the lamp of the Good Spirit," for they sink together.

Conan.—Conanchet will die!

(He places himself against oak; Uncas takes his position; Narramattah shrieks without and rushes in and embraces Conanchet.)

Conan.—Narramattah, the red chief's wife, has come to sing upon his grave. Be happy, White Bird, for he dies beneath his father's oak. Now, away, away! see'st thou not the treacherous Mohican's gun? His ball may pierce thy heart with mine. (Narramattah throws herself before him.)

Uncas.—Conanchet fears to die, and calls his wife to shield him.

Conan.—(Rousing with indignation.) Dog! thou liest. Narramattah, leave me! (He struggles with, and at length throws her from him; he then waves, and Uncas fires.) Dog of a Mohican! see how the last of the Narragansetts dies!

(He springs forward and falls dead instantly. Narramattah shrieks and falls upon him.)

Enter Gough, Heathcote, Faith, with the child and others.

Gough.—My child!

(Narramattah repels him; she brings the child and kneels by Conanchet's body, and describes the passage of his spirit to the happy hunting ground.)

Gough.—At length her heart is broken!

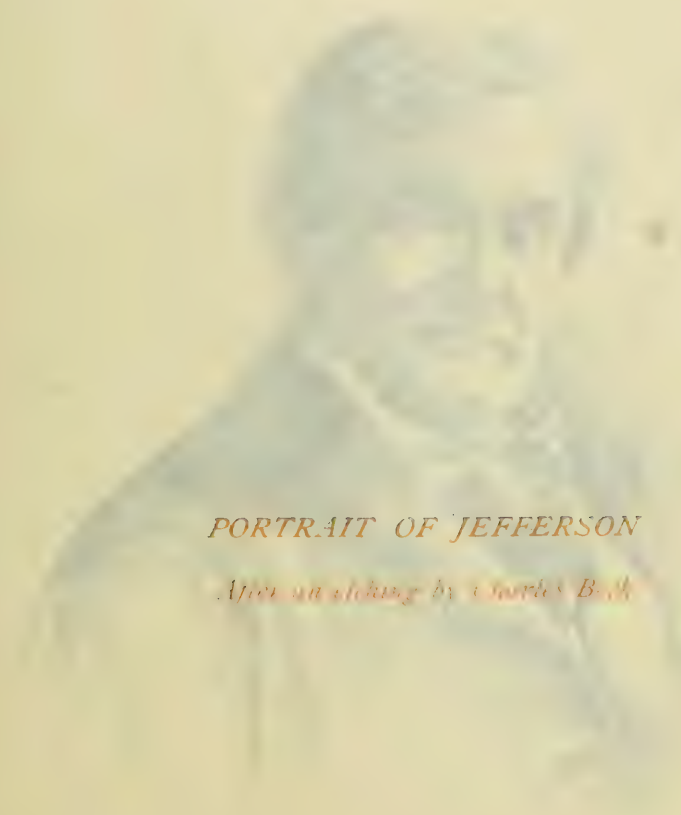
Narramattah.—Father! Sister! Narramattah was a shadow in your path; to-morrow the sun will rise in beauty on her grave. The Wept has set forever. Matonah—Father—I come! I come!

(She throws herself on the body of Conanchet; Content and Gough slowly raise her and bear her away; she shrieks and breaks from them, and again returns to Conanchet; Faith approaches her with the child; she takes it, kisses it, and returns it to Faith, and with a convulsive struggle falls dead on the body of Conanchet.)

(Curtain.)

Those who are familiar with Cooper's celebrated story will readily see how faithfully this dramatization

of it adheres to the original. Indeed, it hardly required an effort on the part of the adapter to fit it for stage representation, for all the elements of time, place and vivid action were already present in it. The tragic was there in fullness, and to spare. But, best of all, was and is the strangely weird, and at all times exciting, interest awakened by the story of Narramattah's divided allegiance—the intense struggle between that sense of parental duty required by civilization and that other duty to the marital estate which savage custom and education had inculcated. This struggle is thrillingly sustained in both the story and play.



PORTRAIT OF JEFFERSON

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him more deeply and firmly in the affections and sympathies of admirers than if his role had compassed the whole range of drama.



J. J. J. J. J.

RIP VAN WINKLE
A LEGEND OF THE CATSKILLS

A ROMANTIC DRAMA, IN TWO ACTS

ADAPTED FROM WASHINGTON IRVING'S SKETCH BOOK

BY

CHARLES BURKE.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

ACT I.—1763.

RIP VAN WINKLE, *a Dutchman.*
KNICKERBOCKER, *a Schoolmaster.*
DERRIC VAN SLAUS, *the Burgomaster.*
HERMAN VAN SLAUS, *his son.*
NICHOLAS VEDDER, *friend to Rip.*
CLAUSEN, *friend to Rip.*
RORY VAN CLUMP, *a Landlord.*
GUSTAFFE.
DAME VAN WINKLE.
ALICE.
LORRENNÄ.
SWAGGRINO, }
GAUDERKIN, } *Spirits of the Catskills.*
ICKEN. }

ACT II.—1783.

RIP VAN WINKLE, *the dreamer.*
HERMAN VAN SLAUS.
SETH SLOUGH.
KNICKERBOCKER.
THE JUDGE.
GUSTAFFE.
RIP VAN WINKLE, *Jr.*
FIRST VILLAGER.
SECOND VILLAGER.
ALICE KNICKERBOCKER.
LORRENNÄ.

This is the version which was first produced in Philadelphia in 1850.

Rip Van Winkle.

ACT I. SCENE I.

A village. House, with a sign of "George III." Villagers discovered smoking.

Chorus.—In our native land, where flows the Rhine,
In infancy we culled the vine;
Although we toiled with patient care,
But poor and scanty was our fare.

Solo.—Till tempting waves, with anxious toil,
We landed on Columbia's soil;
Now plenty, all our cares repay,
So laugh and dance the hours away.

Chorus.—Now plenty, all our cares repay,
So laugh and dance the hours away;
Ha, ha, ha! Ha, ha, ha!
So laugh, ha, ha! and dance the hours away.

Vedder.—Neighbor Clausin, on your way hither, saw you anything of our friend, Rip Van Winkle? Where there's a cup of good liquor to be shared, he's sure to be on hand—a thirsty soul.

Knickerbocker.—Truly, the man that turns up his nose at good liquor is a fool, as we Dutchmen have it; but cut no

jokes on Rip; remember, I'm soon to be a member of his family; and any insult offered to him I shall resent in the singular number, and satisfaction must follow, as the Frenchmen have it.

Vedd.—So, Knickerbocker, you are really determined to marry Rip's sister, the pretty Alice?

Knick.—Yes, determined to be a prisoner in Hymen's chains, as the lovers have it. I've got Rip's consent, I've got Alice's consent and I've got my own consent.

Clausin.—But, have you got the dame's consent, eh?

Knick.—There I'm dished and done up brown; would you believe it? she calls me a long, scraggy, outlandish animal, and says that I look like two deal boards glued together.

Rory.—Here comes Alice, and with her, Rip's daughter.

Enter Alice, with Lorrenna.

Alice.—Come along, loiterer! woe betide us when we get home, for having tarried so long. What will the dame say?

Lorrenna.—Well, it's not my fault, for you have been up and down the lane a dozen times, looking for the schoolmaster, Knickerbocker.

Alice.—Hold your tongue, miss; it's no such thing.

Lor.—You know you love him.

Alice.—How do you know that, Miss Pert?

Lor.—I can see it; and seeing is believing, they say. Oh, you're monstrous jealous of him, you know you are.

(Knickerbocker advances.)

Alice.—Jealous! I, jealous of him? No, indeed; I never wish to see his ugly face again.

Knick.—Say not so, sweet blossom of the valley, for in that case I shall shoot myself in despair.

Alice.—Oh, don't think of such a thing, for then your ghost might haunt me.

Lor.—And I'm sure you would rather have him than his ghost; wouldn't you, Alice?

Knick.—That's a very smart child. But, Alice, sweet Alice, can't I drop in this evening, when the old folks are out of the way?

Alice.—Not for the world; if the dame were to find you in the house, I don't know what would happen.

Lor.—Don't you know, Alice, mammy always goes out for an hour in the evening, to see her neighbor, Dame Wrigrim; now, if you (to Knickerbocker) come at eight o'clock, and throw some gravel at the window, there's no knowing but you might see Alice.

Knick.—That's an uncommonly clever girl; but, Alice, I'm determined to turn over a new leaf with Dame Van Winkle; the next time I see her, I'll pluck up courage and say to her—

Dame.—(Without.) Alice! Alice! odds bodikins and pins, but I'll give it you when I catch you. (The villagers exit.)

Knick.—Run, Alice, run!

(Alice, Lorrenna and Knickerbocker run.)

Dame.—(Without.) Alice!

(Alice, Lorrenna and Knickerbocker exit hastily.)

Rory.—'Egad! the dame's tongue is a perfect scarecrow.

Vedd.—The sound of her voice sets them running, just as if she were one of the mountain spirits, of whom we hear so much talk. But where the deuce can Rip be all this while? (Rip sings without.) But, talk of the devil and his imps appear.

Enter Rip Van Winkle, with gun, game bag, etc.

Rip.—Rip, Rip, wass is dis for a business. You are a mix nootze, unt dat is a fact. Now, I started for de mountains dis mornin', determined to fill my bag mit game, but I met Von Brunt, de one-eyed sergeant—comma see hah, unt brandy wine hapben my neiber friend; well, I couldn't refuse to take a glass mit him, unt den I tooks anoder glass, unt den I took so much as a dozen, do I drink no more as a bottle; he drink no more as I—he got so top-heavy, I rolled him in de hedge to sleep a leetle, for his one eye got so crooked he never could have seed his way straight; den I goes to de mountain, do I

see double, d——d a bird could I shooted. But I stops, now, I drinks no more; if anybody ask me to drink, I'll say to dem—— (Vedder comes down and offers cup to him.) Here is your go-to-hell, and your family's go-to-hell, and may you all live long and prosper. (Drinks.)

Vedd.—Why, neighbor Rip, where have you been all day? We feared some of the Elfin goblins of the Catskills had caught you.

Rip.—Ha, ha! I never see no ghosts, though I've fought mit spirits in my time, ha, ha, ha!

Vedd.—And they always throw you, eh? ha, ha!

Rip.—Dat's a fact! Ha, ha, ha!

Vedd.—But, Rip, where have you been?

Rip.—Oh, very hard at work—very busy; dere is nothing slipped fun my fingers as was come at abe.

Rory.—(Down.) They appear to have slipped through your game bag, though, for it's full of emptiness. Ha, ha, ha!

Rip.—Ho, ho, ho! cut no jokes at my bag or I'll gib you de sack.

Vedd.—Come, Rip, sit down; take a pipe and a glass and make yourself comfortable.

Rip.—Nine, nine—ech con neighed—it behoves a man to look after his interest unt not drink all de while; I shall den be able to manage——

Vedd.—Your wife, Rip?

Rip.—Manage mine frow? Can you fly to de moon on a paper kite? Can you drink all de beer and brandy-wine at one gulp? When you can do dat, mine Goot im himmel, you can manage mine frow. (All laugh.)

Rory.—Take one glass. Rip.

Rip.—No, I won't touch him.

Vedd.—Come, come, lay hold.

Rip.—Now, I'll be d——d fun I does.

Vedd.—Well, if you won't. (All go to table but Rip.)

Rip.—Dere is a drinks, dere is a drinks; I have conquered temptation at last. Bravo, resolution! bravo, resolution! resolution, you shall have one glass for dat. (Goes to table.)

Omnes.—Ha, ha, ha!

Rory.—Here, Rip, here's a glass at your service, and, as for the contents, I'll warrant it genuine, and no mistake.

(Gives Rip a cup.)

Rip.—Rory, here is your go-to-hell, unt your family's go-to-hell, unt may you all live long unt prosper.

Rory.—Come, Rip, give us a stave.

Vedd.—Yes, yes, Rip, a stave, for the old dame will be after you soon, and then we will all have to make a clearance.

Rip.—Oh, tunner wasser! won't my old woman skin me when I get home!

Vedd. and Rory.—Ha, ha, ha! come, the song, the song.

Rip.—Well, here is Rip Van Winkle's warning to all single fellows:

SONG.

List, my friends, to caution's voice,
Ere de marriage knot you tie;
It is the devil, mit shrews to splice,
Dat nobody can deny, deny,
Dat nobody can deny.

Chorus.—That nobody can deny, etc.

When a wife to rule once wishes,
Mit poor spouse 'tis all my eye,
I'm d——d if she don't wear de breeches,
Dat nobody can deny, deny,
Dat nobody can deny.

Chorus.—That nobody can deny, etc.

Yet dere is a charm about dem,
Do dere voices are so high
We can't do mit 'em,
Nor we can't do mitout 'em,
Dat nobody can deny, deny,
Dat nobody can deny.

(Pause.)

Chorus.—That nobody can deny, etc.

Dame.—(Without.) Rip, Rip! I'll stretch your ears when I get hold of them.

Rip.—Mine Goot im himmel, dere is my frow.

Dame.—(Without.) Rip! you lazy varmint! Rip!

Rip.—(Gets under the table with bottle.) Look out, boys! de wildcat's coming.

Vedder, Rory and Clausin at table. Enter Dame, with a stick.

Dame.—Where is this wicked husband of mine? Odds bodikins and pins! I heard his voice; you've hid him somewhere! You ought to be ashamed of yourselves, to inveigle a husband from a tender, loving spouse; but I'm put upon by all, because they know the mildness of my temper. (They laugh.) Odds bodikins and curling irons, but some of you shall laugh the other sides of your mouths—I'll pull your pate for you.

(Chases them round table; they exit. Dame upsets table and discovers Rip.)

Dame.—Oh, you Rip of all rips! what have you to say for yourself?

Rip.—Here is your go-to-hell, unt your family's, unt may you all live long and prosper.

Dame.—(Pulling him down the stage by the ear.) I'm cool—that is to say, not very hot; but the mildest temper in the world would be in a passion at such treatment. Get home, you drunken monster, or I shan't be able to keep my hands off you—tell me, sir, what have you been about all day?

Rip.—Hard at work, my dumpy-dumpy; de first ting I see dis morning was a fine, fat rabbit.

Dame.—A rabbit? Oh, I do like rabbits in a stew; I like everything in a stew.

Rip.—I be d—d but dat is a fact.

Dame.—Well, well, the rabbit?

Rip.—I was going to tell you, well, dere was de rabbit feeding in de grass.

Dame.—Well, well, Rip?

Rip.—I puts my gun to my shoulder——

Dame.—Yes.

Rip.—I takes goot aim mit him——

Dame.—Yes.

Rip.—I pulls my trigger, unt——

Dame.—Bang went the gun and down the rabbit fell.

Rip.—Eh? snap went de gun and off de rabbit run. Ha, ha, ha!

Dame.—No!

Rip.—I be d——d fun dat is a fact.

Dame.—And you shot nothing?

Rip.—Not dat time; but de next time, I picks me my flint, unt I creeps up to de little pond by de old field, unt dere what do you tink I see?

Dame.—Ducks?

Rip.—More as fifty black ducks—ducks as big as a goose—well, I hauls up again.

Dame.—And so will I (raising stick) if you miss fire this time.

Rip.—Bang!

Dame.—How many down?

Rip.—One!

Dame.—Not more than one duck out of fifty?

Rip.—Yes, a great deal more as one duck.

Dame.—Then you shot more than one?

Rip.—Yes, more as one duck; I shot one old bull.

Dame.—What?

Rip.—I'm d——d fun dat is a fact! dat was one down, unt, my Goot im himmel, how he did roar and bellow unt lash his tail unt snort unt sneeze unt sniff! Well, de bull puts right after me, unt I puts right away fun de bull; well, de bull comes up mit me just as I was climbing de fence, unt he catch me mit his horns fun de seat of my breeches, unt sent me flying more as a mile high. Well, bye-and-bye directly, I come down already in a big tree, unt dere I sticks fast, unt den——

Dame.—You went fast asleep for the rest of the day.

Rip.—Dat's a fact. How you know dat? you must be a witch.

Dame.—(Catching him by the collar.) Home, sir, home! you lazy scamp. (Beating him.)

Rip.—But, mine lublicka frow——

Dame.—Home! (Beating him.)

Rip.—Nine! nine!

Dame.—Home! (Beats him.)

Rip.—Mine Goot im himmel. (Dame beats him off.)

SCENE II.

A plain chamber.

Enter Derric Van Slaus.

Derric.—Should the present application fail, I am a ruined man; all my speculations will be frustrated and my duplicity exposed; yes, the dissipation of my son must inevitably prove his ruin, as well as mine. To supply his wants, the public money has been employed; and, if unable to replace it, heaven knows what may be the consequence. But my son is now placed with an able advocate in New York, and, should he pursue the right path, there may be still hopes of his reformation.

Herman.—(Without.) My father, you say, is this way?

Derr.—What voice is that; my son? What can have recalled him thus suddenly? Some new misadventure—oh, my foreboding thoughts!

Enter Herman.

Derr.—Herman, what brings you back? Are all my cautions thus lightly regarded, that they can take no hold upon your conduct?

Herm.—You have good cause for warmth, sir; but learn the reason of my disobedience ere you condemn. Business

of importance has urged me hither—such as concerns us both most intimately.

Derr.—Some fresh extravagance, no doubt, to drain my little left, and set a host of creditors loose upon me.

Herm.—Not so, sir, but the reverse. List! you know our neighbor, Rip Van Winkle?

Derr.—Know him? Aye, his idleness is proverbial; you have good cause to recollect him, too, since 'twas by his courage your life was preserved, when attacked by the famished wolf.

Herm.—He has a daughter scarcely seven years old now; the attorney whom I serve has been employed to draw up the will and settle the affairs of this girl's aunt, who, for some slight offered by Van Winkle, has long since discarded the family. At her death, the whole of her immense wealth, in cash and land, is the inheritance of the girl, who is, at this moment, the richest presumptive heiress in the land.

Derr.—What connection can Van Winkle's fortune have with ours?

Herm.—Listen! Were it possible to procure his signature to a contract that his daughter, when of age, should be married to me, on this security money might be raised by us to any amount. Now, my good father, am I comprehensible?

Derr.—Truly, this seems no visionary dream, like those in which, with fatal pertinacity, you have so oft indulged; and, on recollection, the rent of his tenement is in arrears; 'twill offer favorable opportunity for my calling and sounding him; the contract must be your care.

Herm.—'Tis already prepared and lacks only his signature. (Presenting it.) Lawyers, who would do justice to their clients, must not pause at conscience; 'tis entirely out of the question when their own interest is concerned.

Derr.—Herman, I like not this black-leg manner of proceeding; yet it augurs thou wilt be no pettifogger. I'll to Van Winkle straight, and, though not legalized to act, yet in this case I can do work which honest lawyers would scorn. (Exit.)

Herm.—(Solus.) True; the honest lawyer lives by his reputation, and therefore pauses to undertake a cause he knows

unjust; but how easily are some duped. Can my father for a moment suppose that the rank weeds of youth are so easily uprooted? No! what is to be done, good father of mine, but to serve myself? Young men of the present generation cannot live without the means of entering into life's varieties, and this supply will henceforth enable me to do so to the fullest extent of my ambitious wishes. (Exit.)

SCENE III.

Rip's cottage. Clothes basket, with clothes. Table, chairs, arm-chair, with cloak over it.

Enter Knickerbocker, cautiously.

Knickerbocker.—Zooks! I'm venturing into a tiger's den in quest of a lamb. All's clear, however; and, could I but pop on little Alice, how we would bill and coo. She comes! lie still, my fluttering heart.

Enter Alice.

Alice.—(Without observing Knickerbocker.) There, there, go to sleep. Ah! Knickerbocker, how I love you, spite of all the strange ways that you pursue.

Knick.—(Aside.) Sensible, susceptible soul! But merit ever meets its recompense.

Alice.—No wonder I am fascinated; his figure is so elegant, and, then, his education! I never see him but I am ready to jump into his loving arms.

(Turning, she is caught in the embrace of Knickerbocker.)

Knick.—This is too much for human nature to support; this declaration is a banquet that gods might prize. Beauteous angel! hear me, whilst I proclaim—— (Kneeling.)

Dame.—(Without.) Go along, you drunken brute.

Knick.—The devil! 'tis Dame Van Winkle! what's to become of me?

Alice.—If you're found here, I'm ruined! you must conceal yourself—but where?

Knick.—That's the important question; oh, I'll hop into the cupboard.

Alice.—Not for the world! she is sure to want something out of it. Here, here, get into this clothes basket and let me cover you over with the foul linen.

Knick.—It's a very foul piece of business altogether; but I must stomach it, whether I will or no.

(She puts him into the basket and covers him with linen.)

Enter Dame, dragging in Rip.

Dame.—And now, sir, I've got you home; what have you to say for yourself, I should like to know?

Rip.—Nothing, my darling; de least said is soonest mended, and so you shall have all de talk to yourself. Now, ain't dat liberal?

Dame.—Where's all the game you were to bring home?

Rip.—On de wing still: wouldn't venture to come mitin fire: for though dey missed mine gun, dere's one ting for certain, I never miss your blowing up.

Dame.—My blowing up! Odds bodikins and pins! I shall never be able to contain myself! Where's the money to pay the rent, you oaf?

Rip.—I don't know. Do you?

Dame.—You'll go to prison, and that'll be the end on't.

Rip.—Come, no more quarrelling to-night. We'll see about de rent money to-morrow morning.

Dame.—To-morrow! it's always to-morrow with you; so, Alice, you are sitting and idling, as usual, just like your brother; a precious pair of soft pates.

Rip.—Soft pate! pretty hard, I guess, or it would have been fractured long since, and dat's a fact.

Dame.—And now, Alice, come with me, that I may satisfy myself how you have disposed of the children, for in these

matters you are just such a crawler as that vagrum there (is retiring), that terrapin!

Rip.—Terrapin! Ah, dame, I leaves you to go the whole hog; but, hark'ee, my lovey, before you go, won't you return de leetle bottle which you manage to get from me last night?

Dame.—Odds bodikins and pins! A man already drunk and asking for more liquor! You shan't have a drop, you sot, that you shall not. The bottle, indeed! not you, eh! faith!

(Exit, with Alice.)

Rip.—Tunder take me if I don't think but what she has finished it herself, and dat's de fact. My nose always sniffs like a terrier's: 'tis in de cupboard, her Hollands—so, here goes to nibble.

(Rip opens the closet door cautiously, and is rummaging for a bottle, when he treads on Knickerbocker, who roars out lustily. Rip, in his sudden alarm, upsets the porcelain and glass; and, falling, rolls into the middle of the chamber, quaking in every limb and vociferating loudly.)

Rip.—Help! murder! fire! thieves!

(Knickerbocker, in the interim, darts out of the closet, and, beyond the consciousness of future proceeding, throws himself into the arm-chair. Alice, entering hastily, throws a cloak over him, which hides him from observation. Dame enters, alarmed.)

Dame.—Odds bodikins and pins! what's the matter now?

Rip.—(Raising his head cautiously.) Matter, indeed! the devil's in the cupboard! Oh, la! I'll be swammed.

Dame.—In the cupboard! (Goes there, sees chair broken, squalling.) All my fine porcelain destroyed! monster! vile, rapacious monster! A devil, indeed, has been in the cupboard, and that's you. The china, presented to me by my grand relations, which I set such store on, smashed into a thousand pieces; 'tis too much for my weak nerves. I shall faint! (She sinks in the arm-chair, but immediately starts up, and, squalling, falls into Rip's arms. Knickerbocker regains the closet, unobserved by all, save Alice.)

Dame.—Heaven have mercy on us! there was somebody in the chair! somebody in the chair!

Rip.—Phoo! there's nothing in de chair, save your old cloak; dat's all.

Dame.—I'm so alarmed—so agitated, that—Alice, put your hand into my pocket and you'll find a bottle.

(Alice produces the bottle.)

Rip.—(Aside.) A leetle bottle! Oh, dat's de private cupboard. Alice, let me hold de leetle bottle, whilst you fetch a glass for the old woman. (Alice, hastening off, brings a wine-glass, which Rip fills and gives to Dame.)

Rip.—Here's your go-to-hell, and your family's, and may you live long and prosper. (Drinks from the bottle; Alice, in the interim, proceeds to the closet and brings Knickerbocker out, who is making for the door, when, hearing someone approach, he again escapes to his retreat.)

Alice.—(At door.) Oh, aunt! aunt! here's the burgomaster coming up the garden.

Dame.—Odds bodikins and pins! the burgomaster! what's to be done now? coming for the rent! what's to be done now, I say?

Rip.—I'll go to bed and think.

Dame.—You shan't go to bed! you must make some fresh excuse; you're famous at them to me; you have got into the hobble and must get out of it as well as you can. I shall go and consult my friend, Dame Wrigrim; and Alice, should the peddler woman come, desire her not to leave any more of her rubbish here.

(As Dame retires, she meets Derric, to whom she courtesies.)

Derric.—Good-evening, Dame.

Dame.—Your honor's servant.

(Exit Dame.)

Rip.—(Aside.) La! what a stew I'm in; Alice, take yourself off, 'tis full time; wish I was off, too, mit all my heart and soul.

Alice.—(Aside.) Dear, dear! what will become of my poor Knickerbocker?
(Exit.)

Derr.—Well, honest Rip, how wags the world with you?

Rip.—Bad enough, sir; for, though laboring from morn to night, I can make no advance in de world, though my industry is proverbial, and dat's a fact.

Derr.—Why, where the bottle is concerned, few, I believe, can boast so much industry.

Rip.—Dat is a fact; but I suppose you have called concerning de rent. (Aside.) How my heart goes and comes! (Aloud.) Now, if your honor will be so good enough to—

Derr.—To write the receipt: certainly.

Rip.—Nine, nine! (Aside.) I'm stewed alive mit perspiration.

Derr.—We'll talk of the rent at a future period. There is another affair on which I wish to consult you.

Rip.—Take a chair, your honor. (Aside, rubbing his hands together.) It's all right, by de hookey. (Aloud.) Take a glass mit me. (They take chairs.)

Derr.—You know my only son, whose life you preserved?

Rip.—Yes; and a wild harum-scarum dog he is. (Drinks.)

Derr.—He is now stationed in New York, studying the law, and has become a staid, sober, prudent youth; and now 'tis my wish that he should settle on this, his native place, and that he marry some honest girl, who is altogether unacquainted with the frivolities of cities; and I have been thinking that in a few years your daughter will be grown up and would make a suitable match for him. True, there will be some disparity in their ages, but as the years are on the side of the husband, so 'twill be all the better for the wife, in having a matured preceptor.

Rip.—Beg pardon, sir, but it strikes me you are only carrying on your rigs mit me.

Derr.—No, on my honor; and, to convince you that I'm in earnest, I have brought with me a contract, by which our offspring, when of age, are bound to intermarry or forfeit their several fortunes. I shall settle all mine on Herman, and I shall expect you to do the same for your daughter.

Rip.—Yah! yah! ech woll; I'll give her all I got; all my money; but she must be d—d smart if she can find 'em. Take a drink, Mr. Burgomaster. (Drinks.)

Derr.—Well, here are the two contracts, both binding and legally drawn.

Rip.—Yah! yah! (Drinks. Derric gives him the pen.) What you want me to do mit dis?

Derr.—Merely sign your name.

Rip.—Me, put my name on dat paper, mitout my old woman knowing?—mine goot friend, she would skin me. (Noise in closet.) Schat! you witch!

Derr.—But I was about to propose, on condition of your signing the contract, to let you live rent free, in future.

Rip.—Rent free! I'll sign! but stop! my old woman must play old hob mit me—so put down dat I can break dat contract, if I choose, in twenty years and a day. (Noise.) Schat! you witch!

Derr.—(Writing.) As you please. (Noise.)

Rip.—Schat! you witch! (Drinks.)

Derr.—Is that a cat, friend Rip? (Writing.)

Rip.—I don't know if it is a cat—but, if it is my dog Snider, I wouldn't be in his skin when de old woman comes back.

Derr.—There, friend Rip, I have inserted, at your request, this codicil: "Should the said Rip Van Winkle think fit to annul this contract, within twenty years and a day, he shall be at full liberty to do so."

Rip.—Yah, yah! dos is recht—dat is goot. Now, Mr. Burgomaster, what you want me to do?

Derr.—Sign it!

Rip.—Wass?

Derr.—Sign!

Rip.—Give me de paper. (Takes it.) How my head turns round. (Reading.) "Should the said Rip Van Winkle"—Yah, yah! dat is me. "Rip Van Winkle—twenty years and a day." Oh, dat is all recht. (Writing.) R-i-p V-a-n— (Noise.) Schat! you witch! W-i-n-k-l-e—now, dere he is.

Derr.—And there is the counterpart. (Gives it.)

Rip.—Dis is for me, eh? I'll put him in my breast pocket—yah, yah.

Derr.—Now, Rip, I must bid you good-evening.

Rip.—Stop! Take some more liquor. Why, de bottle is empty! Here! Alice! Alice! get some more schnapps for de burgomaster.

Derr.—No, not to-night. (Rising.) But, should you want any, you will always find a bottle for you at your old friend Rory's; so, good-night.

Rip.—Stop, Mr. Burgomaster! I will go and get dat bottle now. (Rising.) Alice! Alice! comma see hah!

Enter Alice.

Rip.—Alice, give me mine hat. (Alice gives it.) Now, take care of de house till I comes back; if de old woman comes before I gets home, tell her I am gone out mit de burgomaster on par—par—tick particklar business. (Exit with Derric.)

(Alice advances and brings on Knickerbocker from the closet.)

Alice.—So, Mr. Knickerbocker, you are still here?

Knick.—Yes; all that's left of me! and, now that the coast is clear, I'll give them leg bail, as the lawyers have it, and if they ever catch me here again—— (He goes toward the door and returns in sudden alarm.) Oh, dear! oh, dear! here's mother Van Winkle coming back; I shall never get out of this mess.

Alice.—It's all your own fault! why would you come to-night?

Knick.—I shall never be able to come again—the cross vixen will take care of that if she catches me here.

Alice.—There is but one method of avoiding her wrath; slip on the clothes the old peddler woman brought for sale, and I'll warrant you'll soon be tumbled out of the house.

Knick.—With a good thrashing to boot, I suppose. No matter, if I can but slip out of the house, I don't care what I slip into.

(Knickerbocker sits in arm-chair and is attired by Alice in woman's dress; on rising, the petticoats but reach his knees.)

Knick.—Confound the lower garments! they're too short by half.

Alice.—'Tis your legs are too long by half! stoop down; say as little as possible and you'll not be discovered.

(He again sits.)

Enter Dame.

Dame.—Well, I've got back, and I see Mr. Van Slaus is gone! but where's that varlet, Rip; out again? oh, that Rip! that Rip! I'll certainly be the death of him, or he will of me, which is most likely. Alice, who have you in the chair?

Alice.—The peddler woman, aunt, who has come for the things she left.

Dame.—The peddler woman—hark'ee, gossip; bring no more of your rubbish here. Take yourself off and let me have a clear house.

Knick.—(Aside.) 'Gad, I wish I was safely cleared out of it.

(Knickerbocker rises, hobbles forward; but, forgetting the shortness of the petticoats, in courtesying, is discovered by the Dame, from the exposure of his legs.)

Dame.—Odds bodikins and pins! who have we here! an impostor? But you shall pay for it; this is a peddler woman, indeed, with such lanky shanks. (She rushes up to door and locks it—then, with a broom, pursues him round—he flings bonnet in her face.)

Knick.—Needs must, when the devil drives—so here goes.

(He jumps through the window, which is dashed to pieces—he disappears. Dame rushes up, with broom, toward window. Alice laughs.)

Dame.—What! laugh at his misconduct, hussey! One's just as bad as the other. All born to plague me. Get you to bed—to bed, I say.

(Dame drives Alice off and follows. Scene closes.)

SCENE IV.

Half dark. A front wood. The report of a gun is heard. Shortly after, Rip enters, with his gun.

Rip.—Whip-poor-Will! 'Egad, I think they'll whip poor Rip. (Takes aim at bird—it flashes in the pan.) Another miss! Oh, curse the misses and the missusses! hang me if I can get a single shot at the sky-flyers. Wish I had one of de German guns which Knickerbocker talks so much about—one dat fires round corners; la! how I'd bring dem down! bring dem down! Were I to wing as many daily as would fill a dearborn, dame wouldn't be satisfied—not that she's avaricious—but den she must have something or somebody to snarl at, and I'm the unlucky dog at whom she always lets fly. Now, she got at me mit de broomstick so soon as I got back again; if I go home again, she will break my back. Tunner wasser! how sleepy I am—I can't go home, she will break my back—so I will sleep in de mountain to-night, and to-morrow I turn over a new leaf and drink no more liquor.

Voice Outside.—Rip Van Winkle.

(A dead pause ensues. Suddenly a noise, like the rolling of cannon balls, is heard—then a discordant shout of laughter. Rip wakes and sits up, astonished.)

Rip.—What the deuce is that? my wife at mine elbow? Oh, no, nothing of the kind: I must have been dreaming; so I'll contrive to nap, since I'm far enough from her din.

(Reclines and sleeps.)

Voice Outside.—Rip Van Winkle. (The laugh being repeated, Rip again awakes.)

Rip.—I can't be mistaken dis time. Plague on't, I've got among the spirits of the mountains, metinks, and haven't a drop of spirits left to keep them off.

Swaggrino.—(Without.) Rip Van Winkle! Rip Van Winkle!

Rip.—Rip Van Winkle! that's me, to a certainty.

Swaggrino, the grotesque dwarf, enters, bending beneath the weight of a large cask which he bears on his shoulder.

He pauses, examines Rip, then invites him to assist him in placing the cask on the ground, which Rip complies with.

Rip.—Hang me, if he hasn't brought my heart up into my mouth; what an outlandish being, a sea snake, by dunder!

(Swaggrino, pointing to the cask, entreats Rip's assistance in bearing it up the mountains.)

Want me to help you up mit it? Why not say so at first, my old codger? What a queer old chap, to be sure; but I can't let him toil up the mountain with such a heavy load as dat; no, no, and so, old broad chops, I'll help you.

(Dwarf assists in placing cask on Rip's shoulder—a loud laugh is heard—Rip is alarmed, but dwarf signs him to proceed and be of good courage—leads way up rocks—another peal of laughter, and Rip hastily follows him.)

SCENE V.

Dark. The Sleepy Hollow, in the bosom of the mountains—stunted trees, fragments of rock in various parts. Moon in the horizon; the entrance to this wild recess being by an opening from the abyss in the rear of the glen.

Grotesque Dutch figures, with enormous masked heads and lofty, tapering hats, discovered playing at cards in various places, others at Dutch pins—battledores and shuttlecocks—the majority seated on a rock, drinking and smoking.

Gauderkin.—Since on earth this only day,
In fifty years we're given to stray,
We'll keep it as a holiday!
So, brothers, let's be jolly and gay.

Icken.—But, question, where's that lazy wight,
Who, soon as sun withdrew its light,
Was for the earth's rich beverage sent,
And has such time in absence spent?

Gaud.—Perhaps with some misfortune he's been doomed to meet,

Cross'd, no doubt, on the road by mortal feet.

Icken.—And what the punishment that you decree
On him, who on our mysteries makes free?

Gaud.—Twenty years in slumber's chain,
Is the fate that we ordain;
Yet, if merry wight he prove,
Pleasing dreams his sleep shall move.

Icken.—Our brother comes, and up the rugged steep,
A mortal, see, Swaggrino's presence keep.

Omnes.—Twenty years in slumber's chain,
Is the fate that we ordain.
He comes! he comes! let silence reign!—
Let silence reign! let silence reign!

(The spirits retire up and station themselves in motionless attitudes. Swaggrino ascends by the opening in the rear, followed by Rip, with the keg. Rip advances, and, with the assistance of his conductor, places the cask on the rock. The spirits remain immovable in front.)

Rip.—I'm a dead man, to a certainty. Into what strange company have I tumbled! crickey, what will become of me? Dear, dear! would I were home again, even though along with Dame Van Winkle.

(The figures severally advance and stare at him, then resume their games. Swaggrino taps the cask; motions the astonished Rip to assist him in distributing its contents into various flagons; an injunction with which he complies. Swaggrino helps his companions.)

After all, they seem a harmless set, and there can be no argument with them, for they appear to be all dummies. Lord, were my wife as silent! They're a deadly, lively, jolly set; but I wonder what kind of spirits dese spirits are drinking! surely, dere can be no harm in taking a drop along mit dem. (Fills a flagon.) Here goes! Gentlemen, here's your go-to-hells, and

your broad-chopped family's, and may you all live long and prosper.

(Drinks.)

Omnes.—Ha, ha, ha!

(A grotesque dance ensues, during which Rip continues to supply himself from the keg. He at length joins in the dance and becomes so exhausted that he reels forward and sinks in front. The dancing ceases, the spirits utter three ho, ho, ho's! Some of them sing.)

ACT II. SCENE I.

The last of the first act repeated; but the distance now presents a richly cultivated country. The bramble is grown into a lofty tree, and all that remains of Rip's gun is its rusty barrel, which is at the foot of the tree.

Rip discovered extended on the ground, asleep; his hair gray, and beard grown to an unusual length—the hour of the scene is gray dawn, and birds from sky and hill are chirping.

Rip.—(Speaking in his sleep.) Mother Van Winkle! Dame Van Winkle! what are you arter? Don't be always badgering; will you never allow poor Rip a moment's quiet? Curse it! don't throw de hot water about so, you'll scald one's eyes, and so you will, and no mistake; and so you have. (He awakens in sudden emotion.) Eh! by dunder! what's all dis? Where am I? In the name of goodness, where am I? (Gazing around.) On the Catskill Mountains, by all that's miraculous! 'Egad! my rib will play the very devil with me for stopping out all night. There will be a fine peal sounded when I get home. (Rises.) How confoundedly stiff and sore my joints do feel; surely, I must have been sleeping for a pretty long time! Asleep! no, I was awake and enjoying myself with as jolly a rum set of codgers as ever helped to toom out a keg of Hollands. I danced, and, 'egad, drank with them till I was pretty blue, and dat's no mistake—but, confound it, they shouldn't have caught me napping, for 'tis plain they have taken them-

selves off like an unceremonious pack of—pack of—give an eye tooth to know who they were. (Looking around.) Where is my gun? I left it on a little bush. (He finds the rusty barrel of his gun.) Hallo! come up, here's a grab! the unmannerly set of sharpers! stolen one of the best fowling pieces that ever made a crack, and left this worthless, rusty barrel by way of exchange! What will Dame Van Winkle say to this? By the hookey! but she'll comb my hair finely! Now, I went to sleep beneath that hickory—'twas a mere bush. Can I be dreaming still? Is there anyone who will be good enough to tell me whether it is so or not? Be blowed if I can make head or tail on't. One course only now remains—to pluck up resolution, go back to Dame Van Winkle, and by dunder she'll soon let me know whether I'm awake or not. (Exit.)

SCENE II.

A well-furnished apartment in the house of Knickerbocker.

Lorrenna, now a woman, enters.

Lorrenna.—Alas, what a fate is mine! Left an orphan at an early age—a relation's bounty made me rich; but to-day, this fatal day—poverty again awaits me, unless I bestow my hand without my heart! Oh, my poor father! little did you know the misery you have entailed upon your child.

Knickerbocker and Alice enter, arm in arm. They are much more corpulent than when seen in Act I, and dressed in modern attire—Alice in the extreme of former fashion.

Knickerbocker.—Decided that cause in the most judgematic-like manner. White wasn't black. Saw that in a twinkling; no one disputed my argument. (Speaking as entering.) Come along, spouse! Lauks! how you do waddle up and down, side to side, like one of our butter-laden loggers in a squall, as the Dutchmen have it; ah, Lorrenna, you here? But you appear more depressed than customary. Those saddened looks are, by no means pleasing to those who would ever wish to

see you cheerful. What the dickens prevents your being otherwise, when all around are so anxious for your happiness?

Lor.—Truly am I beholden for your protection and ever grateful. But to place a smile on the brow whilst sorrow lingers in the bosom is a deceptive penance to the wearer—painful to those around, who mark and must perceive the vizard; to say that I am happy would be inconsistent with truth. The persecutions of Herman Van Slaus—

Alice.—Ah! my dear Lorrenna, many a restless night have I had on that varlet's account, as spouse knows.

Knick.—That's as true as there's ghosts in the Catskills, as Dutchmen have it; for be darned if a single night passes that Alice suffers me to go to sleep peaceably.

Alice.—Well, well; cheer thee, my niece; there is bounteous intelligence in store; nor think there is any idle fiction in this brain, as our divine poets picture.

Knick.—There, there, Alice is going into her romance again—plain as my fist—she has been moonified ever since she became a subscriber for books at the new library! Planet-struck, by gum, as philosophers have it, and—

Alice.—And you have said so little to the purpose that I must now interpose. My dear Lorrenna—Gustaffe—'tis your aunt who speaks—

Knick.—There, now, pops in her word before a magistrate.

Lor.—My Gustaffe! ha! say!—

Knick.—Would have told you in a brace of shakes, as gamblers have it, if she hadn't thrown the dice first. Yes, my pretty chicky—Gustaffe's vessel is now making up the Hudson; so cheer thee! cheer thee, I say! your lover is not far off.

Lor.—Gustaffe so near? blessed intelligence! Oh, the happiest wishes of my heart are gratified! But are you certain? Do not raise my hopes without cause. Are you quite certain? Speak, dear aunt; are you, indeed, assured Gustaffe's vessel has arrived?

Knick.—Didn't think fit to break the news too suddenly, but you have it.

Alice.—"The ship with wide expanded canvas glides along, and soon"—I forget the remainder of the quotation; but 'tis

in the delectable work, "Robinson Crusoe"—soon will you hear him hail. (A knock is heard.) My stars foretell that this is either him——

Knick.—Or somebody else, as I suppose.

Enter Sophia.

Sophia.—Oh, sir, Squire Knickerbocker, Herman, son of the late Derric Van Slaus, is in the hall.

Alice.—That's not the him whom I expected, at all events.

Knick.—Son of the individual whom I succeeded as burgo-master? Talk of the devil—now, I don't know how it is, but I'm always squalmish when in company of these lawyers that's of his cast. Qui Tam.

Soph.—He wishes to be introduced. What is your pleasure?

Knick.—Let him be so, by all means. An honest man needn't fear the devil. (Exit Sophia.)

Lor.—Excuse my presence, uncle. To hear him repeat his claims would but afflict a heart already agonized; and, with your leave, I will withdraw. (Exit.)

Knick.—Aye, aye; let me alone to manage him, as a barrister says to his client when he cross-questions a witness. See Miss Lorrenna to her chamber, Mrs. Knickerbocker. This Herman is a d——d rogue, as the English have it; and he'll go to the dominions below, as the devil will have it, and as I have had it for the last twenty years.

Alice.—And I tell you, to your comfort, if you don't send the varlet quick off, with a flea in his ear, you shall have it. Yes, Squire Knickerbocker, you shall have it, be assured. So says Mrs. Knickerbocker, you shall have it. (Exit.)

Knick.—Truly, I've had plenty of it from you for the last eighteen years.

Enter Herman.

Herman.—Sir, I wait upon you once more. The period is now expired when my just claim, which you have so long pro-

tracted, can be vainly disputed. A vain and idle dispute of justice.

Knick.—Precious fine, indeed, sir—but my ward has a mighty strong reluctance to part with her fortune, and much more so to make you her partner for life. You are not exactly to her liking, nor to her in the world's generally.

Herm.—One or the other she is compelled to. You are aware, sir, that the law is on my side! the law, sir—the law, sir!

Knick.—Oh, yes! And, no doubt, every quibble that it offers will be twisted to the best purpose for your interest. You're a dabster at chicane, or you're preciously belied.

Herm.—You will not, I presume, dispute the signature of the individual who formed the contract?

Knick.—Oh, no! not dispute Rip's signature, but his error in judgment. I happened to be a cabinet counsellor at the very moment my deceased relative, who was non compos mentis at the time, clapped his pen to a writing, artfully extracted from him by your defunct father, whose memory is better forgotten than remembered.

Herm.—Sir, I came here not to meet insult; I came hither, persuaded you would acknowledge my right, and to prevent a publicity that may be painful to both parties. You are inclined to dispute them; before a tribunal shall they be arbitrated; and, knowing my claims, Mr. Knickerbocker, know well that Lorrenna or her fortune must be mine. (Exit.)

Knick.—You go to Davy Jones, as the seamen have it. Lorrenna shall never be yours, and if ever she wants a cent whilst I have one, my name isn't Knickerbocker—damme, as the dandies have it.

Lorrenna enters, with Alice.

Lorrenna.—My dear guardian, you have got rid of Herman, I perceive.

Knick.—I wish I had, with all my soul; but he sticks to his rascally undertaking like a crab to its shell; 'egad, there will be no dislodging him, unless he's clapped into a cauldron of boiling water, as fishmongers have it.

Alice.—And boiled to rags. But, husband! husband, I say!

Knick.—Mr. Knickerbocker, my dear, if you please.

Alice.—Well, then, Mr. Knickerbocker, my dear, if you please, we have been looking out at the window to ascertain who came and went, and have discovered a fine, handsome fellow galloping toward the town, and I shouldn't at all wonder if it wasn't——

Gustaffe rushes in.

Lor.—(Hurries to him.) My dear, dear Gustaffe!

Gustaffe.—(Embracing her.) My tender, charming Lorrenna!

Knick.—Why, Gustaffe! Bless us! why, how the spark has grown!

Alice.—Not quite so corpulent as you, spouse.

Knick.—Spouse! Mr. Knickerbocker, if you please. Truly, wife, we have both increased somewhat in corporal, as well as temporal substance, since Gustaffe went to sea. But, you know, Alice——

Alice.—Mrs. Knickerbocker, if you please.

Knick.—Well, Mrs. Knickerbocker——

Gust.—Why, Knickerbocker, you have thriven well of late.

Knick.—I belong to the corporation, and we must support our corporation, as well as it. But, not a word about the pig, as the butchers have it, when you were a little boy, and Alice courting me.

Alice.—I court you, sirrah? what mean you?

Knick.—Sirrah! Mr. Knickerbocker, if you please. Why, then, deary—we didn't like anyone to intrude on our society; do you take the hint? as the gamblers have it. Come along, Alice—Mrs. Knickerbocker, I would say—let us leave the lovers to themselves.

Alice.—Again they meet, and sweet's the love that meets return. (Exeunt Knickerbocker and Alice, singing in concert, "Again they meet.")

Gust.—My dear Lorrenna, why this dejected look? It is your own Gustaffe enfolds you in his arms.

Lor.—Alas! I am no longer worthy of your love,—your friendship. A fatal bond extracted from my lamented father has severed us forever—I am devoid of fortune.

Gust.—Lorrenna, you have been the star that has guided my bark,—thee, my compass—my north pole,—and when the magnet refuses its aid to the seaman, then will he believe that you have foundered in affection, or think that I would prove faithless from the loss of earthly pittance.

Lor.—Shoals—to speak in your nautical language—have long, on every side, surrounded me; but by my kind uncle's advice must we be guided. (Exit.)

SCENE III.

The town of Rip's nativity, instead of the village as presented in first scene of the drama:—It is now a populous and flourishing settlement. On the spot where Rory's tap-house formerly stood is a handsome hotel, and the sign of "George III" is altered into that of "George Washington." A settee in front, with table. The harbor is filled with shipping.

Seth Slough, the landlord, enters from the hotel. Loud shouts.

Seth.—Well I reckon the election's about bustin' up. If that temperance feller gets in I'm bound to sell out; for a rum-seller will stand no more chance with him than a bobtail cow in fly time. Hollo! who is this outlandish critter? he looks as if he had been dead for fifty years and was dug up to vote against the temperance ticket

Enter male and female villagers, laughing. Enter Rip—they gather round him.

Rip.—Where I was I wonder? my neiber frints, "knost you Deutsch spricken?"

Villagers.—Ha, ha, ha!

1st Vill.—I say, old feller, you ain't seed nothing of no old butter firkin with no kiver on, no place about here?—

Rip.—No butter firkin mit no kiver, no place; no, I ain't seen him.

Villagers.—Ha, ha, ha!

1st Vill.—Who's your barber? (Strokes his chin—all laugh and exit.)

Rip.—I can't understand dis: everything seems changed. (Strokes his chin.) Why, I'm changed, too; why, my beard's as long as a goat's.

Seth.—(Coming down.) Look here, old sucker, I guess you had better go home and get shaved.

Rip.—My old woman will shave me when I gets home! Home, where is my home? I went to the place where it used to was, and it wasn't dere. Do you live in Catskill?

Seth.—Well I rather guess I dus—

Rip.—Do you know where I live?

Seth.—Well, to look at you, I should think you didn't live nowhere in particular, but stayed round in spots.

Rip.—You live in Catskill?

Seth.—Certain.

Rip.—You don't know dat I belong here?

Seth.—No I'm darned if I do. I should say you belonged to Noah's ark—

Rip.—Did you never hear in Catskill of one Rip Van Winkle?

Seth.—What, Rip Van Winkle, the greatest rum sucker in the country?

Rip.—Dat is a fact—dat is him! ha, ha! now we shall see.

Seth.—Oh yes, I've heard of him; the old coon's been dead these twenty years.

Rip.—Den I am dead and dat is a fact. Well, poor Rip is dead. I'm sorry for dat.—Rip was a goot fellow.

Seth.—I wish there was a whole grist just like him in Catskill. Why, they say he could drink rum enough in one day to swim in.

Rip.—Don't talk so much about rum; you makes me so dry as never was.

Seth.—Hold on a spell, then, and I'll fetch you something to wet your whistle. (Exit into house.)

Rip.—Why, here is another change! dis was Rory's house last night (Seth reënters) mit de sign of George the Third.

Seth.—The alteration of my sign is no bad sign for the country I reckon.

Rip.—(Reading.) "George Washington," who is he? I remember a shoot of dat name, dat served under Braddock, before I went to sleep.

Seth.—(Giving him jug.) Well, if you've been asleep I guess he ar'nt: his enemies always found him wide awake and kicking; and that shoot, as you call him, has planted the tree of liberty so everlasting tight in Yankee land, that all the kingdoms of the earth can't root it out.

Rip.—Well, here is George Washington's goot health, and his family's goot health, ant may dey all live long ant prosper. So poor Rip Van Winkle is dead, eh? Now comes de poser; if Rip is dead, what has become of his old woman?

Seth.—She busted a blood vessel swearing at a Yankee peddler, and has gone to kingdom come long ago.

Rip.—De old woman dead, too? den her clapper is stopped at last. (Pause.) So de old woman is dead; well, she led me a hard life—she was de wife of my bosom, she was mine frow for all dat. (Whimpering.) I'm dead, too, unt dat is a fact. Tell me, my frient—

Seth.—I can't stop any longer—the polls are almost closing and I must spread the game for the boys. Hurrah, for rum drinking and cheap license for the retailers! that's my ticket.

Reënter villagers, shouting.

Seth.—Here, boys, see what you can make of this old critter. I give him up for the awfulest specimen of human nature in the States. (Exit into house.)

2d Vill.—Are you a Federal or a Democrat?

Rip.—Fiddle who? damn who's cat?

2d Vill.—What's your politics?

Rip.—Oh, I am on de safe side dere; I am a faithful subject of King George!

2d Vill.—He's a tory! Kill him! Duck him!

Villagers.—To the horse pond! Duck him.

(They seize Rip and are about hurrying him off when Gustaffe rushes up and throws them off.)

Gust.—Stand back, cowards.

All.—Cowards!

Gust.—Yes, cowards! who but cowards would rush in numbers on a gray-haired man?

Rip.—Yah, yah, dat's a fact!

Gust.—Sheer off! you won't? then damme, here's at ye. (Drives them off.) Tell me, old man, what cause had you given them to attack you.

Rip.—I don't know; do you?

Gust.—You appear bewildered; can I assist you?

Rip.—Just tell me where I live, dat's all I want to know.

Gust.—And don't you know?

Rip.—I'm d——d fun I does.

Gust.—What is your name?

Rip.—Why, I was Rip Van Winkle.

Gust.—Rip Van Winkle? impossible!

Rip.—Well, I won't swear to it myself.

Gust.—Stay,—you have a daughter?

Rip.—To be sure I has: a pretty little girl about so old; Lorrenna—and I have a son, too, a lublicka boy, but my daughter is a girl.

Gust.—Do you remember entering into a contract, binding your daughter to marry Herman Van Slaus?

Rip.—Oh! I remember, de burgomaster came to my house last night mit a paper and I wrote my name down on it, but I was drunk.

Gust.—Last night! His brain wanders: yet it must be he; come, come, with me, old man.

Rip.—Where are you going to take me to?

Gust.—Your daughter.

Rip.—Yes, yes, take me to my child. Stop, my gracious!—I am so changed, suppose she should forget me, too; no, no, she can't forget her poor father. Come, come! (Exeunt.)

SCENE IV.

Knickerbocker's house as before.

Knickerbocker, Alice and Lorrenna enter.

Knickerbocker.—Give me joy, dears. I'm elected unanimously—elected a member of the Legislature.

Alice.—Why, spouse!

Knick.—Mr. Knickerbocker, if you please, my dear; damme! I'm so happy I could fly to the moon, jump over a steeple, dance a new fandango on stilts. (Dances.) Fal, lal, la.

Enter Herman.

Knick.—Well, sir, what the devil do you want?

Herman.—I came to claim this lady's fortune or her hand.

Alice.—Knock him down, spouse.

Knick.—Mr. Knickerbocker, my dear.

Alice.—Oh, bother! I know if he comes near my niece, woman as I am, I'll scratch his eyes out.

Herm.—Mr. Knickerbocker.

Knick.—The honorable member from —— County if you please.

Herm.—The Judge of the District will this day arrive and give judgment on my appeal; my rights are definitive, and I question the whole world to controvert them. We shall meet before the tribunal, then presume to contend longer if you dare. (Exit.)

Knick.—'Twill be difficult, no doubt, but we'll have a wrangle for the bone, as the dogs have it; there will be no curs found in our party, I'll be sworn. (Aside.) Hang me but I'm really a

little chop-fallen, and there is a strange sense of dizziness in my head which almost overcomes me.

Lorrenna.—My dear uncle, what is to be done in this emergency?

Knick.—Done! your fortune is done for: but if you ever want a cent whilst I have one, may I be sent to the devil, that's all.

Gust.—(Entering.) Bravo! Nunkey Knickerbocker! you are no blind pilot. Awake to breakers and quicksands, Knickerbocker.

Knick.—Knickerbocker! the honorable Mr. Knickerbocker, if you please. I'm now a member of the Legislature, and curse me if I'd change my dignified station as representative of an independent people for that of the proudest potentate who holds supremacy by corruption or the bayonet. (Exeunt.)

SCENE LAST.

The court house. An arm-chair at the back, in front of which is a large table.

The Judge discovered seated.—The galleries filled with auditors.—Herman, Knickerbocker.

Judge.—Mr. Knickerbocker, you will please to bring your client into court. (Knickerbocker goes off and returns with Lorrenna and Alice.)

Judge.—Be pleased to let your ladies take seats.

(Lorrenna and Alice sit.)

Herm.—And now, sir, I presume 'tis time to enter on my cause. Twenty years have elapsed since this contract, this bond was signed by the father of that lady, by which, her or her fortune were made mine. Be pleased to peruse. (Presenting the document to the Judge.)

Judge.—(Reading.) "We, Derric Van Slaus, Burgomaster, and Rip Van Winkle, desirous of providing for the prosperity of our offspring, do hereby mutually agree that Herman Van

Slaus and Lorrenna Van Winkle shall be united on the demand of either. Whosoever of those contracted, fails in fulfilling this agreement, shall forfeit their fortune to the party complaining.

RIP VAN WINKLE,
DERRIC VAN SLAUS."

But here's a codicil. "Should the said Rip Van Winkle think fit to annul this contract, within twenty years and a day, he shall be at full liberty to do so.

(Signed)

DERRIC VAN SLAUS."

The document is perfect in every form. Rip Van Winkle, 'tis stated, is defunct. Is there any one present to prove his signature?

Herm.—Mr. Knickerbocker, if he dare be honest, will attest it.

Knick.—Dare be honest, sir! presume you to question my veracity? How was that bond obtained?

Herm.—Why should you ask? The late Rip Van Winkle, anxious for the prosperity of his offspring, though too indolent to provide for their subsistence, persuaded my deceased father to form this alliance.

Knick.—It's a lie! Hum!—

Judge.—Restrain this violence! a court of justice must not be swayed by such proceedings.

Herm.—Behold! sir, a picture of their general effrontery. In a public tribunal to threaten those, who, in pleading their own rights, but advocate the cause of justice.

Lor.—(Comes down stage.) All my hopes vanish—bleak and dreary is the perspective.

Herm.—(Advances.) At last I triumph! Now, lady, your hand or your inheritance.

Lor.—My hand! never! Welcome were every privation to a union with one so base.

Judge.—It appears, then, that this signature is not denied by the defendant, and in that case the contract must stand in full force against her.

Lor.—Oh, Alice, take me home: poverty, death, anything rather than wed the man I cannot love.

(She is led off by Alice.)

Knick.—Why, damn it, Judge!

Judge.—Mr. Knickerbocker!

Knick.—I beg pardon; I meant no disrespect to the court, but I had thought after——

Judge.—I have decided, Mr. Knickerbocker.

Knick.—Oh! you have decided. Yes, and a damned pretty mess you've made of it. But I shan't abide by your decision; I'll appeal to a higher court. I am now a member of the Legislature, and if they allow such blocks as you on the bench, I'll have a tax upon timber, sir—yes, sir, a tax upon timber.

(Exit in a rage.)

Judge.—Twenty years and a day is the period within which the contract could be cancelled by the negature of Rip Van Winkle, and as he has rendered no opposition during this lengthened time——

Herm.—'Tis not very probable, sir, that he will alter his intentions by appearing, to do so within the few brief hours that will complete the day. Can the grave give up its inmates? No, no! Who dare pretend to dispute my rights? The only one who could do so has been dead these twenty years.

Enter Gustaffe and Rip.

Gust.—'Tis false! Rip Van Winkle stands before you!

All.—Rip Van Winkle!

Herm.—You Rip Van Winkle! Van Winkle come back after such a lapse of time? impossible!

Rip.—Nothing at all impossible in anything Rip Van Winkle undertakes; and though all of you are in the same story, dat he has been gone so long, he is nevertheless back soon enough, to your sorrow, my chap.

Herm.—If this, indeed, be Rip Van Winkle, where has he hid himself for twenty years?

Judge.—What answer do you make to this?

Rip.—Why dat I went up in de mountains last night and got drunk mit some jolly dogs, and when I came back dis morn-ing I found myself dead for twenty years.

Herm.—You hear him, sir.

Judge.—This is evidently an impostor; take him into custody.

Gust.—Stay! delay your judgment one moment till I bring the best of proofs—his child and sister. (Exit.)

Herm.—If you are Rip Van Winkle, some one here would surely recognize you.

Rip.—To be sure dey will! every one knows me in Catskill. (They gather round him and shake their heads.) No, no, I don't know dese peoples—dey don't know me neither, and yesterday dere was not a dog in the village but would have wagged his tail at me; now dey bark. Dere's not a child but would have scrambled on my knees—now dey run from me. Are we so soon forgotten when we're gone? Already dere is no one wot knows poor Rip Van Winkle.

Herm.—So, indeed, it seems.

Rip.—And have you forgot de time I saved your life?

Herm.—Why, I—I—I——

Rip.—In course you have! a short memory is convenient for you, Herman.

Herm.—(Aside.) Should this indeed be he! (Aloud.) I demand judgment.

Judge.—Stay! If you be Rip Van Winkle you should have a counterpart of this agreement. Have you such a paper?

Rip.—Paper! I don't know; de burgomaster gave me a paper last night. I put it in my breast, but I must have loosed him. No, no—here he is! here is de paper!

(Gives it to Judge, who reads it.)

Judge.—'Tis Rip Van Winkle!

(All gather round and shake hands with him.)

Rip.—Oh! everybody knows me now!

Herm.—Rip Van Winkle alive! then I am dead to fortune and to fame; the fiends have marred my brightest prospects, and nought is left but poverty and despair. (Exit.)

Gust.—(Without.) Room there! who will keep a child from a long lost father's arms?

Enter Gustaffe, with Lorrenna, Alice and Knickerbocker.

Lor.—My father! (Embraces Rip.)

Rip.—Are you mine daughter? let's look at you. Oh, my child—but how you have grown since you was a little gal. But who is dis?

Alice.—Why, brother!—

Rip.—Alice! give us a hug. Who is dat?

Alice.—Why, my husband—Knickerbocker.

Rip.—Why Knick. (Shakes hands.) Alice has grown as big rounds as a tub; she hasn't been living on pumpkins. But where is young Rip, my baby?

Knick.—Oh, he was in the court house just now. Ah! here he comes!

Enter Rip Van Winkle, Jr.

Rip.—Is dat my baby? come here Rip, come here you dog, I am your father. What an interesting brat it is.

Knick.—But tell us, Rip, where have you hid yourself for the last twenty years?

Rip.—Ech woll—ech woll. I will take mine glass and tell mine strange story and drink the health of mine frients. Unt, ladies and gents, here is your goot health and your future families and may you all live long and prosper.

THE END.



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